



THE
POETICAL REMAINS
OF THE LATE
DR. JOHN LEYDEN,

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE,

BY

THE REV. JAMES MORTON.



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MEMOIRS
OF
DR. LEYDEN.

DR. JOHN LEYDEN, the subject of the following short Memoir, was born on the 8th day of September, 1775, at Denholm, a village on the banks of the Teviot, in the parish of Cavers, and county of Roxburgh. He was the eldest child of John and Isabella Leyden, who had, besides him, three sons and two daughters. The maiden name of his mother was Scott. The forefathers of both his parents had, for several generations, been farmers on the estates of the ancient family of Douglas of Cavers.

About a year after his birth his parents removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether

Tofts, which was then held by Mr. Andrew Blythe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm; * his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot, near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life.

Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to shew itself. The historical passages of the Bible

* See Note [A.]

first caught his attention ; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testaments. One or two popular works on Scottish history next fell into his hands ; and he read with enthusiasm the history of the heroic deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and of the brave resistance of his countrymen to the ecclesiastical tyranny of the last kings of the house of Stuart. After he had read all the books in his father's possession, the shelves of the neighbouring peasants were laid under contribution, and, amongst other works which they furnished him with, he was greatly delighted to find the Arabian Nights Entertainments, Sir David Lindsay's Poetical Works, Milton's Paradise Lost, and Chapman's Translation of Homer.

At nine years of age he was sent to the parish school of Kirktown, about two miles from Henlawshiel. He continued at this school nearly three years, learning writing and arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin grammar ; but his progress during this period was interrupted by two very long vacations, occasioned by the death of one, and the removal of another schoolmaster,

to a more eligible situation.* During these intervals he often assisted his father in tending his flock, and sometimes supplied his place when occasion called him away.

His parents had too much discernment not to perceive that their son was gifted by nature with extraordinary talents, and rightly appreciating this valuable distinction, they strove to procure him the best means of improvement in their power. They therefore placed him at Denholm, under the tuition of the Rev. James Duncan, Pastor of a congregation of Cameronians, a religious sect professing the faith of the Church of Scotland, but refusing to acknowledge the legitimacy of a Sovereign who has not subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant. This worthy Minister, who in more respects than one resembles the Clergyman in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, had a very limited number of pupils, — seldom more than six or seven — whom he taught Latin and Greek.

* His first master was Mr. Thomas Wilson, whose successor was Mr. Walter Scott, who, upon his removal, was succeeded by Mr. Andrew Scott.

Leyden applied himself to his new studies with invincible ardour and unwearied diligence. The delight and admiration which he had felt from reading the translation of Homer, made him look forward with keen anticipation to the stores of ancient literature, which were as yet beyond his reach. Of the eagerness of his desire for knowledge it may not be improper to relate an anecdote which took place at this time. Denholm being about three miles from his home, which was rather too long a walk, his father was going to buy him an ass to convey him to and from school. Leyden, however, was unwilling, from the common prejudice against this animal, to encounter the ridicule of his school-fellows by appearing so ignobly mounted, and would at first have declined the offered accommodation. But no sooner was he informed that the owner of the ass happened to have in his possession a large book in some learned language, which he offered to give into the bargain, than his reluctance entirely vanished, and he never rested until he had obtained this literary treasure, which was found to be *Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue*.

After he had enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Duncan's instructions above two years, he was

thought sufficiently qualified to go to the University of Edinburgh, to which his father now resolved to send him, that he might prepare himself by the usual course of study for the clerical profession, which was the object of his earliest ambition. In the month of November, 1790, he arrived at Edinburgh, which is a long day's journey from his home. His father conducted him half way with a horse which they rode alternately, and then left him to pursue the rest of his journey on foot. *

According to the rules prescribed for students intended for the Scottish Church, his first winter at college was devoted entirely to the study of Greek and Latin. His hours of private study were arranged upon a regular plan from which, for several years, he seldom departed; a certain portion of time being allotted to preparation for each class, or lecture; but the greater part of his time was employed in desultory and general reading, improving with eagerness the opportunities which the College Library, the Circulating Libraries, and the private collections of his friends now afforded him.

* See note [B.]

It may easily be supposed that with such talents and application he could not fail of being distinguished as a scholar. The very first time that he stood up to be examined in the Greek class, he acquitted himself in such a manner as called forth the warmest applause from Professor Dalzel. This approbation was the more judiciously bestowed by the Professor, and was the more grateful to Leyden, as at first his rustic appearance, and strong Teviotdale accent excited a laugh among some of the other students ; — as often happens when a student from the country, with bashful countenance, homespun coat, and still more homely *speech*, makes his first appearance in the College of King James the Sixth.

In the month of May, when the classes broke up, he returned home to Henlawshiel. The scene of his studies in fine weather, during this summer, was in a pastoral glen, about a furlong from his father's cottage. Here, about half way up the bank, he had formed a rude sort of bower, partly scooped out of the earth, and covered with fern and rushes. A mountain rivulet, which, after dashing over a precipice at the head of the glen, runs in mazy windings

through scenes of wild grandeur till it reaches the Teviot, flowed beneath. This retreat afforded him that quiet so necessary to his studies, and which could not so easily be found within the well-peopled cottage. Here also he had before his eyes some of those striking scenes and appearances of nature, which from his earliest years he delighted to observe, and which he has delineated with so much feeling and truth in his *Scenes of Infancy*.

In the ensuing November he again repaired to Edinburgh, and began to study Mathematics and Logic, under Professors Playfair and Finlayson, continuing at the same time to attend the Greek and Latin classes. The summer following he was employed as assistant in a school at Cloven Ford, a small village on the banks of the Cadan, a rapid stream which falls into the Tweed, a little above the Yair. Here he became acquainted with Nicol the Poet, with whom he began a poetical correspondence in the Scottish dialect, which he soon abandoned.

In the winter of 1792-3, he attended the Lectures on Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric, and Natural History. Ac-

tuated by an eager desire of knowledge, he pursued with diligence and success every branch of learning to which he applied himself, yet it does not appear that the course of his academical studies was marked with any strong predilection. Of the Professors under whom he studied, he obtained the particular notice only of Dalzel and Finlayson. To them he was indebted for employment in assisting the studies of others, while he was promoting his own.

The following summer, 1793, he lived chiefly at Nether Tofts, with his venerable relation Andrew Blythe. This good old man was warmly attached to him, and at an earlier period had often fed his youthful fancy, by reciting to him tales and ballads founded on popular superstitions, and on the daring exploits of Border Chieftains and Warriors, which, in his own youth, had been the frequent amusement of the farmer's fire-side in winter nights.

Upon his return to College, at the end of the vacation, he began to attend the course of Lectures on Divinity and Church History, given by Professors Hunter and Hardie. Every student must attend these Lectures four years before he

can be a candidate for the ministerial office in the Scottish Church. In that period he must also write a certain number of Discourses upon subjects proposed by the Professors, to be read publicly in the class. At that time the students were allowed to make remarks upon each other's compositions, after which the Professor delivered his own sentiments, both with regard to the Discourses, and the criticisms to which they had been subjected. Upon these occasions Leyden did not fail to distinguish himself, and soon gained the reputation of a very able critic.

Before this, he had taken much pains to accustom himself to speak in public extempore, an accomplishment the more valuable to the clergy of Scotland, because their duty often calls them to assist at the meetings of the presbyteries and provincial synods, or of the general assembly of the church. With this view, he had, at an early period of his academic studies, joined a society which met once a week in one of the rooms of the college, for improvement in literary composition and public speaking. The name by which it was distinguished was the Literary Society, and in the small number of its members it had the honour of comprehending the most eminent

of his contemporary students. In it he became acquainted with Mr. Brougham, and the late much lamented Mr. Horner, and formed a friendship of peculiar intimacy with Mr. William Erskine, now of Bombay, and Dr. Thomas Brown, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst the other distinguished members may be enumerated James Reddie, Esq. Advocate; the Rev. Robert Lundie, Minister of Kelso; the Rev. William Gillespie, Minister of Kells; and the Rev. Dr. Logan, Minister of Chirnside, a friend whom Leyden highly valued.

Leyden's first attempts to speak in the society were very unsuccessful, and more than once procured him the mortification of being laughed at by his associates. But his perseverance was not to be overcome. The resolute and manly spirit which supported him, on this and every similar occasion, may be understood from what he said to one of his friends, a person of great abilities and learning, who belonged to the same society, but who, from an excess of modesty, had never attempted to make a speech. "I see what will happen," said Leyden to him one day, after having in vain exhorted him to overcome his timidity,— "I shall, through constant practice, at

last be able to harangue, whilst you, through dread of the ridicule of a few boys, will let slip the opportunity of learning this art, and will continue the same diffident man through life." His words were verified, as far at least as regarded himself, for by the time when he entered upon his theological studies, he was able to speak in public with ease and fluency.

Some time afterwards, a society was instituted by the most distinguished members of the Literary Society, upon a more comprehensive plan, under the name of the Academy of Physics, which was dissolved by the dispersion of the members, after it had existed two years. To this institution belonged Leyden, Dr. Thomas Brown, J. A. Murray, Esq. Advocate, Francis Jeffery, Esq. Advocate, the Rev. Sidney Smith, and several other young men of distinguished abilities. The practice of writing abstracts of new works of science, corresponded with the plan of the Edinburgh Review, established about this time, and to which the members of this society were among the earliest contributors.

Leyden passed the summer of 1794, and the following year in the country with his parents,

who now resided at Cavers, a small village beside which the parish church is situated, and near it the mansion of the ancient family of Douglas of Cavers. Here, his father's cottage not affording him sufficient retirement, he studied during week days in the church, a gloomy old building, nearly surrounded with a thick grove of lofty beeches and elms, which inclose the church-yard and darken it with their shade. Some of the neighbouring rustics, who regarded the church with superstitious awe, and firmly believed it to be haunted, formed strange surmises about the nature of his pursuits. Among other superstitious notions, the relics of former times, entertained by the more simple in that part of the country, was the belief that the occult sciences were privately studied at Oxford. This opinion was so prevalent, that the term "Oxford scholar" was synonymous with "one skilled in magic or the black art." It was also naturally imagined that the same mysterious knowledge might be acquired at Edinburgh, by those hardy enough to seek it. When, therefore, it was understood that Leyden resorted daily to this abode of terror, and remained there alone from morning to the hour of twilight, studying books written in strange characters, it was

no wonder that he began to be suspected of being versed in the unhallowed learning of the South. This evil report, however, did him good rather than harm. The ludicrous awe with which it caused him to be regarded, amused him, while it prevented his solitude from being disturbed by idlers.

At this time he was kindly allowed admittance, during certain hours in the morning, to the library at Cavers House, where he found many valuable works in old English and foreign literature, which had been collected by the Douglas family in the course of several generations.

He had now made considerable progress in the Hebrew and Arabic languages, and his mind had taken that bent towards Eastern learning, which, with his love of poetry, were the most striking features of his literary character. The writer of this memoir remembers having seen him at this time, write a letter in Hebrew to one of his college friends. It was his custom, every evening, when he left his study in the church, to bring his Hebrew Bible with him under his arm; and, during family worship, when his father read a chapter in the

English translation, he kept his eye upon the original text.

Whoever has read Burns's beautiful poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," knows, that in the family devotions of the Scotch, they first sing together a portion of a Psalm, after which the head of the family reads a chapter of the Bible, and then concludes with offering up a comprehensive prayer. Leyden, being now a student of Theology, often performed the last part of this sacred duty instead of his father, and his pious effusions were remarkable for their richness in scriptural expressions, and for the chaste fervour with which they were uttered.

In the winter of 1794-5, he formed an acquaintance, which was soon improved into a cordial intimacy and friendship, with Dr. Robert Anderson, who was then employed in editing his well known and valuable collection of the works of the British Poets, and who was also the reputed editor of the Edinburgh Literary Magazine. Leyden availed himself of this Miscellany, to publish some of his juvenile attempts at poetry, having first submitted them

to the judgment and advice of his intelligent and excellent friend, who, from the first justly appreciated his talents, and encouraged his efforts. The earliest specimen of his poetry which met the public eye, was "An elegy on the Death of a Sister;" printed in the Magazine for April, 1795. During the summer, he wrote his picturesque verses, inscribed "Ruberslaw," in which he gave vent to the feelings and fancies with which his mind was early impressed by the wild and romantic scenery which first met his view, and which he afterwards, with the same enthusiasm, more fully delineated in his "Scenes of Infancy." It was printed in the Magazine for September, along with the second part of "the Descent of Odin," from the Norse tongue, omitted by Gray, when he translated the former part. These, and many other pieces which he contributed to the same publication, were distinguished by the signature "J. L. Banks of the Teviot."

His long-continued friendship with Dr. Anderson, introduced him to the acquaintance of other distinguished literary persons whom he frequently met with at his house. Among these was Dr. Alexander Murray, who was afterwards raised to the Professorship of Hebrew in the

University of Edinburgh, and has since been cut off by an early death, after he had lived to express in language equally tender and elevated, his grief for the death of his friend.* This eminent scholar was likewise born of humble parents, and had far greater difficulties to struggle with than Leyden, — difficulties which, were they fully disclosed, could not fail to increase the lustre of his name. They were both devoted to Philological pursuits, and entered keenly together upon the study of the Eastern tongues. Murray once observed to Dr. Anderson that there was nobody in Edinburgh whom he should be so much afraid to contend with in languages and philology as Leyden; and it is remarkable that the latter, without knowing this, once expressed himself to the same person, in the same terms, in commendation of Murray's learning.

The summer of 1795 was the last which he spent entirely in the country with his parents. Upon his return to Edinburgh in winter, whilst he continued his Theological studies, he was induced to devote some of his hours to the instruction, in private, of a few pupils; and the same

* See Note [C.]

employment detained him there next summer. Upon the recommendation of Professor Dalzel, he soon after undertook the office of tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, in whose family he continued about three years. The pecuniary fruits of this employment of his time and abilities were devoted to his farther improvement. He now began to attend the Lectures on Medicine in the University, and laboured to acquire a knowledge of that profession to which he looked forward as a resource if he should fail of obtaining preferment in the church.

In the winter of 1797-8 he accompanied two of his pupils to the University of St. Andrews, where he cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of Professor Hunter, well known for his classical erudition, and no less estimable for the private worth and urbanity of his character.

As he had gone through the regular course of theological studies, and had undergone part of his trials as a candidate for the clerical office before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, he was now transferred to the Presbytery of St. Andrews,

by whom, after due trial and examination, he was approved, and in May, 1798, licensed to preach. He soon after returned to Edinburgh, and from this time frequently appeared in the pulpit in different churches of that city and its vicinity. His manner of delivery was not graceful, and the tones of his voice, when extended so as to be heard by a large audience, were harsh and discordant. He was not, therefore, remarkably successful as a preacher, yet by the judicious his discourses were justly prized for the impressive vigour of their style, the originality and beauty of the illustrations which arrested and fixed the attention, and for the sound and rational piety which they breathed. The following extract from one of his sermons may serve as a specimen. The text is Galatians, chap. iv. ver. 18. "But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." — "There is another species of zeal where vanity deforms the religious affections. This zeal is ostentatiously forward and obtrusive, and only lives in the admiration of the vulgar. Before it flames forth vehemently, it requires to be puffed up by the breath of popular applause. It glimmers with a false and deceitful light, and like the hovering fire of the marsh, shines only to

bewilder and mislead the ignorant and the weak. Dependent entirely on popular opinion, it is more extravagant in its effects than that zeal which proceeds from constitutional warmth. It manifests itself by a servile fawning spirit that crouches to all the little arts that can attract the vulgar, — to the despicable tricks of religious quackery, and the meanness of personal abuse. It will adopt the pride of humility, and seems to say with the hypocritical Jehu, ‘Come and see my zeal for the Lord.’ Jehu, a man of great ability and energy of character, lived in Israel when the kingdom flourished. The Lord raised him to the throne, and ordered him to extirpate the Royal family, and exterminate the worship of Baal. As this order coincided with his ambitious spirit, he performed it with faithfulness and alacrity. To one of the nobles of Israel, whose support and favour he wished to acquire, he cried, ‘come and see my zeal for the Lord.’ But history likewise records, that when his pride was gratified, and he was settled firmly on the throne, Jehu took no heed to walk in the ways of the Lord God of Israel, with all his heart, for he departed not from the sins of Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin. — When we observe zeal assuming a threatening aspect, and a menacing

tone, when we observe her fierce against persons instead of errors, and fomenting dissensions in the name of the Lord, then we are always to suspect the interference of pride. "True religion is the enemy of violence and discord. Our Lord when he prayed for his murderers, taught us how his cause is to be avenged. Confound not, I beseech you, my friends, the cause of religion with its professors, nor impute the enormities of human passion to the wisdom which is from above. The records of religion are deposited in your hands; if you find there the traces of blood, except the blood of her disciples shed for the truth, with injustice shall I assert her gentleness and charity. But there you shall only behold affections of kindness and love, acts of sublime benevolence, and examples of patience, mildness, and mercy."

About this time the celebrity of Mungo Park's Travels in Africa, which had recently been published, suggested to Leyden the idea of collecting all the information that had ever been made public respecting that quarter of the globe, so little known to Europeans. He immediately set about the execution of this design, and soon afterwards published the result of his enquiries

in a very interesting 12mo volume of about 400 pages, entitled, "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the close of the eighteenth century." This work he afterwards undertook to enlarge into four volumes octavo, and had proceeded so far in it that 176 pages were printed when the undertaking was broken through by his departure for India. The design has lately been partly carried into effect by one of his friends, Mr. Hugh Murray, who, with an ability and diligence of research not unworthy of his predecessor, has extended it to two octavo volumes, in which he has incorporated both Leyden's original work and his unpublished fragment.

His extraordinary talents and acquirements began now to be very generally known, and procured him the regard of some of the most distinguished persons in the Scottish Metropolis, and an introduction into the first circles of society, in a city, in which, perhaps more than in any other, literary merit is the highest claim to distinction. He was honoured, in particular, with the friendship of the Duchess of Gordon, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and Miss Graham of

Gartmore, not more distinguished for rank and fashion, than for their taste and understanding. He delighted in their society and conversation, and notwithstanding the repulsive sharpness of his native accent, and upon most occasions, his almost studied neglect of fashionable manners, made himself highly agreeable to them.

In the autumn of 1799, Richard Heber, Esq. of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, well known as a scholar and antiquary, came to Edinburgh and continued during the winter, attracted by the society he found there, and the occupation of investigating the history of Ancient Scottish Literature. Leyden was introduced to him by their common friend Dr. Anderson, and was happy to assist him in reading the compositions of the old Scottish Poets. Their acquaintance was soon improved into a mutual friendship, which had a considerable influence on Leyden's literary pursuits and rising fame.

About this time Mr. Constable of Edinburgh had formed the design of re-printing the "Complaynt of Scotland," an ancient and very scarce political tract, in the Scottish language, the work of an anonymous author, which was first

published in the year 1548. By the recommendation of Mr. Heber and Dr. Anderson, Leyden became the editor of this work, which he has enriched with a glossary and a preliminary dissertation of 280 pages octavo, in which he has illustrated, with wonderful acuteness and diligence, various points of Scottish Antiquity. He had engaged to write only a short preface, but found the subject so interesting, that he could hardly be prevailed on to stop, and would have added "An Examination of the Style of the Complaynt," and an Essay on the Scottish Language, had not the fixed price of the volume forbidden him to swell it to a larger size. The edition was limited to 150 copies, and was published in the year 1801.

To Mr. Heber he owed his introduction to the Rev. Sidney Smith, Mr. Walter Scott, and other distinguished literary characters. Mr. Scott had not then given to the public any of those justly celebrated works by which he has since acquired an imperishable name. He had at that time collected a considerable portion of the materials of the "Ministrelsy of the Scottish Border;" which he communicated to Leyden, with a wish for his co-operation and assistance in the work.

He embraced with zeal a proposal which was connected with the favourite associations of his early years, and proved himself an able and active assistant, both in collecting the traditional ballads of the Border from oral recitation, and in illustrating the local antiquities and popular superstitions of his native country. The Dissertation on Fairy superstition, in particular, in the second volume, is known to have been written by him, but somewhat altered and improved by the editor, with his consent. He was the author also of two odes, and three legendary poems, of extraordinary merit, in the same collection. The work was published in 1801, in two volumes, octavo. A supplementary volume was afterwards added.

In June, 1800, he paid a visit to his parents, on hearing that his father, who had long been subject to a severe bilious disorder, was dangerously ill. Having persuaded him to drink the salubrious waters of Gilsland, a village on the borders of Cumberland, he accompanied him thither himself, and had the satisfaction of seeing him restored to perfect health, in the short space of a fortnight. In the mean time

he made an excursion to the lakes and magnificent scenery in the neighbourhood. He likewise availed himself of the opportunity which this journey afforded, of collecting the gleanings of the historical and romantic ballads of the Border; and of surveying the scenes which they describe, with a view to illustrate the local allusions.

Very soon after this he set out on another tour, in company with two young foreigners, natives of Germany, travelling in Scotland for improvement, to whom he had been recommended as a companion, whose talents and acquirements might prompt their curiosity, and assist their enquiries. They left Edinburgh in the beginning of July, and after visiting the most interesting parts of the Highlands and Western Isles, they returned by the way of Aberdeen, along the eastern coast, in the end of September. In this journey he availed himself of every opportunity to collect information with regard to the Gaëlic poetry and traditions; and was particularly solicitous to learn every thing which might throw light upon the disputed authenticity of the poems of Ossian, of which he

had long been an admirer. He wrote an account of his excursion and researches, which he once intended to publish, but changed his mind.

In 1802 he was employed in conducting the Scots Magazine, of which a third series was then begun, upon a plan corresponding to the original series, as an authentic record of the literature and domestic history of Scotland. It was conducted with great ability, and contained many excellent papers by Leyden, and his friend Dr. Murray, to whom, after six months, he resigned the editorship, that he might devote himself entirely to other pursuits, which then required all his attention.

He was also the editor of a small volume, which was published the same year, under the title of "Scottish Descriptive Poems," containing, besides one or two short pieces, "Wilson's Clyde," and "Albania," both of which had become very scarce, and were little known, though possessed of sufficient merit, in his opinion, and that of other good judges of poetry, to entitle them to preservation from oblivion. Of Albania, only one copy was known to exist; which he obtained through the kindness of Pro-

fessor Glennie, of Aberdeen, who prevailed upon his relation, the venerable Dr. Beattie, to whom it belonged, to lend it for the use of the new edition. It is written in blank verse, and in praise of Scotland. The author, whose name and history are unknown, appears to have lived about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Clyde was printed from a manuscript copy, in the author's hand-writing, in the possession of his daughter, compared with a printed copy belonging to Dr. Robert Anderson, who furnished some of the notes. It was accompanied with a life of Wilson, by the editor.

In the mean time, Leyden began to be anxious about his future settlement in life. The clerical profession, which had been his early choice, he still preferred to every other; but he had no near or certain prospect of obtaining a living. His expectations had been twice disappointed; once by the failure of an arrangement, by which he was to have been appointed assistant and successor to the minister of Cavers, his native parish; and a second time, when in prospect of a vacancy, which did not take place, in the church of Duddingstone, near Edinburgh, he had obtained from the Marquis of Abercorn,

the patron of the parish, the promise of a presentation to the living.* He saw his contemporaries, one after another, provided for in the church, or successfully pursuing some other honourable profession; whilst he grew weary of the routine of private tuition, and impatient of the drudgery of literary employment, which was both unprofitable and precarious.

In these circumstances his thoughts turned upon the design, which he had often before had in his mind, of undertaking a journey of discovery into the interior parts of Africa; provided he could obtain the patronage of the Sierra Leone Company. But his friends, alarmed for his safety, when they saw him bent upon this difficult and dangerous project, persuaded him to look upon Asia as a quarter more likely to reward his search with important discoveries, particularly in literature and philology; and one of them offered to use his influence in procuring him some appointment in the service of the East India Company. Leyden, who had long before felt a strong inclination towards India, and an ambition to distinguish himself in the learning

* See Note [D.]

of the East, gladly embraced this proposal. It happened, that the only appointment which his friend could procure for him was that of Assistant Surgeon. Finding himself therefore obliged to revive his medical knowledge, he devoted himself entirely to this object, and after a short period of intense application, was examined by the College of Surgeons, and obtained his diploma. At the same time, conceiving that it might be of advantage for him to have the higher degree of M. D. which circumstances did not allow him to procure at Edinburgh, he very readily obtained it from his friends in the University of St. Andrews.

In the month of December, 1802, he paid a farewell visit to his parents, and after staying with them a few days, set out for London, having received information, that the ship *Hindostan*, in which he was to embark for India, was expected to sail about the middle of January. But, when that period came, he was prevented from embarking by a severe attack of the cramp in his stomach. This proved in the end a very fortunate illness, for the *Hindostan*, on her way to the Downs, was wrecked on Margate sands, when a considerable number of the persons on board perished.

It was now settled that he should proceed to Madras, in the *Hugh Inglis*, which was not to sail till the beginning of April. By this arrangement, he was enabled to spend nearly three months in London, where he found several of his friends, in whose society he passed this interval in the most agreeable manner. Those to whom he was most obliged for their kind attention to him, were the late Mr. Ellis, the author of "Specimens of the Early English Poets," and Mr. Heber. He was introduced to many of the most eminent literary characters of the Metropolis, to most of whom his reputation as a man of learning and genius was already known. He made an excursion to Oxford with Mr. Heber, and was exceedingly well received by Bishop Cleaver, Professors White, Ford, and Winstanley, and other learned men of that University, where he stayed several days. In London, he was introduced to several distinguished characters among the nobility, and had frequent opportunities of extending his knowledge of the world, by mixing with the assemblies of privileged rank and fashion. He was very well received in particular, by Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Abercorn, and the Honourable Mr. Greville, and was by them strongly recommended to Lord William Ben-

tinck, who had been newly appointed Governor of Madras, and to whose kindness and patronage Leyden was afterwards much indebted.

During his stay in London, he prepared for the press his beautiful poem "The Scenes of Infancy," in which he has united interesting allusions to popular superstitions, and local history, with a highly animated description of that part of Scotland which gave him birth. Of this poem, it has been said that "ingenuine feeling and fancy, as well as in harmony and elegance of composition, it can encounter very few rivals in the English language. It touches so many of the genuine strings of the lyre, with the hand of inspiration; it draws forth so many tender notes, and carries our eyes and our hearts so utterly among those scenes with which the real Bard is conversant, that we, for a moment, enjoy some portion of the creative powers of the poet himself. No where labour-ed, studied, or affected, he writes in a stream of natural eloquence, which shews the entire predominance of his emotion over his art."*

* Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1812.

The principal defect of the "Scenes of Infancy," is the want of connection between its different parts, which were mostly written at different times, several years before, and at first without any view to unity of design. It had formerly been announced as about to be published under the title of "The Vale of Teviot." He now changed the title, and added several passages expressive of his feelings upon the prospect of parting from his friends, and bidding farewell to his native land. It was printed soon after his departure, under the superintendance of his friend Dr. Thomas Brown, who is himself entitled to a high rank among the writers of Poetry, who, in the present day, have so greatly enriched the literature of Britain.

On the seventh day of April, 1803, Leyden went on board the *Hugh Inglis*, and proceeded to Madras. Among his fellow passengers were several individuals of excellent talents and information, whose society beguiled the tediousness of the voyage, and with whom he afterwards maintained an epistolary correspondence, upon subjects relating to the institutions, languages, and literature of India. He was parti-

cularly pleased to find amongst the number, Mr. Robert Smith, the brother of his friend the Reverend Sidney Smith, who, with his lady, were going to Bengal. When he arrived at Madras, on the 19th of August, after a voyage of between four and five months, he was in very indifferent health. He had the good fortune to find a kind friend in Dr. James Anderson, the Physician General, who is greatly distinguished as a Naturalist. Under his hospitable roof, Leyden stayed four weeks. The circumstances of his landing, and, the impressions he felt at the sight of so many new objects, are somewhat ludicrously described in a letter written by him a considerable while afterwards.*

His first employment after his arrival, was in the General hospital at Madras, of which he had nearly the whole charge for more than four months. His being permitted to reside there so long was considered as a favour, as it afforded him an opportunity for the study of the languages, of which he availed himself with his usual ardour and perseverance. On the 15th of January, 1808, he was promoted, by the particu-

* See Note [E.]

lar recommendation of Lord William Bentinck to the office of Surgeon and Naturalist to the Commissioners, who were appointed, under the superintendance of Major Mackenzie, to survey the provinces in the Mysore, recently conquered from Tippoo Suldaun. They did not, however, set out on the survey till the 9th of June. Their route lay through Bangalore and Seringapatam, from whence they were to visit Soonda, near Goa, and then proceed southward, by the range of hills called the Ghauts, as far as the point of the Peninsula, opposite to the island of Ceylon. While the state of his health permitted his exertions in this fatiguing service, he drew up some useful papers, which he communicated to the Government, relative to the mountainous strata, which he had an opportunity of observing, and their mineral indications — to the diseases, medicines, and remedies of the natives of Mysore, and the peculiarities of their habits and constitution, by which they might be exposed to disease — to the different crops cultivated in Mysore and their rotation — and, to the languages of Mysore, and their respective relations. It was in this service that he met with the strange adventure, of which the following account is extracted from one of his letters.

“ I was one day sent to a great distance to take charge of a sick officer who had been seized by the jungle fever in the depth of one of the vast forests and wildernesses of Mysore. After travelling for two days, as fast as horse and men could carry me, I arrived about one o'clock in the morning at the bank of a large river, in the midst of a forest. The river was a flood, and roared terribly, and seemed very rapid. I sent in a palankeen-boy that could swim, and he presently got out of his depth. At a little distance stood a village within these three years notorious for being a nest of robbers. I, with great difficulty, knocked up some of the villagers, who were nearly as much afraid as Christie's Will * at the visit of a *Sirdar*. After a great deal of discussion in Canara and Hindostani, in order to induce them to shew me a ford, or make a raft to cross the water on, as no time was to be lost, three of them at last undertook to convey me over alone. I got into a large brass kettle, with three ears, and sat down in the bottom of it, balancing myself with great accuracy; each of the three swimmers laid hold of one of the ears, and then we swam round and round in a series of circles, till we reached the opposite bank. Had

* See the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. page 112.

it been light I should have been quite giddy. — Now did you ever hear a more apocryphal story in your life? — and yet it is merely fact. I have only to add that after crossing the river, I found myself in a wilder jungle than ever, and was dogged by a monstrous tiger for nearly three miles.”

But partly from the fatigue which he endured upon this occasion, his health became so much impaired, that about the end of November, when the surveyors were on the confines of the Wynaad and Coimbatore, it was necessary for him to leave them and repair to Seringapatam, where he remained some months suffering under a lingering fever, and liver complaint. He had before formed a friendship with Colonel Wilks, and had been treated by him with great kindness and attention. He now met with his distinguished countryman, Sir John Malcolm, who had come from Bengal, to resume his station of Resident at the Court of Mysore. This gentleman struck with Leyden's character and situation, and finding him to be a native of the same part of Scotland with himself, took an anxious concern in his welfare, and carried him to the house which he inhabited at Mysore, where the enjoyment of congenial society, and the kind-

ness and cordiality with which he was entertained contributed greatly to the re-establishment of his health.

When Leyden was at Mysore, an occurrence took place which shewed that ill-health had neither subdued his spirit, nor weakened his poetical powers. His host, Sir John Malcolm, one morning before breakfast, gave him back his poem of the "Scenes of Infancy," which he had borrowed a few days before; — on looking at the title-page, Leyden observed that Sir John had written with a pencil the stanzas which follow: —

Thy muse, O Leyden seeks no foreign clime,
 For deeds of fame, to twine her brow with bays;
 But finds at home whereon to build her rhyme,
 And patriot virtues sings in patriot lays.

'Tis songs like thine that lighten labour's toil,
 That rouse each generous feeling of the heart,
 That bind us closer to our native soil,
 And make it death from those we love to part.

'Tis songs like thine that make each rugged wild,
 And barren heath, to Scotia's sons more dear
 Than scenes o'er which fond nature partial smil'd,
 And rob'd in verdure thro' the varied year.

'Tis songs like thine that spread the martial flame,
 Mid Scotia's sons, and bid each youth aspire
 To rush on death, to gain a deathless name,
 And live in story like his glorious sire.

While the clear 'Teviot thro' fair meads shall stray,
 And Esk still clearer seeks the Western main;
 So long shall Border maidens sing thy lay,
 And Border youths applaud the patriot strain.

Leyden read these verses once or twice over, with much apparent satisfaction, and then exclaimed, "What! attack me at my own trade; this must not be. You gentlemen," addressing himself to two or three who were in the parlour, "may go to breakfast, but I will neither eat nor drink, until I have answered this fine compliment." He retired to his room, and in less than half an hour, returned with the following lines, addressed to Colonel Malcolm: —

Bred mid the heaths and mountain swains,
 Rude nature charm'd my early view;
 I sighed to leave my native plains,
 And bid the haunts of youth adieu.

Soft as I trac'd each woodland green,
 I sketch'd its charms with parting hand;
 That memory might each fairy scene
 Revive within this eastern land.

Careless of fame, nor fond of praise,
 The simple strains spontaneous sprung;
 For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,
 For Border-maids my songs I sung.

Enough for me if these impart
 The glow to patriot virtue dear;
 The free-born soul, the fearless heart,
 The spirit of the mountaineer.

Torn from my native wilds afar,
 Enough for me if souls like thine
 Unquench'd beneath the eastern star,
 Can still applaud the high design.

When he thought himself considerably better, he got permission to visit the sea-coast, and to try the effect of a voyage to facilitate his recovery. With this intention he went down to Malabar, through the mountainous districts of Coorg, Chericul, and Cotiote, in the beginning of May 1805. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote during this journey.

“ Now that we have made our way from the confines of Mysore to the first post on the borders of Cotiote, it is time to turn back and make our acknowledgments for the very hospitable reception we experienced at Coorg, in consequence of your communications with the Raja. For my own part, I have been quite delighted both with the country and its inhabitants. The grotesque and savage scenery, the sudden peeps of romantic ridges of mountains bursting at once on you through the bamboo bushes, the green peaks of the loftiest hills, towering above the forests on their declivities, and the narrow cultivated stripes between the ridges, all contributed strongly to recall to memory some very romantic scenes in the Scottish Highlands. At the same time, the frank, open, and bold demeanour of the natives, so different from the mean and cringing aspect of all the native Hindoos that I had hitherto set eyes on, could not fail to be beheld with great approbation by a mountaineer of my way of thinking. The first thing that the Subidar of Vira Rajendra Pettah did, to my utter astonishment, was to come up and give me such a shake by the hand, as would have done credit to a Scotsman. This was so utterly unexpected on my part, that

it drove quite out of my head a most elaborate Tamul oration, which I was in the act of addressing to him. I assure you, however, that I gave him such a tug in reply, that if he do not understand a Scotsman's language very accurately, he wont forget a Scotsman's gripe in a hurry. We stopped for one day at Vira Rajendra Pettah. I wish it had been a score, for I found I got sensibly stronger in the Coorg Mountains than ever I have been since."

When he arrived at Cananore, intending to sail from thence to Bombay, he found himself obliged to defer his voyage, as the stormy season had set in, during which, the navigation of the coast is interrupted. He continued in Malabar four months, and found much to interest and gratify his curiosity at Calicut, Paulgaut-cherry, and other places which he visited in that fine country. At Paulgaut-cherry, he was detained six weeks by a very severe attack of illness, from which, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he proceeded by the wild and unfrequented route of Trichoor, the capital of the Cochin Rajah, to the city of Cochin, from whence he went to Aleppè, Quilon, Anjengo, Pada Nelum, and other places in Travancore. In all

these journeys, and even when oppressed with sickness, he never for a moment lost sight of the great objects of his pursuit, but turned an attentive and searching eye to whatever was connected with literature in the towns where he stopped, and the regions through which he travelled. At Seringapatam, when confined by illness to his room, he made considerable progress in the Sanscrit language, and amused himself with translating tales from the Persic and Hindostani. Wherever he went, he visited the temples, and remarkable buildings on his route, copied and translated the ancient inscriptions, and in every place sought after materials to illustrate the history, the customs, and the religion of the natives. He particularly distinguished himself, by translating some inscriptions in an obsolete dialect, of the Tamul language, and, in an ancient character called the Lada Lippee, or Verraggia, which no European had ever been able to decypher, and which was hardly known even to the most learned Indians, but which he found out by comparing together several different alphabets. He also succeeded in interpreting the Tambuca Shashanas, or brazen inscriptions, belonging to the Jews of Cochin, the meaning of which was lost in remote antiquity. But his pursuits were

often interrupted by renewed attacks of his disorder, which made him eager to execute his design of making a voyage. Wherefore, about the end of September, the favourable season being come, he embarked at Quilon, in a Parsee vessel, bound for Puloo Penang, and arrived at that island on the 22d of October.

When sailing near the coast of Sumatra, they were very near being taken by the French, and it was upon this occasion, that he wrote the spirited Address to his Malay Krees, or Dagger, which was actually composed during the heat of the pursuit. His account of the occurrences of this voyage, in a vessel where he was the only European on board, is so amusing, and presents in so striking a light Leyden's talents for observation, and his skill in collecting curious information wherever it was to be found, that it is hoped the reader will not think the following extracts too long. They are taken from his journal, written during the voyage, and addressed to one of his friends.

“ Sept. 29th. — Our vessel is termed in Arabic the Mukhlal, after some Oulia* or other, who

* Mussulman Saint.

I hope will take good care of us. The Nakhoda is a Parsee, and he has a companion, who has nearly as much authority as himself, who is an Arab. The Steersman, or Sukhanee, and the two Mu'ullims, or pilots, are Maldivians, prodigiously addicted to sorcery, and adepts completely in the Elmi Dawut. The rest of the crew, about twenty in number, are Mapillas from Malabar; faith and troth, I very much question, if ever Sinbad the Sailor sailed with a more curious set. It is curious too, that the greater part of his adventures occurred in these very seas. If you recollect, he gives a particular account of King *Mehrage*, which is only the Arabic mode of pronouncing Maha Rajah, a title of the Rajah of Travancore, and indeed of every Rajah with whom I have any acquaintance."

"Sept. 30. — We are getting into a dreadfully rough sea, and as the mariners have no confidence in their own science, they have furled all the sails, and have left us pitching a perfect naked hull on the water."

"Oct. 1. — We have had a terrible night, in which it was quite impossible to rest between the roaring and hissing of the waves, and the

barbarous dissonance of the Arabic hymns that have resounded all night."

"Oct. 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th. — These four days there has been a high swell of the sea, with smart gales and showers, the sea generally of a deep green or of a deep violent colour. On the morning of the fifth a ship was descried at a great distance on the lee-beam. As she neither made any efforts of consequence to come up with us, nor displayed any colours, she excited little apprehension till the close of evening, when having gained the weather-beam, she made a sudden dart at us, like a leopard at a fawn, and was nearly up with us before we perceived her. Then followed a scene which it is impossible to describe, and which demonstrated our ship-mates to be even greater cowards than fools. Every body crowded instantly on the poop, where they attended to nothing but the motions of one of the Maldivians, who commenced his operations with great energy. Having written a number of charms, he threw them into the sea, leisurely chanting an Arabic prayer with a loud voice all the time. As the charms fell into the sea the people persuaded themselves that the sea roughened, and the waves rose ;

and their idea of their efficacy was still more confirmed by the ship in pursuit, which had now approached within hail, happening at this very time to lose her wind, and drop astern. At the sight of this the Maldivian began to sing out more zealously than ever, and presently fell into a state approaching convulsion, during which he was held by the rest of the crew, and prevented from falling into the sea; all which time he continued in a most ecstatic manner to howl forth Arabic prayers to God, the Prophet Ali, and the Imams, but especially Ruffiä, one of the fourteen Khanwadehs, the prayers and invocations of all whose disciples are performed with loud noise and bodily contorsions. It seems there are four super-eminent Pirs, and fourteen Khanwadehs. These four Pirs are as it were the founders of sects, which have the following names from their founders: 1. Kadi-riah, who are silent in religious acts. 2. Chish-tiah. 3. Serwirdiah. 4. Tabkattiah, or Mud-dariah. The sect of Ruffiä is a division of the last order. I thought for some time every body had been going stark staring mad, but after a little the Maldivian became a little more calm, continuing, however, to exclaim with all his might, "bom ! bom !" which I understood to be

his pronounciation of the Tamul pochom, "let us go on;" on which, I believe every rag of sail in the vessel was hoisted in defiance of the weakness of our masts. As we did not seem, however, likely to get rid of our companion so easily, who still seemed intent on coming up with us, I secured the English pass and bill of lading, and directed the supercargo, that if it was a Frenchman, and came aboard of us, to present only his Guzeratty papers, which they were not likely to understand. Thinking it also probable, that if we were captured, as our snow is only of 80 tons burden, that they would not throw more than ten or twelve men aboard of us, to conduct us to the Isle of France, I proposed concealing myself with five men among the bales of cloth, till it should be night, when the Frenchmen being necessarily divided into two watches, might be easily overpowered. This was agreed to, but we found there was a woeful deficiency of arms, as besides my pistols and dagger, we could only muster a single talwar, and a couple of kreesses in the whole ship. A like difficulty occurred in selecting the persons to make the attempt. I could depend upon my Persian and Arab servants, and at last pitched on two Malabars and one Maldivian. So hav-

ing made the best arrangements we could, I retired to rest and to wait the event in darkness, having hoisted our dead-lights. After forming this daring resolution, our shipmates held a council of war on the poop, and continued with tolerable courage to debate over the subject in every point of view till day-break, when unfortunately descrying the masts of a vessel on our weather beam, which was immediately supposed to be our old friend, the sentiments of every person underwent a most unfortunate alteration, and the Nakhoda, and the Soucan, as well as the Supercargo, informed me that they would not tell a lie for the whole world, even to save their lives; and in short, that they would neither be *airt nor pairt* in the business. I, who had all this time been addressing my dagger with great fervour, when I heard this paltry resolution, was strongly tempted to have buried it in the hearts of the cowardly wretches; but as it could serve no purpose, I contented myself with desiring the Nakhoda at least to hoist his Arab flag; but even this could not be accomplished, for after some time they asserted roundly that they had no other flag but one inscribed with some sentences of the Koran, for raising the wind. This I fancy is a downright lie, but

there is no remedy. Fortunately the sea ran very high, and we escaped more through the kindness of Providence than our own deserts.

“ Oct. 8th, 9th. — These two last days we had an uncommon high sea, with violent rain and squalls, the sea dashing over us, and into the cabin, where I have been completely wet and drenched. The Maldivians furled the sails and let us drive before the tempest, while they invoked with dreadful yells of the whole crew, sometimes the merciful God, and sometimes the two kings of the sea, and of the desert forest Melech bar ò bahher, who I find are brothers, as in the northern mythology. Their proper names, however, are Khajeh Kheider and Mihter Elias, (according to others the same person,) the first of whom is the Melech Bar, or Erl King, who presides over lonely forests and deserts; the second is properly the King of the Sea, or Melech-i-bahher. They were, at least, as fervent in their devotions, as ever were Catholic mariners to the Virgin Mother, the Star of the Sea, as she is poetically denominated. The crew, however, were soon obliged to leave the devotional part of the business to the steersman, and apply themselves actively to the pump, as

it was found we were making an alarming quantity of water. The rain continued without intermission, and as the whole crew seemed nearly exhausted with cold and fatigue, I proposed recruiting them with a glass of gin. This was agreed to, but happening unluckily in giving directions to my servant, to mention the word *sherab*, they assured me unanimously they would drink no *sherab*. After a vivid debate on the subject, we at last hit on a proper medium, and it was resolved, that though it would be a very bad action to drink it as *sherab* or wine, yet there would be no harm in the world in drinking it as *duwa*, medicine: one of the sages observing, with a look of the most profound wisdom, that we must sometimes drink even poison as medicine.

“ Oct. 10. — Immediately after day-break this day, we descried land, which I imagine to be the coast of Sumatra, east of Achin.

“ Oct. 11th. The evening is most divinely beautiful, and here are we sticking on a smooth glassy sea “as idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean.” The western sky presents a freckled net-work of brilliant, golden yellow,

gradually changing into a bright rose colour, which softens as the evening descends. The sea gently heaving without a ripple on its surface, towards the east displays a clear violet and broken claret-colour, while toward the west it gently fluctuates in fleeting shades from the hue of molten gold, to that of burnished copper, from a clear whitish yellow, to a deep brazen red. These shades continue flickering along the surface, for a considerable time after the sun has descended, when all at once the surface of the ocean assumes the hue of clear green liquid glass.

“ Oct. 16th. Achin Hill presents a scene of enchantment, flooded with softened crimson, by the rays of the setting sun. — The Maldivian informs me, that we have now no danger to fear, if we steer clear of Tavai, the mountain of loadstone, which he affirms, is at a vast distance in the direction of Mergui. This mountain of loadstone is the same I fancy which figures in the Arabian Nights, in the tale of the third calendar, and which was wont to attract all the iron out of the vessels of Prince Ajeeb. It is certain that this fable was also known to the Greeks, for Palladius alludes to it, and

places it among the Maniolæ islands. He adds, that on account of its attractive power, the mariners who navigated these seas, used no iron in the structure of their vessels, but sewed the planks together. Hence it would also appear that the Greeks were acquainted with the mode of sewing the planks of small vessels together with coir, a practice particularly used among the Maldives and Laccadines, though the Masoula boats on the coast are of the same construction. *Masoula* is the Mahratta term for fish.

“ Oct. 19th. This cursed ship is now become completely detestable. The tainted odour of spoiled rice, and rotten salt-fish, spoiled by the salt-water which washes over us from day to day, has quite filled the cabin; and legions of small scorpions begin to make their appearance amid the myriads of cock-roaches and ants, by which we are constantly infested. The ship smells all over like an open sepulchre, and the water is putrid and nauseous.

“ Last night there has been a good deal of rain with very vivid flashes of lightning. It is very singular that the Persians and Indians firmly be-

lieve that the matter of lightning, or that substance which forms the thunder-bolt, is a species of iron. When this substance is mixed in a very small proportion with steel for the formation of scimitars and other weapons, it is supposed to give them a temper and edge which nothing can resist. This lightning metal accordingly bears a very high price, and is said to be chiefly procured from a certain mountain in Irak. I have not been able to procure an accurate account of the manner in which it is obtained, but the natives are said to form holes in the mountain, which they fill with moist cow dung, a species of rice, and a third substance the name of which I have not heard, and when the thunder-bolt falls, a small quantity of the metal is found in these pits.

“Persians, Indians, and Arabs are all believers in the hydrographic doctrine of the seven seas. The Deria Sabz, or green sea, is placed in Muggneb, and in this they assert that it is impossible to sail for the sea-weeds. In this sea they assert that a species of Nilofer or water-lily is produced, the calyx of which is of great size, and contains the perfect form of a beautiful young child, affixed to the lotus by the navel,

which dies as soon as it is separated from it. This child they term *Biché ab*, the child of the water."

Notwithstanding the untoward circumstances of this voyage, it does not appear that Leyden felt any bad effects from it. It was not long before he found his health considerably improved by the delightful climate of Puloo Penang. He remained there several months, happy in the enjoyment of agreeable society, and in that increase of intellectual energy which the sight of new and interesting objects seldom fails to produce. The peculiarities of the Malay race drew his eager attention, and in order to extend his knowledge of their language, manners and religion, he visited various places upon the neighbouring coasts. The information thus collected, he afterwards gave to the public in a "Dissertation on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations." It was printed in the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches. This work, considering the short time he had been in India when he wrote it, is a wonderful monument of his genius and industry. It contains an investigation of the origin and descent of the various tribes that people the Malayan

Peninsula and Islands, by comparing together, and tracing the affinity of their languages and customs with each other, and with those of the nations more to the westward.

In the beginning of 1806, he left Puloo Penang, with renovated health, but not without regret at parting with the friends whose kindness had greatly contributed to render his stay there delightful. Among these were Mr. Dundas, the Governor of the Island, and Mr. Raffles, who was afterwards Governor of Java.

Before his departure, Leyden addressed to Mrs. Raffles, under the name of Olivia, his beautiful verses, “The Dirge of the departed Year :” which were printed in the newspaper of the island.

He now proceeded to Bengal, in the Portuguese vessel *Santo Antonio*. In the Journal which he wrote during this voyage, he says,—
 “I have now been able to reconnoitre our crew, among which I do not find that there is a single European ; the master and officers being Macao-Portuguese, as well as many of the sailors, who have, during their whole lives, traded among

these Eastern islands. They pass their time a little more merrily than we do, and seem to enjoy themselves vastly with their pork, their rice, curry, and greasy messes. In their eating, they differ little from the nations of India, except that they are more greasy in every thing, and as fond of pork as the Chinese themselves. Their cookery is a little too partial to cock-roaches and insects, which do not sit well on an English stomach. By their account of the Portuguese settlement of Macao, there seems to be little else to live upon but pork in some shape or other. The settlement they allege, contains about 6000 men, and 12,000 women. Many of the Portuguese breed from that place, have the oblique swinish eye of the Chinese, which would seem to indicate a mixture of Chinese blood. They proceed regularly to their *Ave Marias* at six o'clock, and at eight, all that have any taste for music assemble in the kuddeh *, with the captain and officers at their head, where they chaunt Portuguese and Malaya verses, intermixed with a good deal of horse-play, and the recitation of aukward phrases in a circle, when the person that misses his nay-word, is condemned to lead the next song. It would cer-

* Cabin.

tainly be altogether impossible for an Englishman, except of the very lowest order, to find any amusement in this diversion ; in consequence of which I suspect he would by no means be so happy as a Portuguese. I also imagine, it would be extremely difficult to find an English ship in which less quarrelling and angry words occur either among the officers or seamen."

On the eighth of February, 1806, after a voyage of three weeks, he arrived at Calcutta, where he continued more than a year before he obtained any particular appointment, the infirm state of his health still not permitting him to return to his fatiguing employment in the Madras presidency. About the beginning of 1807, he presented to the Government at Calcutta, a memoir of nearly two hundred pages, on the Indo-Persian, Indo-Chinese, and Dekkani languages. This was submitted to the College Council, who returned it to the Secretary of Government, with a very high eulogium, and with their unanimous recommendation that Leyden should instantly be placed on the establishment of the College, with a proper salary, and in the order of succession for the first vacant professorship. Not long afterwards, his merits were recognised, by his election to the Profes-

sorship of the Hindostani language, in the College, and his admission into the Asiatic Society. He soon afterwards gave up the Professorship, for the office of Judge of the twenty-four Pargunnahs of Calcutta, to which he was appointed by Lord Minto, the Governor-General, who honoured him with his friendship and patronage. The situation is an arduous and fatiguing one, uniting the functions of a soldier and a magistrate. It was his duty to head the troops employed to rid Bengal of the numerous bands of freebooters with which it was then infested. In this employment, apparently so foreign to his habits and pursuits, he acquitted himself on various occasions with great credit to himself, and benefit to the public. Upon one occasion, when he returned from a successful expedition into the province of Nuddiya, he publicly received the thanks of Lord Minto and the Government.

In January, 1809, when he had held this situation two years, he relinquished it, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests, in the city of Calcutta. To hold this office, it was requisite that he should be able to speak several of the Eastern languages; its

duties were fatiguing, and kept him busily employed during three days in the week. But he was now in good health, and he devoted every interval of business to the laborious study of the languages and literature of the East.

It is not intended here to give a minute account of the progress of Leyden in his Oriental studies. He had, from the day of his arrival in India, made, to use one of his own terms, “a grasp” at all the principal languages of that vast continent, and as his passion for display (the marked defect of his character) led him to intrude his knowledge, even when in a crude state, upon every class of society with which he mixed, he was naturally enough judged by many, who measured him by an ordinary standard, to be more superficial than profound. But though his pretensions often outran his acquirements, the result of his earliest efforts shewed that the latter were surprising; and the justice of that regard and friendship with which his character had inspired some of those most competent to decide upon his merit, in the part of India that he first visited, was confirmed on his arrival at Calcutta, by the opinion of the most distinguished persons of that capital, who, struck

with admiration of his talents, extended to him every aid and encouragement that could stimulate him to an ardent perseverance in the path of literary eminence. Leyden was naturally pleased with that distinction which the notice and regard of such men conveyed, and he frequently boasted of it to his friends; above all, he felt a just pride in having attained the friendship and approbation of Mr. Henry Colebrooke, then President of the Asiatic Society, a gentleman who may be truly termed the most mature of all Oriental scholars. Sir John Malcolm, who appears to have been one of his earliest and best friends in India, has well described, in a letter * written after Leyden's death, the character of the studies which he at this period pursued: "It will remain with those
 " who are better qualified than I am," (Sir John observes,) "to do justice to the memory of Dr.
 " Leyden. I only know that he rose, by the
 " power of native genius, from the humblest
 " origin to a very distinguished rank in the
 " literary world. His studies included almost
 " every branch of human science, and he was
 " alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest

* See Note [F.]

“ power of his mind was, perhaps, shewn in his
 “ acquisition of modern and ancient languages.
 “ He exhibited an unexampled facility, not
 “ merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their
 “ affinity and connection with each other ; and
 “ from that talent, combined with his taste and
 “ general knowledge, we had a right to expect,
 “ from what he did in a very few years, that he
 “ would, if he had lived, have thrown the
 “ greatest light upon the more abstruse parts
 “ of the history of the East. In this curious,
 “ but intricate and rugged path, we cannot
 “ hope to see his equal.”

The works which Dr. Leyden had finished
 before his death, and to which Sir John Mal-
 colm alludes, were chiefly translations from the
 Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit. There are also
 among his MSS. many valuable philological
 tracts, and several grammars completed ; par-
 ticularly one of the Malay language, and of
 the Pracrit. To the latter task he had been
 prompted by his friend Mr. Henry Colebrooke,
 who has since expressed his satisfaction with
 Leyden’s execution of this arduous and useful
 labour.

The mode of Leyden's studies was as singular as his indefatigable application. Both are described in a very characteristic manner by Sir John Malcolm, in the same letter that has been before quoted: "It is not easy," (he observes,) "to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book, that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had in a few hours instructed a very ignorant native to do; and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call 'one of his Mechanical Aids.' He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in

“ vain. He used, when unable to sit upright,
 “ to prop himself up with pillows, and con-
 “ tinue his translations. One day that I was
 “ sitting by his bed-side the surgeon came in ;
 “ ‘ I am glad you are here,’ said Mr. Anderson,
 “ addressing himself to me, ‘ you will be able
 “ to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice.
 “ I have told him before, and I now repeat,
 “ that he will die if he does not leave off his
 “ studies, and remain quiet.’ ‘ Very well, Doc-
 “ tor,’ exclaimed Leyden, ‘ you have done your
 “ duty, but you must now hear me ; *I cannot*
 “ *be idle* ; and whether I die or live, the wheel
 “ must go round to the last :’ and he actually
 “ continued under the depression of a fever and
 “ a liver complaint, to study more than ten
 “ hours each day.”

Leyden’s attainments will excite greater ad-
 miration, and his merit will be more fully un-
 derstood, if the difficulties with which he had
 to struggle, independent of the wretched state
 of his health, be taken into consideration. Some
 of these are stated by himself, in a letter written
 after he had been somewhat more than a year in
 India, to one of his friends, who was engaged
 in the same pursuits with himself. “ We are

“ here,” says he, “ in the peninsula exactly in
 “ the situation of the revivers of literature in
 “ Europe, and likewise exposed to the same
 “ difficulties in respect of the incorrectness of
 “ MSS. the inaccuracy of teachers, and the
 “ obstacles that must be encountered in pro-
 “ curing either. It would be amusing to re-
 “ count the tricks, and unfair practices that
 “ have been attempted to be played off on me.
 “ I have had a Bramin engaged to teach me
 “ Sanscrit, who scarcely knew a syllable of the
 “ language. I have had another attempt to
 “ palm Hindostani on me for Mahratta. I have
 “ had a Bramin likewise attempt to impose a
 “ few Slogas, which are in the mouths of every
 “ one, on me, for the translation of an ancient
 “ inscription in the ancient Canara character.
 “ Indeed the moral character of the Hindus —
 “ ‘ the blameless, mild, patient, innocent chil-
 “ dren of nature,’ as they are ridiculously
 “ termed by gossiping ignoramusses, who never
 “ set eyes on them — is as utterly worthless and
 “ devoid of probity, as their religion is wicked,
 “ shameless, impudent, and obscene. Do you
 “ recollect the savage picture of Leontius Pi-
 “ latus, Boccacio’s preceptor in Greek? — It
 “ corresponds wonderfully with that of my first

“ Sanscrit teacher, whose conduct to me was so
 “ execrable, that I was obliged to dismiss him
 “ with disgrace. I shall, most probably, never
 “ be able to attain either the harmony of Pe-
 “ trarch’s numbers, or the suavity and grace
 “ of Boccacio’s prose; but I shall certainly
 “ conquer Sanscrit, though they failed in at-
 “ taining the Grecian language. The preju-
 “ dices of the Bramins have, however, relaxed
 “ very little in our presidency, and excepting
 “ Mr. Ellis, there is scarce a person that has
 “ been able to break ground in this field of li-
 “ terature. Major Wilks, acting Resident at
 “ Mysore, informed me, that some years ago,
 “ incited by the example of Wilkins and Sir
 “ William Jones, he attempted to study San-
 “ scrit at Madras, and exerted a great deal
 “ of influence very unsuccessfully. The Du-
 “ bashes, then all-powerful at Madras, threatened
 “ loss of cast and absolute destruction to any
 “ Bramin who should dare to unveil the mys-
 “ teries of their sacred language to a *Pariar*
 “ *Frengi*. This reproach of *Pariar* is what
 “ we have tamely and strangely submitted to
 “ for a long time, when we might with equal
 “ facility have assumed the respectable cha-
 “ racter of *Chatriya*, or *Rajaputra*. In all my

“ conversations with the Bramins, I boldly
 “ claim to be regarded as the immediate de-
 “ scendant of the chief Brahmadica Swayumb-
 “ huva, under the character and name of *Adima*,
 “ and from his wife *Iva*, subject to a particular
 “ *Veda*, more ancient than their own, which
 “ was issued before Vyasa was born, and assert
 “ that consequently they cannot expect me to
 “ be subject to *their laws*, which were of later
 “ promulgation than my own.”

But it is time to resume the narrative. Towards the end of the year 1810, Leyden resigned his appointment of Commissioner of Requests, and was preferred, by Lord Minto, to the situation of Assay Master at the Calcutta mint. He now enjoyed a very considerable salary, and had very easy duties to perform. “ I have laid aside,” says he, in a letter to his father, informing him of this appointment, “ the
 “ scales of justice for those of mammon; and
 “ instead of trying men and their causes, I
 “ have only to try the baser, but much less re-
 “ fractory, metals of gold and silver.” To comfort his parents, who were ever anxious for his safety, he spoke, in this letter, of his anticipated return to Britain, and told them

that he expected to have no more changes during his stay in India.

The fatal event which was approaching, was a sad reverse to these fond anticipations. He was never again to behold those parents whom he so much loved and revered; nor those scenes of his youth, of which he had sung so sweetly. His services were required in the expedition against Java; and he went with Lord Minto to assist in settling the country when conquered. He sailed from Calcutta on the 9th of March, 1811, and arrived at Madras, where the army was collected, after a tedious voyage of thirty days. During this voyage he gave a striking proof of that rash intrepidity which formed always a conspicuous feature in his character. Two of his fellow passengers, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, offered to bet with him sixty gold mohurs, that he durst not climb up to the top-gallant-royal of the vessel; a plan having been privately formed to have him bound there, until he should purchase his release by paying a fine. Leyden, whose courage was equalled by an unfortunate passion for displaying it, which sometimes made him appear to disadvantage, accepted the wager, and fearlessly

mounted to the top ; when, perceiving the intended sequel of this insidious joke, he made a desperate, but successful effort to frustrate it. He hastily grasped a coir rope, with the assistance of which he threw himself down, though, as it slid through his hands, it cut them most severely. It must be added, that though he had thus more than won the wager, he refused to take the money, but having received a written order for the sum, immediately destroyed it. Such were the virtuous and strictly honourable principles in which he had been brought up, that he looked upon it as in some degree disgraceful to gain money by wagers, or other species of gaming, or in any way in which it could not be regarded as an equivalent for the performance of useful services.

After remaining fifteen days at Madras, he proceeded on his voyage, with that part of the expedition to which he was attached. They touched at Penang, Malacca, and other places on their route, where he found laborious employment in translating the letters which had arrived from the Rajahs of different nations, in the neighbourhood, and in dictating proclamations to send forward in the Malay, Javanese,

Bugis, and Bali languages. At Malacca, where they were detained some time, his active curiosity led him to make an excursion, which took up six days, into the interior of the Peninsula, in which he passed the boundary of the Malacca territory, and went into that of Johore.

On the fourth of August the British troops landed in Java, at a village, six miles east from Batavia ; and three days afterwards they entered that celebrated city, without meeting with any resistance. Jansens, the governor, had withdrawn his forces, and retired to a strong position at fort Cornelis, about five miles up the country, whither they were soon followed and routed, after a hard fought battle, by the victorious invaders.

In the meantime Leyden, with his usual eagerness, employed every moment of leisure in researches into the literature of the conquered city. Amongst other objects calculated to excite and to gratify his favourite passion, was a library, said to contain a valuable collection of Oriental MSS. Going out one day with the intention of exploring it, he accidentally went into a large low room in one of the public buildings, which had

been the depository of effects belonging to the Dutch government, and was also said to contain some Javanese curiosities. With fatal inadvertence he entered it, without using the precaution of having it aired, although it had been shut up for some time, and the confined air was strongly impregnated with the poisonous quality which has made Batavia the grave of so many Europeans. Upon leaving this place he was suddenly affected with shivering and sickness, the first symptoms of a mortal fever, which he himself attributed to the pestilential air he had been inhaling. He died on the 28th of August, after three days illness, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His sorrowing friends, Lord Minto, and Mr. Raffles, saw the last sad offices done to his mortal remains.

Thus Leyden closed his "bright and brief career," when his hopes were highest, and his fortune seemed most auspicious; when he was advancing rapidly to that fame and distinction, of which he was nobly ambitious, and when his merits had become sufficiently known to cause him to be deeply and universally regretted.

Having now traced the principal events of his life, it may not be improper to collect together some of the most striking traits of his person and character. — In his stature, Leyden was of the middle size, well proportioned, and of a slender rather than robust form. He had a clear complexion, brown hair, and dark eyes, full of animation and intelligence. His looks and gestures were quick, and expressive of habitual cheerfulness and activity. He possessed considerable muscular power, and athletic skill, and was fond of displaying his prowess in feats of strength and agility, for which he had been famous in his early years, among the rustic youth of the vicinity.

He was distinguished for the manly simplicity and independence of his character. He could suppress, but knew not the art of disguising his emotions. His foibles or defects seemed to have a distant resemblance of the same good qualities ill-regulated, and carried to an unreasonable excess. Perfectly conscious of retaining the essence of politeness, he sometimes wantonly neglected the ceremonial.* In his judgment of

* See Note [G.]

men, and his value for their society and acquaintance, he was guided solely by his opinion of their moral and intellectual worth; and never paid any regard to claims founded merely upon the adventitious circumstances of rank and fortune; but rather strenuously opposed them whenever he imagined they were obtrusively brought forward. His stubbornness in points like this did not fail to create prejudices against him, and to cause him to be misrepresented as vain and presumptuous. But those who knew him best, who saw him in the daily intercourse of life, and amongst his friends and relations, loved him for qualities the very reverse of these. His general deportment was truly amiable and unassuming. He was a cheerful and good-humoured companion, and an affectionate and steady friend, deeply sensible of kindness, and ever ready to oblige. His gratitude to his generous patron Lord Minto was warm and zealous, and is often strongly expressed in his private letters. We have the testimony of that nobleman to the disinterestedness of his character. In a speech delivered at a visitation of the College of Fort William, soon after his return from the conquest of Java, speaking of Dr. Leyden, his Lordship

says, “ No man, whatever his condition might be,
 “ ever possessed a mind so entirely exempt from
 “ every sordid passion, so negligent of fortune,
 “ and all its grovelling pursuits — in a word, so
 “ entirely disinterested — nor ever owned a
 “ spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I
 “ speak of these things with some knowledge,
 “ and wish to record a competent testimony to
 “ the fact, that within my experience, Dr. Ley-
 “ den never, in any instance, solicited an object of
 “ personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever inter-
 “ rupted his higher pursuits, to waste a moment’s
 “ thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust
 “ or advancement may at some periods have im-
 “ proved his personal situation, have been, with-
 “ out exception, tendered, and in a manner
 “ thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, uncon-
 “ templated, and unexpected. To this exemp-
 “ tion from cupidity, was allied every generous
 “ virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune, which
 “ he disdained to court ; and, amongst many es-
 “ timable features of his character, an ardent
 “ love of justice, and a vehement abhorrence
 “ of oppression, were not less prominent than
 “ the other high qualities I have already de-
 “ scribed.”

To this eulogy of the virtue and honour of his character by Lord Minto, it must be added, that Leyden was sincerely attached to that pure religion, which he was early taught to reverence, and the principles and evidences of which had been for so long a period his chief objects of study. His conduct testified the sincerity of his belief; for, he uniformly abstained from every kind of vicious indulgence. But, in no point of view was he more estimable, than in his deep-felt gratitude to his parents, in the constant reverence and affection with which he treated them, and in the care he took to increase their comforts as soon as fortune had put it in his power. They have survived the overwhelming affliction of his death, and still live to cherish, with pious sorrow, the recollection of his endearing virtues. He will be long remembered, with tender regret, by all who knew and can appreciate the genuine worth of his character, his dauntless integrity, his extraordinary talents, his public usefulness, the zeal and constancy of his friendship, and the gentleness of his heart.

The observations which his own knowledge has led the writer of this memoir to make upon the character of Leyden, are fully supported by

the impression which he made on that society in which he passed the latter years of his life. To this fact additional testimony is derived from the following genuine and faithful picture which his friend, Sir John Malcolm has drawn of his qualities, disposition, and manners. “ Dr. “ Leyden,” (this gentleman observes, in the letter before quoted,) “ had from his earliest “ years cultivated the muses, with a success “ which will make many regret that Poetry did “ not occupy a larger portion of his time. The “ first of his essays, which appeared in a separate form, was ‘ The Scenes of Infancy,’ a “ descriptive Poem, in which he sung in no “ unpleasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams in Teviotdale. “ He contributed several small pieces to that “ collection of Poems, called the ‘ Minstrelsy “ of the Scottish Border,’ which he published “ with his celebrated friend, Walter Scott. “ Among these the ‘ Mermaid,’ is certainly the “ most beautiful. In it he has shewn all the “ creative fancy of a real genius. His ‘ Ode on “ the Death of Nelson,’ is undoubtedly the best “ of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following “ apostrophe, to the blood of that hero, has a

“ sublimity of thought, and happiness of ex-
 “ pression, which never could have been at-
 “ tained but by a true poet :

“ Blood of the brave ! thou art not lost
 Amidst the waste of waters blue ;
 The tide that rolls to Albion’s coast
 Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue ;
 And thou shalt be the vernal dew
 To foster valour’s darling seed ;
 The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
 And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.”

“ It is pleasing to find him, on whom nature
 “ has bestowed eminent genius, possessed of
 “ those more essential and intrinsic qualities
 “ which give the truest excellence to the human
 “ character. The manners of Dr. Leyden were
 “ uncourtly, more perhaps from his detestation
 “ of the vices too generally attendant on refine-
 “ ment, and a wish (indulged to excess from
 “ his youth) to keep at a marked distance from
 “ them, than from any ignorance of the rules
 “ of good breeding. He was fond of talking ;
 “ his voice was loud, and had little or no modu-
 “ lation ; and he spoke in the provincial dialect
 “ of his native country. It cannot be surprising
 “ therefore that even his information and know-

“ ledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a
 “ number of his hearers as unpleasant, if not
 “ oppressive. But with all these disadvantages
 “ (and they were great) the admiration and es-
 “ teem in which he was always held by those
 “ who could appreciate his qualities, became
 “ general wherever he was long known; they
 “ even who could not understand the value of
 “ his knowledge loved his virtues. Though he
 “ was distinguished by his love of liberty, and
 “ almost haughty independence, his ardent
 “ feelings, and proud genius, never led him into
 “ any licentious or extravagant speculation on
 “ political subjects. He never solicited favour,
 “ but he was raised by the liberal discernment
 “ of his noble friend and patron, Lord Minto,
 “ to situations that afforded him an opportunity
 “ of shewing that he was as scrupulous and as
 “ inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his pub-
 “ lic duties, as he was attentive in private life to
 “ the duties of morality and religion.

“ The temper of Dr. Leyden was mild and
 “ generous, and he could bear, with perfect good
 “ humour, raillery on his foibles. When he ar-
 “ rived at Calcutta, in 1805, I was most solicit-
 “ ous regarding his reception in the society of

“ the Indian capital. ‘ I entreat you my dear
 “ friend,’ (I said to him the day he landed,) ‘ to
 “ be careful of the impression you make on
 “ your entering this community ; for God’s sake
 “ learn a little English, and be silent upon lite-
 “ rary subjects, except among literary men.’
 “ ‘ Learn English !’ he exclaimed, ‘ no, never ;
 “ it was trying to learn that language that spoilt
 “ my Scotch, and as to being silent, I will pro-
 “ mise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools
 “ hold theirs.’

“ His memory was most tenacious, and he
 ‘ sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he
 “ was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a
 “ point of English history ; it was agreed to re-
 “ fer it to Leyden, and to the astonishment of
 “ all parties, he repeated verbatim, the whole of
 “ an act of parliament in the reign of James the
 “ First, relative to Ireland, which decided the
 “ point in dispute.—On being asked how he came
 “ to charge his memory with such extraordinary
 “ matter, he said that several years before, when
 “ he was writing on the changes which had
 “ taken place in the English language, this act
 “ was one of the documents to which he had
 “ referred as a specimen of the style of that age,

“ and that he had retained every word in his
 “ memory.

“ His love of the place of his nativity, was
 “ a passion in which he had always a pride,
 “ and which in India he cherished with the
 “ fondest enthusiasm. I once went to see him
 “ when he was very ill, and had been confined
 “ to his bed for many days; there were several
 “ gentlemen in the room; he enquired if I had
 “ any news; I told him I had a letter from Esk-
 “ dale; ‘and what are they about in the borders?’
 “ he asked. A curious circumstance, I replied, is
 “ stated in my letter; and I read him a passage
 “ which described the conduct of our volunteers
 “ on a fire being kindled by mistake at one
 “ of the beacons. This letter mentioned, that
 “ the moment the blaze, which was the signal of
 “ invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened
 “ to their rendezvous, and those of Liddisdale
 “ swam the Liddal river to reach it.— They
 “ were assembled (though several of their houses
 “ were at the distance of six or seven miles) in
 “ two hours, and at break of day marched into
 “ the town of Hawick (a distance of twenty
 “ miles from the place of assembly) to the bor-
 “ der tune of ‘*Wha dar meddle wi’ me.*’ Ley-

“ den’s countenance became animated as I pro-
 “ ceeded with this detail, and at its close he
 “ sprung from his sick-bed, and with strange
 “ melody, and still stranger gesticulations, sung
 “ aloud, ‘ *wha dar meddle wi’ me, wha dar med-*
 “ *dle wi’ me.*’ Several of those who witnessed
 “ this scene, looked at him as one that was rav-
 “ ing in the delirium of a fever.

“ These anecdotes,” (Sir John Malcolm con-
 cludes) “ will display more fully than any de-
 “ scription I can give, the lesser shades of the
 “ character of this extraordinary man. An ex-
 “ ternal manner, certainly not agreeable, and
 “ a disposition to egotism, were his only de-
 “ fects. How trivial do these appear, at a
 “ moment when we are lamenting the loss of
 “ such a rare combination of virtues, learning,
 “ and genius, as were concentrated in the late
 “ Dr. Leyden !”

Though the habits of Leyden were very fru-
 gal, he had no value for money, but as it en-
 abled him to be kind and generous to his pa-
 rents and family, or to indulge his passion for
 knowledge. The consequence was, that almost
 all he acquired, was either applied to the relief

of his relations, or spent upon instructors, or the purchase of Oriental manuscripts, of which he left a large collection, that was directed by his will to be sold, and the produce to be given to his parents, to whom, and to his brothers and sister, he left the little property of which he died possessed.

The writer cannot here resist his desire to relate an anecdote of Leyden's father, who, though in a humble walk of life, is ennobled by the possession of an intelligent mind, and has all that just pride which characterizes the industrious and virtuous class of Scottish peasantry, to which he belongs. Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one, who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realizing the little property that

had been left, said he was authorized by Mr. Heber (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed), to say, that such as were likely to produce a profit should be published as soon as possible, for the benefit of the family. "Sir," said the old man with animation, and with tears in his eyes, "God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country! — as it is, I beg of Mr. Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of, would be a great comfort to me in my old age, but thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray therefore of you and Mr. Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame."

This natural and elevated sentiment speaks volumes on the benefits which have resulted, and must continue to result, from the general diffusion of education. Had the father of Leyden been uninstructed, it is impossible, in the different spheres into which fortune cast them, that the ties of mutual regard, of parental pride, and of filial love, could have been so supported. Ignorance might have admired and wondered, but

it could neither have appreciated nor delighted in those talents which were every moment carrying the object of its regard to a greater distance; and knowledge could hardly have been restrained by the impulses of natural affection, or the consciousness of duty, from an occasional feeling of shame at a low and vulgar connection. But it is not alone the ties of kindred that are fostered and preserved by this approximation to equality of mind in those who are placed in the most opposite conditions of life. The history of every nation proves that those societies which are most ignorant, are most pregnant with all the elements of dissention and mischief. This fact is indeed at length universally admitted, and in our own happy country knowledge is now boldly imparted to all ranks; for it has been discovered, that though it may cause the lowest to aspire, it moderates his ambition to proper objects, and prevents his being made the dupe of the designing. Thus, its general effect is to render him whom it reaches, the friend of order, and to soften, if it cannot disarm, those angry passions that are kindled by the inequalities of human life. The reason is plain, — the distance between man and man is lessened; the lowest see that superior knowledge, a quality of which

they have sufficient to appreciate its value, is the usual concomitant of superior station, and are therefore content in their sphere. The highest feel compelled to grant to the intelligence of their inferiors, that respect which they might be disposed to refuse to their condition ; and these reciprocal sentiments, by establishing mutual regard, strengthen all those ties by which rational beings are best united under a rational government.

NOTES.

NOTE [A.] PAGE ii.

IT is remarkable, that though a man of uncommon intelligence, and possessing great knowledge and skill in every branch of rural economy, he never could be prevailed upon to undertake the charge of a farm on his own account. In this he acted from a firm and uniform persuasion that the trouble and anxiety frequently attendant upon the pursuit of gain, are very poorly compensated by the comforts it brings.

NOTE [B.] PAGE vi.

His feelings on this occasion, when he found himself alone on the road, are alluded to in his Address to his Shadow, at the beginning of the fourth part of the Scenes of Infancy,

“ But when I left my father’s old abode

“ And thou the sole companion of my road, &c.”

NOTE [C.] PAGE xvii.

In the following extract of a letter to Dr. Robert Anderson. “ Our indefatigable and invaluable friend, than whose a more ardent spirit never comprehended

whatever is vast, nor surmounted whatever is difficult in literary pursuit, has prematurely closed his brilliant day, and is gone. When recently engaged in researches into the several affinities of certain languages in which he was extremely conversant, I felt an anticipation of pleasure from the thought that my enquiries would in due time come under his eye, and undergo the friendly correction of his learned judgment. Alas! this expectation was utterly vain, for the possibility of its being accomplished was already past."

NOTE [D.] PAGE XXIX.

"We landed after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray, and were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I leapt on shore with a loud huzza, tumbling half a dozen of them on the sand, but the sun was so excruciatingly hot, that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into a palankeen, and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I overset the palankeen by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. At the inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent persevering of the black people, for every one is a beggar as long as you are reckoned a griffin, or new-comer. I then saw a number of jugglers, and fellows that play with the hooded snake a thousand tricks, though its bite is mortal; and among the rest I saw a fellow swallow a sword.

You are not to suppose, however, that this was a Highland broad sword, or even a horseman's sabre; it was only a broad piece of iron, perfectly blunt at the edges. I then set out to survey the town in the self-same palan-keen. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental splendor. The animals differed a good deal from ours, the dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low, and apparently bowed beneath the burden. The trees were totally different from any that I had seen, and the long hedges of prickly aloes, like large house leeks in their leaves; and spurge, whose knotted and angular branches seemed more like a collection of tape worms than any thing else. The dress of the natives was so various and fantastic, as quite to confuse you; and their complexions of all kinds of motley hues, except the healthy European, red and white. Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness, and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented, that my head ached, and my ears tingled, and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me on every side, that to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gad-flies, I took to the water, and got again on ship-board with more satisfaction than I had descried land after a five months' voyage. The first night I slept ashore I was waked by my side smarting very severely, and rolling myself on my side, discovered, with very little satisfaction, that the

smart was occasioned by a large animal, which I imagined to be a snake. As the chamber was dark, I disengaged myself from it with as little bustle and violence as possible, not wishing to irritate such an antagonist. With great pleasure I heard it make its way from the couch to the floor, and with great *sang-froid* lay down to sleep again as quietly as my blistered side would permit. On the morn, however, I discovered it to be a large lizard, termed a blood-sucker here, which nods with its head when you look at it, and it saluted me with a nod from the window like Xailoun's cousin, the Kardawan, in the Arabian Tales, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation."

NOTE [E.] PAGE xxxiv.

The vacancy in Duddingstone Church was expected to occur upon another occasion, a very short time before his departure for India. 'I remember well,' says Dr. Anderson*, 'the expression of regret that escaped from him, when I spoke of his rashness in resigning a moderate competence in a respectable station, to pursue a phantom in a foreign land; — *It is too late — I go — the die is cast — I cannot recede.*'

NOTE [F.] PAGE lxi.

This letter, which was addressed to the editor of the Bombay Courier, enclosed the following lines, written by

* In a letter to the writer of this Memoir.

Sir John Malcolm, as a tribute to the memory of his deceased friend : —

- “ Where sleep the brave on Java’s strand,
 Thy ardent spirit, Leyden, fled !
 And Fame with cypress shades the land,
 Where genius fell, and valour bled.
- “ When triumph’s tale is westward borne,
 On Border hills no joy shall gleam ;
 And thy lov’d Teviot long shall mourn
 The youthful poet of her stream.
- “ Near Jura’s rocks, the Mermaid’s strain
 Shall change from sweet to solemn lay ;
 For he is gone, the stranger swain,
 Who sung the Maid of Colonsay.
- “ The hardy tar, Britannia’s pride,
 Shall hang his manly head in woe ;
 The Bard who told how Nelson died,
 With harp unstrung, in earth lies low.
- “ I see a weeping band arise,
 I hear sad music on the gale ;
 Thy dirge is sung from Scotia’s skies,
 Her mountain sons their loss bewail.
- “ The Minstrel of thy native North
 Pours all his soul into the song ;
 It bursts from near the winding Forth,
 And Highland rocks the notes prolong.

“ Yes, he who struck a matchless lyre,
 O'er Flodden's field, and Katrine's wave
 With trembling hand now leads the choir
 That mourn his Leyden's early grave.”

Mr. Scott has alluded with regret to the death of his friend in the following lines, from the “ Lord of the Isles.”

“ His bright and brief career is o'er,
 And mute his tuneful strains ;
 Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
 That lov'd the light of song to pour ;
 A distant and a deadly shore
 Has Leyden's cold remains !”

NOTE [G.] PAGE lxxii.

That he was not unconscious of the peculiarities of his own character is evinced in the following passage of one of his letters to Dr. Robert Anderson :—

“ I often verge so nearly on absurdity, that I know it is perfectly easy to misconceive me, as well as misrepresent me.”

ODE TO PHANTASY.

WRITTEN IN 1796.

THE following may be considered as a kind of
sombrous Ode to Fancy, written during an attack
of the ague.

I.

AVAUNT the lark's clear thrilling note
That warbles sweet through ether blue,
While on the sloping sun-beam float
Her waving pinions wet with dew !
Too dire the power whose sullen sway
My torpid nerves and breast obey. —

“ Yes, he who struck a matchless lyre,
 O'er Flodden's field, and Katrine's wave
 With trembling hand now leads the choir
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Her waving pinions wet with dew !
Too dire the power whose sullen sway
My torpid nerves and breast obey. —

But, from the stump of withered oak,
 Let me hear the raven croak,
 And her sooty pinions flap
 At the night thunder's startling clap,
 As perch'd aloft she mutters hoarse
 O'er an infant's mangled corse ;
 When, drunk with blood, her sharp short scream
 Shall wake me from my wayward dream,
 To see the blood spontaneous flow
 Through the half-opened sod below.

II.

Avaunt the cheerful village throng,
 With all the sprightly sports of youth,
 The mazy dance, and maiden song !
 Be mine to roam through wilds uncouth ;
 To talk by fits at dusky eve
 With Echo in her rock-hewn cave,
 And see the fairy people glide
 Down the cavern's rugged side ;
 Or dive into the wood profound,
 Where red leaves rustle strangely round ;
 Where through the leaf-embowered way,
 The star-light sheds a sickly ray. —

And then the dead-man's lamp I spy,
 As twinkling blue it passes by,
 Soon followed by the sable pall,
 And pomp of shadowy funeral.*

III.

Beside yon hoary shapeless cairn,
 That points the shepherd's lonely path,
 Mantled with frizly withered fern,
 And skirted by the blasted heath; —
 By the slow muddy streams which lave
 The suicide's unhallowed grave,
 Where flaunts around in loose array,
 The withered grass that looks so gray;
 Whence aloof the travellers go,
 And curse the wretch that lies below; —
 I'll sit at midnight's fearful hour,
 When the wan April moon has power,

* In some parts of Scotland, where superstitious terrors still maintain their influence, at or near the time of a person's death, (for the ghost seers are not agreed,) a glimmering light is supposed to proceed from his house to the place of interment, tracing exactly the course of the funeral procession. This light is sometimes accompanied with the ghostly representation of a bier.

Poring o'er a mossy skull,
 Till my blue swollen eyes be dull ;
 While the unsheeted spectre loud
 Bewails his interdicted shroud. *

IV.

When wintry thaws impel the wave
 Beyond the channel's pebbled bounds,
 And hoarse the red-gorg'd rivers rave,
 To mine their arching icy mounds ;
 Though they rush against the shore,
 Waves successive tumbling o'er ;
 While clouds like low-brow'd mountains lower,
 And pour the chilling sleety shower : —
 Then let me by the torrent roam
 At night to watch the churning foam.
 And then a wailing voice I hear
 By solemn pauses strike the ear
 A river-wreck'd unhappy ghost
 Shrieks doleful, " Lost, for ever lost !"

* The spirits of suicides are supposed to have a particular predilection for restless wandering, to which uneasy disposition the want of a shroud, (from the custom of burying such persons in their own cloaths,) contributes not a little.

And the rocky banks around
Echo back the dreary sound.

V.

But on St. John's mysterious night,
Sacred to many a wizard spell,
The time when first to human sight
Confest the mystic fern-seed fell ;
Beside the sloe's black knotted thorn,
What hour the Baptist stern was born —
That hour when heaven's breath is still,—
I'll seek the shaggy fern-clad hill,
Where time has delv'd a dreary dell,
Befitting best a hermit's cell ;
And watch 'mid murmurs muttering stern,
The seed departing from the fern,
Ere wakeful demons can convey
The wonder-working charm away,
And tempt the blows from arm unseen,
Should thoughts unholy intervene.*

* The watching the fern-seed, on St. John's night, which seed was supposed first to have become visible at the hour when John the Baptist was born, was long a favourite practice among pretenders to sorcery, who likewise supposed a person might have a combat with the devil, and receive blows from an invisible arm.— *Vide Jackson's Magical Practices.*

VI.

Or let me watch the live-long night
 By some dark murderer's bed of death,
 Whose secret crimes his soul affright,
 And clog his sighs and parting breath.
 Pale-sheeted spectres seem to rise
 Before his fix'd and glaring eyes,
 That dimly glance with stone-set stare,
 The rueful hue of black despair.
 A death-head slowly to his view
 Presents its withering grisly hue,
 And grins a smile with aspect grim —
 Cold horror thrills his every limb,
 His half-form'd accents die away,
 And scarce the glimmering sense convey :
 He owns the justice of his doom,
 And muttering sinks to endless gloom.

VII.

Or, in some haunted Gothic hall
 Whose roof is moulder'd, damp, and hoar,
 Where figur'd tapestry shrouds the wall,
 And murder oft has dy'd the floor ;

With frantic fancies sore opprest,
 My weary eyes shall sink to rest —
 When, sudden from my slumbers weak
 Arous'd in wild affright I break ;
 A death-cold hand shall slowly sleek
 With icy touch my shuddering cheek.
 Soft as the whispers of the gale,
 Forth steals an infant's feeble wail,
 From some far corner of the dome,
 Approaching still my haunted room ;
 A spirit then seems the floor to trace,
 With hollow-sounding, measur'd pace. —

VIII.

I heard it ! Yes ; no earthly call !
 Repeated thrice in dismal tone ;
 And still along the echoing wall
 Resounds the deep continuous moan ;
 Responsive to my throbbing heart,
 Stung with fear's incessant smart,
 How creeps my blood in every vein,
 While desperate works my maddening brain—
 See there ! where vibrates on my view
 That visage grim of ashen hue ;

Glaring eyes that roll so red,
 Starting from the straining lid;
 At each horrid death-set stare
 He bristles up his hoary hair,
 And shows his locks so thin and few,
 Dropping wet with crimson dew. —

IX.

Hence fleets the form, while hush'd the sound —
 'Tis past — till sleep resumes her reign.
 But soon as wakeful sense is drown'd
 Fantastic visions rise again.
 Then borne on tempest wings I go
 O'er the deep that foams below:
 In whirling eddies raves the tide,
 While piping winds its thunders chide.
 The mass of waters heaves on high,
 Till surging billows dash the sky;
 White they burst around my ear,
 Down the west they bear me far,
 Far beyond the setting sun,
 Where ever brood the shadows dun,
 Where bends the welkin to the wave,
 And ocean's utmost waters lave.

X.

The eddying winds along the shore
 Clash rudely with opposing rage
 Where never mortal touch'd before,
 Save the far-wandering Grecian sage.
 By ocean's hoar-fermenting foam,
 Darkly lowers the airy dome;
 By brown substantial darkness wall'd
 Whence bold Ulysses shrunk appall'd;
 Where ghosts, half seen by glances dim,
 With shadowy feet the pavement skim.
 But soon the feeble-shrieking dead
 Are scatter'd by the Gorgon's head;
 Whose withering look, so wan and cold,
 No frame can bear of mortal mould;
 While snaky wreaths of living hair,
 With crests red-curling, writhe in air.

XI.

Anon, with sound confus'd and shrill,
 The thin embodied forms decay;
 And, like the gray mist of the hill,
 The airy mansion fleets away. —

When Phantasy transports the scene,
 Where glows the starry sky serene ;
 And then I seem in wild vagary,
 Roving with the restless fairy ;
 Round and round the turning sphere,
 To chase the moon-beam glancing clear.
 Where ocean's oozy arms extend,
 There our gliding course we bend ;
 Our right feet brush the billows hoar,
 Our left imprint the sandy shore ;
 While mermaids comb their sea-green locks
 By moonlight on the shelving rocks.

XII.

But while these scenes I pleas'd survey,
 They vanish slow with giddy hum,
 And visions rise, of dire dismay,
 That Fancy's plastic power benumb.
 The last dread trumpet stuns the ear
 Which central nature groans to hear ;
 And seems to shrink with rueful throes,
 To see her ancient offspring's woes. —
 Quick start to life the astonish'd dead ;
 Old heroes heave the helmed head ;

Again the sons of war return ;
 No more their red-flam'd eye-balls burn ;
 While scroll-shrunk skies around them blaze,
 In mute despair around they gaze ;
 Then frightful shrieks the welkin rive —
 As I, with rapture, wake alive. —

XIII.

Avaunt ! ye empty notes of joy,
 Ye vain delusive sounds of mirth ;
 No pleasure's here without alloy,
 No room for happiness on earth.
 To calm my breast's impatient glow,
 Arise ye scenes of fancied woe !
 That I may relish while they stay
 Such joys as quickly fleet away.
 And still let Phantasy renew
 Her antic groups of sombre hue,
 Where every unconnected scene
 Combines to rouse emotions keen,
 And far transcending judgment's law,
 Astounds the wondering breast with awe : —
 Till all this dream of life be o'er
 And I awake to sleep no more.

ON
PARTING WITH A FRIEND

ON A JOURNEY.

WRITTEN IN 1797.

As o'er the downs expanding silver-gray
 You pass, dear friend, your altered form I view
 Diminish'd to a shadow dim and blue,
 As oft I turn to gaze with fond delay. —
 Alas that youthful friendships thus decay!
 While fame or fortune's dizzy heights we scale,
 Or through the mazy windings of the vale
 Of busy life pursue our separate way. —
 Too soon by nature's rigid laws we part,
 Too soon the moments of affection fly,
 Nor from the grave shall one responsive sigh
 Breathe soft to soothe the sad survivor's heart!
 Ah! that when life's brief course so soon is o'er,
 We e'er should friendship's broken tie deplore.

ON
AN OLD MAN DYING FRIENDLESS.

WRITTEN IN 1798.

To thee, thou pallid form, o'er whose wan cheek
 X The downy blossoms of the grave are shed!
 To thee the crumbling earth and clay-cold bed
 Of joys supreme, instead of sorrows, speak.
 Deep in the silent grave thou soon shalt rest;
 Nor e'er shalt hear beneath the ridgy mould
 The howling blast, in hollow murmurs cold,
 That sweeps by fits relentless o'er thy breast!
 No warm eye glistens with the dewy tear
 For thee, no tongue that breathes to heaven the
 vow,
 No hand to wipe the death-drops from thy brow,
 No looks of love thy fainting soul to cheer!
 Then go, forlorn! to thee it must be sweet
 Thy long-lost friends beyond the grave to meet.

WRITTEN AT ST. ANDREWS,

IN 1798.

ALONG the shelves that line Kibriven's shore
I lingering pass, with steps well-pois'd and slow,
Where brown the slippery wreaths of sea-weeds
grow,
And listen to the weltering ocean's roar.
When o'er the crisping waves the sun-beams gleam,
And from the hills the latest streaks of day
Recede, by Eden's shadowy banks I stray,
And lash the willows blue that fringe the stream ;
And often to myself, in whispers weak,
I breathe the name of some dear gentle maid ;
Or some lov'd friend, whom in Edina's shade
I left when forc'd these eastern shores to seek !
And for the distant months I sigh in vain
To bring me to these favourite haunts again.

TO RUIN.

WRITTEN IN 1798.

DIRE Power ! when closing autumn's hoary dews
Clog the rank ambient air with fell disease,
And yellow leaves hang shivering on the trees,
My pensive fancy loves on thee to muse.
Mountains, that once durst climb the azure sky,
Proud waving woods, and vales expanding green,
No trace display of what they once have been ;
But deep beneath the world of waters lie. —
Yet not the shaken earth, the lightning's blaze,
When yawning gulfs wide peopled realms devour,
But nature's secret all-destroying power
With ceaseless torment on my spirit preys :
While man's vain knowledge in his fleeting hour
Serves but to show how fast himself decays.

MELANCHOLY.

WRITTEN IN 1798.

WHERE its blue pallid boughs the poplar rears
 I sit, to mark the passing riv'let's chime,
 And muse whence flows the silent stream of time;
 And to what clime depart the winged years.
 In fancy's eye each scene of youth appears
 Bright as the setting sun's last purple gleam,
 Which streaks the mist that winds along the stream,
 Bathing the harebell with eve's dewy tears.
 Ah! blissful days of youth, that ne'er again
 Revive, with scenes of every fairy hue,
 And sunny tints which fancy's pencil drew,
 Are you not false as hope's delusive train?
 For, as your scenes to memory's view return,
 You ever point to a lov'd sister's urn.

TO THE YEW.

WRITTEN IN 1799.

WHEN fortune smil'd, and nature's charms were new,
 I lov'd to see the oak majestic tower;
 I lov'd to see the apple's painted flower,
 Bedropt with pencill'd tints of rosy hue.
 Now more I love thee, melancholy Yew,
 Whose still green leaves in solemn silence wave
 Above the peasant's red unhonour'd grave,
 Which oft thou moistenest with the morning dew.
 To thee the sad, to thee the weary fly;
 They rest in peace beneath thy sacred gloom,
 Thou sole companion of the lowly tomb!
 No leaves but thine in pity o'er them sigh.
 Lo! now, to fancy's gaze, thou seem'st to spread
 Thy shadowy boughs to shroud me with the dead.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO MR. GEO. DYER,

ON SCOTTISH SCENERY AND MANNERS.

WRITTEN IN 1799.

I.

DYER ! whom late on Lothian's daisied plains,
 We hail'd a pilgrim-bard, like minstrel old,
 (Such as our younger eyes no more behold,
 Though still remembered by the aged swains,)
 Sleeps thy shrill lyre where Cam's slow waters lave
 Her sedgy banks o'erhung with oziers blue ?
 Or does romantic Tweed's pellucid wave
 Still rise in fancy to the poet's view ? —
 Her moors, that oft have seen the hostile throng
 Of warriors mingle in encounter dire ; —
 Her meads, that oft have heard the shepherd's song
 Carol of youthful love's enchanting fire ; —

Lomond's proud mountains, where the summer snow,
 In faint blue wreaths, "congeals the lap of May;" —
 And Teviot's banks, where flowers of fairy blow, —
 Could'st thou with cold unraptur'd eye survey,
 Nor wake to bardish notes the bosom-thrilling lay?

II.

What though by Selma's blazing oak no more
 The bards of Fingal wake the trembling string;
 Still to the sea-breeze sad they nightly sing
 The dirge forlorn on ancient Morven's shore;
 And still, in every hazel-tangled dell,
 The hoary swain's traditionary lay
 Can point the place where Morven's heroes fell,
 And where their mossy tombs are crusted gray.
 The mountain rock, to shepherds only known,
 Retains the stamp of Fingal's giant heel;
 The rough round crag, by rocking storms o'erthrown,
 The swain misdeems some ancient chariot wheel.
 On those brown steeps where the shy red deer play,
 And wanton roes, unscar'd by hunter, roam,
 Sat Morven's maids o'er the smooth dimpling bay,
 To see their barks, from Lochlin oaring home,
 Rush like the plunging whale through ocean's bursting
 foam.

III.

The heath, where once the venom-bristled boar
 Pierc'd by the spear of mighty Dermid fell —
 The martial youth secur'd by many a spell,*
 Who long in fight the shaggy goat-skin wore.
 Him, far in northern climes, a female bore
 Where the red heath slopes gradual to the main,
 Where boreal billows lash the latest shore,
 And murky night begins her sullen reign.
 So soft the purple glow his cheek could boast,
 It seem'd the spiky grass might grave a scar,
 Yet, foremost still of Fingal's victor host,
 He strode tremendous in the van of war.
 He sunk not till the doubtful field was won,
 Though life-blood steep'd his shaggy vest in gore,
 When, to a clime between the wind and sun,
 Him to his weird dame the heroes bore,
 Whose plastic arts did soon her valiant son restore.

IV.

The magic shores of Ketterin's silver lake, †
 Where shuddering beauty struggles to beguile

* Alluding to the Gaelic legend of the Celtic Ladbrog.

† Vide Scott's Glenfinlas.

The frown of horror to an awful smile,
May well thy harp's sublimest strains awake.
There the Green Sisters of the haunted heath
Have strew'd with mangled limbs their frightful den ;
And work with rending fangs the stranger's death,
Who treads with lonely foot dark Finlas' glen.
Lur'd from his wattled shiel on Ketterin's side,
The youthful hunter trode the pathless brake,
No pilot star, impetuous love his guide,
But ne'er return'd to Ketterin's fatal lake.
Still one remains his hapless fate to tell,
The visionary chief of gifted eye,
Wild on the wind he flings each potent spell,
Which ill-starr'd mortals only hear to die —
Far from his wizard notes the fell Green Sisters fly.

LOVE.

WRITTEN IN 1800.

SWEET power of Love ! no idle fluttering boy
Art thou, to flaunt with brilliant purple wing,
And from thy bow, in merry mischief, fling
The tiny shafts which mortal peace destroy.
'Tis thine the sickness of the soul to heal,
When pines the lonely bosom, doom'd to know
No dear associate of its joy or woe,
Till, warm'd by thee, it learns again to feel.
As the bright sun-beam bids the rose unrol
Her scented leaves, that sleep in many a fold,
Thou wak'st the heart from selfish slumbers cold,
To all the generous softness of the soul.
Ah doubly blest the heart that wakes to prove
From some congenial breast the dear return of Love !

WRITTEN IN THE ISLE OF SKY,

IN 1800.

AT eve, beside the ringlet's haunted green
 I linger oft, while o'er my lonely head
 The aged rowan hangs her berries red ;
 For there, of old, the merry elves were seen,
 Pacing with printless feet the dewy grass ;
 And there I view, in many a figur'd train,
 The marshall'd hordes of sea-birds leave the main,
 And o'er the dark-brown moors hoarse-shrieking pass.
 Next in prophetic pomp along the heath
 I see dim forms their shadowy bands arrange,
 Which seem to mingle in encounter strange,
 To work with glimmering blades the work of death :
 In fancy's eye their meteor falchions glare ;
 But, when I move, the hosts all melt in liquid air.

TO

THE SETTING SUN.

WRITTEN IN THE ISLE OF IONA,

IN 1800.

FAIR light of heaven ! where is thy couch of rest ?
That thy departing beams so sweetly smile :
Thou sleepest calm in that green happy isle
That rises mid the waters of the west.
Sweet are thy tidings from the land of hills
To spirits of the dead who round thee throng,
And chaunt in concert shrill thine evening song,
Whose magic sound the murmuring ocean stills :
Calm is thy rest amid these fields so green,
Where never breathes the deep heart-rending sigh,
Nor tears of sorrow dim the sufferer's eye. —
Then why revisit this unhappy scene,
Like the lone lamp that lights the sullen tomb,
To add new horrors to sepulchral gloom ?

SERENITY OF CHILDHOOD.

IN the sweet morn of life, when health and joy
Laugh in the eye, and o'er each sunny plain
A mild celestial softness seems to reign,
Ah ! who could dream what woes the heart annoy ?
No saddening sighs disturb the vernal gale
Which fans the wild-wood music on the ear ;
Unbath'd the sparkling eye with pity's tear,
Save listening to the aged soldier's tale.
The heart's slow grief, which wastes the child of woe,
And lovely injur'd woman's cruel wrong,
We hear not in the sky-lark's morning song,
We hear not in the gales that o'er us blow.
Visions devoid of woe which childhood drew,
How oft shall my sad heart your soothing scenes
renew !

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

ALAS, that fancy's pencil still pourtrays
 A fairer scene than ever nature drew !
 Alas, that ne'er to reason's placid view
 Arise the charms of youth's delusive days !
 For still the memory of our tender years,
 By contrast vain, impairs our present joys ;
 Of greener fields we dream and purer skies,
 And softer tints than ever nature wears. —
Lo ! now, to fancy, Teviot's vale appears
 Adorn'd with flowers of more enchanting hue
 And fairer bloom than ever Eden knew,
 With all the charms that infancy endears.
 Dear scenes ! which grateful memory still employ,
 Why should you strive to blast the present joy ?

MACGREGOR.

WRITTEN IN GLENORCHY, NEAR THE SCENE OF
THE MASSACRE OF THE MACGREGORS.

IN the vale of Glenorchy the night-breeze was sighing
O'er the tombs where the ancient Macgregors are lying :
Green are their graves by their soft murm'ring river,
But the name of Macgregor has perish'd for ever. —

On a red stream of light, from his gray mountains
glancing,

The form of a spirit seem'd sternly advancing ;
Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion,
As the shadow of mist o'er the foam of the ocean ;
Like the sound of a stream thro' the still evening dying.

“ Stranger, who tread'st where Macgregor is lying !

“ Dar'st thou to walk unappall'd and firm-hearted

“ Midst the shadowy steps of the mighty departed ? —

“ See, round thee the cairns of the dead are disclosing

“ The shades that have long been in silence reposing !

- “ Through their form dimly twinkles the moon-beam
descending,
“ As their red eye of wrath on a stranger are bending.
“ Our gray stones of fame though the heath-blossoms
cover,
“ Round the hills of our battles our spirits still hover ;
“ But dark are our forms by our blue native fountains,
“ For we ne’er see the streams running red from the
mountains.
“ Our fame fades away like the foam of the river,
“ That shines in the sun ere it vanish for ever ;
“ And no maid hangs in tears of regret o’er the story,
“ When the minstrel relates the decline of our glory.
“ The hunter of red deer now ceases to number
“ The lonely gray stones on the fields of our slumber.
“ Fly stranger, and let not thine eye be reverted ! —
“ Ah ! why should’st thou see that our fame is departed ?”

THE ELFIN KING.

—“ Oh swift, and swifter far he speeds
“ Than earthly steed can run ;
“ But I hear not the feet of his courser fleet,
“ As he glides o’er the moorland dun.” —

Lone was the strath where he cross’d their path,
And wide did the heath extend.
The Knight in Green on that moor is seen
At every seven years’ end.

And swift is the speed of his coal-black steed,
As the leaf before the gale,
But never yet have that courser’s feet
Ben heard on hill or dale.

But woe to the wight who meets the Green Knight,
 Except on his faulchion arm
 Spell-proof he bear, like the brave St. Clair,
 The holy trefoil's charm ;

For then shall fly his gifted eye
 Delusions false and dim ;
 And each unblest'd shade shall stand pourtray'd
 In ghostly form and limb.

“ Oh swift, and swifter far he speeds
 “ Than earthly steed can run ;
 “ He skims the blue air,” said the brave St. Clair,
 “ Instead of the heath so dun.

“ His locks are bright as the streamer's light,
 “ His cheeks like the rose's hue ;
 “ The Elfin-King, like the merlin's wing
 “ Are his pinions of glossy blue.” —

— “ No Elfin-King, with azure wing,
 “ On the dark brown moor I see ;
 “ But a courser keen, and a Knight in Green,
 “ And full fair I ween is he.

“ Nor Elfin-King, nor azure wing,
 “ Nor ringlets sparkling bright;” —
 Sir Geoffry cried, and forward hied
 To join the stranger Knight.

He knew not the path of the lonely strath,
 Where the Elfin-King went his round;
 Or he never had gone with the Green Knight on,
 Nor trod the charmed ground.

How swift they flew! no eye could view
 Their track on heath or hill;
 Yet swift across both moor and moss,
 St. Clair did follow still.

And soon was seen a circle green,
 Where a shadowy wassail crew
 Amid the ring did dance and sing,
 In weeds of watchet blue.

And the windlestrae *, so limber and gray,
 Did shiver beneath the tread
 Of the coursers' feet, as they rush'd to meet
 The morrice of the dead.

* Rye-grass.

— “ Come here, come here, with thy green feere,
 “ Before the bread be stale ;
 “ To roundel dance with speed advance,
 “ And taste our wassail ale.” —

Then up to the knight came a grizzly wight,
 And sounded in his ear,
 — “ Sir knight, eschew this goblin crew,
 “ Nor taste their ghostly cheer.” —

The tabors rung, the lilts were sung,
 And the knight the dance did lead ;
 But the maidens fair seem'd round him to stare
 With eyes like the glassy bead.

The glance of their eye, so cold and so dry,
 Did almost his heart appal ;
 Their motion is swift, but their limbs they lift
 Like stony statues all.

Again to the knight came the grizzly wight,
 When the roundel dance was o'er :
 — “ Sir knight, eschew this goblin crew,
 “ Or rue for evermore.” —

But forward press'd the dauntless guest
 To the tables of ezlar red,
 And there was seen the Knight in Green,
 To grace the fair board head.

And before that Knight was a goblet bright
 Of emerald smooth and green ;
 The fretted brim was studded full trim
 With mountain rubies sheen.

Sir Geoffry the bold of the cup laid hold
 With heath-ale mantling o'er :
 And he saw as he drank that the ale never shrank,
 But mantled as before.

Then Sir Geoffry grew pale as he quaff'd the ale,
 And cold as the corpse of clay ;
 And with horny beak the ravens did shriek,
 And fluttered o'er their prey.

But soon throughout the revel rout
 A strange commotion ran,
 For beyond the round they heard the sound
 Of the steps of an uncharm'd man.

And soon to St. Clair the grim wight did repair,
 From the midst of the wassail crew ;
 “ Sir knight, beware of the revellers there,
 “ Nor do as they bid thee do.” —

— “ What woeful wight art thou” said the knight,
 “ To haunt this wassail fray ?” —
 — “ I was once,” quoth he, “ a mortal like thee,
 “ Though now I’m an Elfin gray.

“ And the knight so bold as a corpse lies cold,
 “ Who trode the green-sward ring :
 “ He must wander along with that restless throng,
 “ For aye with the Elfin-King.

“ With the restless crew, in weeds so blue,
 “ The hapless knight must wend ;
 “ Nor ever be seen on haunted green,
 Till the weary seven years’ end.

“ Fair is the mien of the Knight in Green,
 “ And bright his sparkling hair ;
 “ ’Tis hard to believe how malice can live
 “ In the breast of aught so fair.

“ And light and fair are the fields of air,
 “ Where he wanders to and fro ;
 “ Still doom'd to fleet from the regions of heat
 “ To the realms of endless snow.

“ When high over head fall the streamers * red,
 “ He views the blessed afar ;
 “ And in stern despair darts through the air
 “ To earth, like a falling star.

“ With the shadowy crew in weeds so blue
 “ That knight for aye must run ;
 “ Except thou succeed in a perilous deed,
 “ Unseen by the holy sun.

“ Who ventures the deed and fails to succeed,
 “ Perforce must join the crew.”—
 — “ Then brief declare,” said the brave St. Clair,
 “ A deed that a knight may do.” —

“ 'Mid the sleet and the rain thou must here remain,
 “ By the haunted green-sward ring,
 “ Till the dance wax slow, and the song faint and low,
 “ Which the crew unearthly sing.

* Northern lights.

“ Then, right at the time of the matin chime,
 “ Thou must tread the unhallow’d ground,
 “ And with mystic pace the circles trace,
 “ That inclose it, nine times round.

“ And next must thou pass the rank green grass
 “ To the table of ezlar red;
 “ And the goblet clear away must thou bear,
 “ Nor behind thee turn thy head.

“ And ever anon, as thou tread’st upon
 “ The sward of the green charm’d ring,
 “ Be no word express’d in that space unbless’d
 “ That ’longeth of holy thing.

“ For the charmed ground is all unsound,
 “ And the lake spreads wide below,
 “ And the Water-Fiend there with the Fiend of Air
 “ Is leagued for mortals’ woe.” —

Mid the sleet and the rain did St. Clair remain
 Till the evening star did rise;
 And the rout so gay did dwindle away
 To the elritch dwarfy size.

When the moon-beams pale fell through the white hail,
 With a wan and a watery ray,
 Sad notes of woe seem'd round him to grow,
 The dirge of the Elfin's gray.

And right at the time of the matin chime
 His mystic pace began,
 And murmurs deep around him did creep,
 Like the moans of a murder'd man.

The matin bell was tolling farewell,
 When he reach'd the central ring,
 And there he beheld to ice congeal'd
 That crew with the Elfin-King.

For aye, at the knell of the matin bell,
 When the black monks wend to pray,
 The spirits unblest'd have a glimpse of rest
 Before the dawn of day.

The sigh of the trees and the rush of the breeze
 Then pause on the lonely hill ;
 And the frost of the dead clings round their head,
 And they slumber cold and still.

The knight took up the emerald cup,
 And the ravens hoarse did scream,
 And the shuddering Elfin half rose up,
 And murmur'd in their dream :

They inwardly mourn'd, and the thin blood return'd
 To every icy limb ;
 And each frozen eye, so cold and so dry,
 'Gan roll with lustre dim.

Then as brave St. Clair did turn him there,
 To retrace the mystic track ;
 He heard the sigh of his lady fair,
 Who sobbed behind his back.

He started quick, and his heart beat thick,
 And he listen'd in wild amaze ; —
 But the parting bell on his ear it fell, —
 And he did not turn to gaze.

With panting breast as he forward press'd,
 He trode on a mangled head ;
 And the skull did scream, and the voice did seem
 The voice of his mother dead.

He shuddering trode; — On the great name of God
 He thought, — but he nought did say;
 And the green-sward did shrink as about to sink,
 And loud laugh'd the Elfin's gray.

And loud did resound o'er the unblest'd ground
 The wings of the blue Elf-King;
 And the ghostly crew to reach him flew; —
 But he cross'd the charmed ring.

The morning was gray, and dying away
 Was the sound of the matin bell;
 And far to the west the Fays that ne'er rest
 Fled where the moon-beams fell.

And Sir Geoffry the bold on the unhallow'd mold
 Arose from the green witch-grass;
 And he felt his limbs like a dead man's cold,
 And he wist not where he was.

And that cup so rare, which the brave St. Clair
 Did bear from the ghostly crew,
 Was suddenly chang'd from the emerald fair
 To the ragged whinstone blue;
 And instead of the ale that mantled there,
 Was the murky midnight dew.

SCOTTISH MUSIC,

AN ODE.

 TO IANTHE.

AGAIN, sweet syren! breathe again
 That deep, pathetic, powerful strain!
 Whose melting tones of tender woe
 Fall soft as evening's summer dew,
 That bathes the pinks and harebells blue
 Which in the vales of Tiviot blow.

Such was the song that sooth'd to rest,
 Far in the green isle of the west,*
 The Celtic warrior's parted shade:
 Such are the lonely sounds that sweep
 O'er the blue bosom of the deep,
 Where ship-wreck'd mariners are laid.

* The *Flathinnis*, or Celtic paradise.

Ah! sure, as Hindú legends tell, *
 When music's tones the bosom swell,
 The scenes of former life return ;
 Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
 We left our parent climes afar,
 Immur'd in mortal forms to mourn.

Or if, as ancient sages ween,
 Departed spirits half unseen
 Can mingle with the mortal throng ;
 'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
 The deep-ton'd music of the soul,
 That warbles in our Scottish song.

I hear, I hear, with awful dread,
 The plaintive music of the dead !
 They leave the amber fields of day :
 Soft as the cadence of the wave,
 That murmurs round the mermaid's grave,
 They mingle in the magic lay.

* The effect of music is explained by the Hindús, as recalling to our memory the airs of paradise, heard in a state of pre-existence. — *Vide* Sacontala.

Sweet syren, breathe the powerful strain !
Lochroyan's Damsel * sails the main ;
 The crystal tower enchanted see !
 " Now break," she cries " ye fairy charms !"
 As round she sails with fond alarms,
 " Now break, and set my true love free !"

Lord Barnard is to greenwood gone,
 Where fair *Gil Morrice* sits alone,
 And careless combs his yellow hair.
 Ah ! mourn the youth, untimely slain !
 The meanest of Lord Barnard's train
 The hunter's mangled head must bear.

Or, change these notes of deep despair
 For love's more soothing tender air ;
 Sing how, beneath the greenwood tree,
Brown Adam's † love maintain'd her truth,
 Nor would resign the exil'd youth
 For any knight the fair could see.

* *The Lass of Lochroyan.*

† See the ballad entitled, *Brown Adam.*

And sing *the Hawk of pinion gray*, *
 To southern climes who wing'd his way,
 For he could speak as well as fly ;
 Her brethren how the fair beguil'd,
 And on her Scottish lover smil'd,
 As slow she rais'd her languid eye.

Fair was her cheek's carnation glow,
 Like red blood on a wreath of snow ;
 Like evening's dewy star her eye ;
 White as the sea-mew's downy breast,
 Borne on the surge's foamy crest,
 Her graceful bosom heav'd the sigh.

In youth's first morn, alert and gay,
 Ere rolling years had pass'd away,
 Remember'd like a morning dream,
 I heard these dulcet measures float
 In many a liquid winding note
 Along the banks of Teviot's stream.

Sweet sounds ! that oft have sooth'd to rest
 The sorrows of my guileless breast,

* See the *Gray Goss Hawk*.

And charm'd away mine infant tears :
 Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
 Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
 That in the wild the traveller hears.

And thus, the exil'd Scotian maid,
 By fond alluring love betray'd
 To visit Syria's date-crown'd shore,
 In plaintive strains that sooth'd despair
 Did " Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair," *
 And scenes of early youth, deplore.

* " So fell it out of late years, that an English gentleman, travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard by chance a woman sitting at her door, dandling her child, to sing, *Bothwel bank, thou blumest fair*. The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith in English saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him; and said, she was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle; and told him that she was a Scottish woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither, where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk; who, being at that instant absent, and very soon to return, she entreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did; and she, for country sake, to show herself the more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband at his home-coming that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very friendly; and at his departure gave him divers things of good value." — *Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*. Chap. *Of the Surnames of our Ancient Families*, p. 296. Antwerp, 1605.

Soft syren ! whose enchanting strain
Floats wildly round my raptur'd brain,
 I bid your pleasing haunts adieu !
Yet, fabling fancy oft shall lead
My footsteps to the silver Tweed,
 Through scenes that I no more must view.

ODE

ON VISITING FLODDEN.

GREEN Flodden, on thy blood-stain'd head
 Descend no rain nor vernal dew !
 But still, thou charnel of the dead,
 May whitening bones thy surface strew !
 Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,
 Wild fancy feels the clasping mail ;
 The rancour of a thousand years
 Glows in my breast ; again I burn
 To see the banner'd pomp of war return,
 And mark beneath the moon the silver light of spears.

Lo ! bursting from their common tomb,
 The spirits of the ancient dead
 Dimly streak the parted gloom,
 With awful faces, ghastly red ;
 As once around their martial king
 They clos'd the death-devoted ring,

With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield ;
 In slow procession round the pile
 Of heaving corpses moves each shadowy file,
 And chaunts in solemn strain the dirge of Flodden field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
 Foremost leads the spectred brave,
 While o'er his mantle's folds of green
 His amber locks redundant wave?
 When slow returns the fated day,
 That view'd their chieftain's long array,
 Wild to the harp's deep, plaintive string,
 The virgins raise the funeral strain,
 From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
 And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of
 spring. *

* Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by 300 young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the king, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the earl and all his followers. The parchment, on which this immunity was inscribed, is said to be still preserved in the archives of the earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum-head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The earl, and his

Alas ! that Scottish maid should sing
 The combat where her lover fell !
 That Scottish bard should wake the string,
 The triumph of our foes to tell !
 Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
 Have kindled at the thrilling strain
 That mourn'd their martial fathers' bier ;
 And, at the sacred font, the priest
 Through ages left the master-hand unblest, *
 To urge with keener aim the blood-encrusted spear.

gallant band, perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to *wear green*, or *cross the Ord on a Monday*, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland.

* In the border counties of Scotland, it was formerly customary, when any rancourous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed" blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite, they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in *Campion's History of Ireland*, published in 1633. "In some corners of
 " the land they used a damnable superstition, leaving the right
 " armes of their infants, males, unchristened, (as they termed it),
 " to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."
 P. 15.

Red Flodden ! when thy plaintive strain
 In early youth rose soft and sweet,
 My life-blood through each throbbing vein
 With wild tumultuous passion beat.
 And oft, in fancied might, I trode
 The spear-strewn path to fame's abode,
 Encircled with a sanguine flood ;
 And thought I heard the mingling hum,
 When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come
 Afar on rustling wing to feast on English blood.

Rude border chiefs, of mighty name
 And iron soul, who sternly tore
 The blossoms from the tree of fame,
 And purpled deep their tints with gore,
 Rush from brown ruins scarr'd with age,
 That frown o'er haunted Hermitage ;
 Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
 They pace their round with lifeless smile,
 And shake with restless foot the guilty pile,
 Till sink the mouldering towers beneath the burden'd
 ground. *

* Popular superstition in Scotland still retains so formidable an idea of the *guilt of blood*, that those ancient edifices or castles, where enormous crimes have been committed, are supposed to sink

Shades of the dead, on Alfer's plain
 Who scorn'd with backward step to move,
 But, struggling 'mid the hills of slain,
 Against the Sacred Standard strove ; *
 Amid the lanes of war I trace
 Each broad claymore and ponderous mace !

gradually into the ground. With regard to the castle of Hermitage, in particular, the common people believe, that thirty feet of the walls sunk, thirty feet fell, and thirty feet remain standing.

* The fatal battle of the Standard was fought on Cowton Moor, near Northallerton (A. S. Ealfertun,) in Yorkshire, 1138. David I. commanded the Scottish army. He was opposed by Thurston, archbishop of York, who, to animate his followers, had recourse to the impressions of religious enthusiasm. The mast of a ship was fitted into the perch of a four-wheeled carriage; on its top was placed a little casket, containing a consecrated host. It also contained the banner of St. Cuthbert, round which were displayed those of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Rippon. This was the English standard, and was stationed in the centre of the army. Prince Henry, son of David, at the head of the men of arms, chiefly from Cumberland and Teviotdale, charged, broke, and completely dispersed the centre; but unfortunately was not supported by the other divisions of the Scottish army. The expression of Aldred, (p. 345,) describing this encounter, is more spirited than the general tenor of monkish historians; — “ *Ipsa globi australis parte, instar cassis aranæ, dissipata* ” — that division of the phalanx was dispersed like a cobweb.

Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
Your glittering spears, in close array,
Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host!

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
With surly sounds that murmur far:
Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
Roll'd from the walls of proud Samàr.
Around my solitary head
Gleam the blue lightnings of the dead,
While murmur low the shadowy band —
“ Lament no more the warrior's doom !
“ Blood, blood alone, should dew the hero's tomb,
“ Who falls, 'mid circling spears, to save his native land.”

LORD SOULIS.

THE subject of the following ballad is a popular tale of the Scottish borders. It refers to transactions of a period so important, as to have left an indelible impression on the popular mind, and almost to have effaced the traditions of earlier times. The fame of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, always more illustrious among the Scottish borderers, from their Welch origin, than Fin Maccoul and Gow Macmorne, who seem not however to have been totally unknown, yielded gradually to the renown of Wallace, Bruce, Douglas, and the other patriots, who so nobly asserted the liberty of their country. Beyond that period, numerous, but obscure and varying legends, refer to the marvellous Merlin, or Myrrdin the Wild, and Michael Scot, both magicians of notorious fame. In this instance the enchanters have triumphed over the *true man*. But the charge of magic was transferred from the ancient sorcerers to the objects of popular resentment of every age; and the partizans of the Baliols, the abettors of the English faction, and the enemies of the protestant and of the presbyterian reformation, have been indiscriminately stigmatized as necromancers and *warlocks*. Thus, Lord Soulis, Archbishop Sharp, Grierson of Lagg, and Graham of Claver-house, Viscount Dundee, receive from tradition the same super-

natural attributes. According to Dalrymple*, the family of Soulis seem to have been powerful during the contest between Bruce and Baliol; for adhering to the latter of whom they incurred forfeiture. Their power extended over the south and west marches; and near Deadrigs †, in the parish of Eccles, in the east marches, their family-bearings still appear on an obelisk. William de Soulis, Justiciarius Laodoniæ, in 1281, subscribed the famous obligation, by which the nobility of Scotland bound themselves to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Maid of Norway, and her descendants. RYMER, Tom. II. pp. 266, 279; and in 1291, Nicholas de Soulis appears as a competitor for the crown of Scotland, which he claimed as the heir of Margery, a bastard daughter of Alexander II., and wife of Allan Durward, or Chuissier. — CARTE, p. 177. DALRYMPLE'S *Annals*, vol. i. p. 203.

But their power was not confined to the marches; for the barony of Saltoun, in the shire of Haddington, derived its name from the family; being designed Soulistoun, in a charter to the predecessors of Nevoy of that ilk, seen by Dalrymple; and the same frequently appears among those of the benefactors and witnesses in the chartularies of abbeys, particularly in that of Newbottle. Ranulphus de Soulis occurs as a witness in a charter, granted by king David, of the teinds of Stirling; and he, or one of his successors, had afterwards the appellation of *Pincerna Regis*.

The hero of tradition seems to be William Lord Soullis, whose name occurs so frequently in the list of

* Dalrymple's Collection concerning the Scottish History, p. 395.

† Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, vol. i. p. 269.

forfeitures ; by which he appears to have possessed the whole district of Liddesdale, with Westerkirk and Kirkandrews, in Dumfries-shire, the lands of Gilmertoun near Edinburgh and the rich baronies of Nisbet, Longnewton, Caverton, Maxtoun, and Mertoun, in Roxburghshire. He was of royal descent, being the grandson of Nicholas de Soulis, who claimed the crown of Scotland, in right of his grandmother, daughter to Alexander II.; and who, could her legitimacy have been ascertained, must have excluded the other competitors. The elder brother of William was John de Soulis, a gallant warrior, warmly attached to the interests of his country, who, with fifty borderers, defeated and made prisoner Sir Andrew Harclay, at the head of three hundred Englishmen ; and was himself slain fighting in the cause of Edward the Bruce, at the battle of Dundalk in Ireland, 1318. He had been joint-warden of the kingdom with John Cummin, after the abdication of the immortal Wallace, in 1300 ; in which character he was recognised by John Baliol, who, in a charter granted after his dethronement, and dated at Rutherglen, in the ninth year of his reign, (1302,) styles him "*Custos regni nostri.*" The treason of William, his successor, occasioned the downfall of the family. This powerful baron entered into a conspiracy against Robert the Bruce, in which many persons of rank were engaged. The object, according to Barbour, was to elevate Lord Soulis to the Scottish throne. The plot was discovered by the countess of Strathern. Lord Soulis was seized at Berwick, although he was attended, says Barbour, by three hundred and sixty squires, besides many gallant knights. Having confessed his guilt in full parliament, his life was spared by the king ;

but his domains were forfeited, and he himself confined in the castle of Dumbarton, where he died. Many of his accomplices were executed; among others, the gallant David de Brechin, nephew to the king, whose sole crime was having concealed the treason in which he disdained to participate.* The parliament, in which so much noble blood was shed, was long remembered by the name of the *Black Parliament*. It was held in the year 1320.

From this period the family of Soulis makes no figure in our annals. Local tradition, however, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of their chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he

* As the people thronged to the execution of the gallant youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfraville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. "Why press you," said he, "to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death." With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and repairing to the king, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. "My heart," said Umfraville, "will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer, where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner." With the king's leave, he entered the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, book 19th.

is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the king of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish king, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, "Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him." Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished, by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately dispatched by the king, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity, which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years by that demon, to which, when he left the castle, never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow, inserted at the chinks of the

door, is found peeled or stripped of its bark when drawn back. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity about one mile in breadth, and four in length, descending upon the water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones, which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar, upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended.

The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by Michael Scot to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their task-master to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditionary hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea.

Redcap is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species.

LORD SOULIS.

- LORD SOULIS he sat in Hermitage castle,
 And beside him Old Redcap sly :—
 “ Now tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,
 “ The death that I must die !”
- “ While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
 “ And hold that life of me,
 “ ’Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
 “ I shall thy warrant be.
- “ Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
 “ Shall e’er thy limbs confine,
 “ Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
 “ Around thy body twine.
- “ If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest
 “ With rusty padlocks bound ;
 “ Turn away your eyes when the lid shall rise,
 “ And listen to the sound.”

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage castle,
 And Redcap was not by;
 And he called on a page who was witty and sage,
 To go to the barmkin high.

“ And look thou east, and look thou west,
 “ And quickly come tell to me,
 “ What troopers haste along the waste,
 “ And what may their livery be.”

He looked o'er fell, and he looked o'er flat,
 But nothing, I wist, he saw,
 Save a pyot on a turret that sat
 Beside a corby crow.

The page he look'd at the shriek * of day,
 But nothing, I wist, he saw,
 Till a horseman gray in the royal array
 Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

“ Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss ?”
 So loudly cried the page :
 “ I tidings bring from Scotland's king,
 “ To Soulis of Hermitage.

* *Shriek* — Peep.

“ He bids me tell that bloody warden,
 “ Oppressor of low and high,
 “ If ever again his lieges complain,
 “ The cruel Soulis shall die.”

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
 Before he rode or ran,
 And through the key-stone of the vault
 They plunged him horse and man.

* * * *

O May she came, and May she gaed,
 By Goranberry green ;
 And May she was the fairest maid
 That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
 By Goranberry tower ;
 And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis
 That carried her from her bower ?

He brought her to his castle gray,
 By Hermitage's side ;

Says — “ Be content, my lovely May,
 “ For thou shalt be my bride.”

With her yellow hair that glittered fair
 She dried the trickling tear ;
 She sigh'd the name of Branxholm's heir,
 The youth that lov'd her dear.

“ Now be content, my bonny May,
 “ And take it for your hame ;
 “ Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day
 “ You heard young Branxholm's name.

“ O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
 “ When the lift * is like lead so blue,
 “ The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
 “ And the flame shine dimly through.”

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red ;
 A sturdy kemp was he,
 From friend or foe in border feid
 Who never a foot would flee.

* *Lift* — Sky.

Red Ringan sped and the spearmen led
 Up Goranberry slack ;
 Aye, many a wight unmatch'd in fight,
 Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
 And bloody rose he up ;
 But little thought young Branxholm's heir
 Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roe-buck on the lee,
 The dun deer on the law ;
 The glamour * sure was in his e'e,
 When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
 He sped till day was set ;
 And he thought it was his merry men true,
 When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief they seiz'd the chief ;
 His men were far away ;
 Through Hermitage slack they sent him back
 To Soulis' castle gray ;
 Syne onward fure for Branxholm tower,
 Where all his merry men lay.

* *Glamour* — Magical delusion.

“ Now, welcome, noble Branxholm’s heir
 “ Thrice welcome,” quoth Soulis to me !
 “ Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
 “ My wedding guest to be ?
 “ And lovely May deserves, per fay,
 “ A brideman such as thee !”

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
 And on the barmkin shone ;
 When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
 Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
 As he lighted at the wall,
 Says — “ Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
 “ And where do they tarry all ?”

“ We stabled them sure on the Tarras muir
 “ We stabled them sure,” quoth he :
 “ Before we could cross that quaking moss,
 “ They all were lost but me.”

He clenched his fist, and he knock’d on the chest,
 And he heard a stifled groan ;
 And at the third knock, each rusty lock
 Did open one by one.

He turn'd away his eyes, as the lid did rise,
 And he listened silently ;
 And he heard, breathed slow in murmurs low,
 " Beware of a coming tree !"

In muttering sound the rest was drown'd ;
 No other word heard he ;
 But slow as it rose the lid did close,
 With the rusty padlocks three.

* * * *

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
 His warlock chamber o'er ;
 He took the keys from the rusty lock,
 That never were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
 With meikle care and pain ;
 And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
 Till he return'd again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,
 Is heard the jarring sound;
 When slowly opes the charmed door
 Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door
 Have cast a curious eye;
 But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
 The fearful sights they spy.

* * * *

When Soulis thought on his merry men now,
 A woeful wight was he;
 Says — “ Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine
 “ But Branxholm’s heir shall die.”

Says — “ What would you do, young Branxholm,
 “ Gin ye had me, as I have thee?” —
 “ I would take you to the good greenwood,
 “ And gar your ain hand wale * the tree.”

* *Wale* — Chuse.

“ Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
 “ For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
 “ And May shall chuse, if my love she refuse,
 “ A scrog bush thee beside.”

They carried him to the good greenwood,
 Where the green pines grew in a row;
 And they heard the cry from the branches high
 Of the hungry carrion-crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
 The spiry boughs below.
 “ Say, shall it be thine on the tapering pine
 “ To feed the hooded crow?” —

“ The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,
 “ When the night blast stirs the tree;
 “ And it shall not be mine to die on the pine,
 “ I loved in infancie.”

Young Branxholm turn'd him, and oft looked back,
 And aye he passed from tree to tree;
 Young Branxholni peeped, and puirly * spake,
 “ O sic a death is no for me!”

* *Puirly* — Softly.

And next they passed the aspin gray,
 Its leaves werę rustling mournfullie;
 “ Now, chuse thee, chuse thee, Branxholm gay!
 “ Say, wilt thou never chuse the tree?” —

“ More dear to me is the aspin gray,
 “ More dear than any other tree;
 “ For beneath the shade that its branches made
 “ Have past the vows of my love and me.”

Young Branxholm peeped, and puirly spake,
 Until he did his ain men see,
 With witches' hazel in each steel cap,
 In scorn of Soulis' gramarye;
 Then shoulder-hight for glee he lap,
 “ Methinks I spye a coming tree!”

“ Aye, many may come, but few return,”
 Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
 “ No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
 “ Shall ever dint a wound on me!”

“ Now, by my sooth,” quo' bauld Walter,
 “ If that be true we soon shall see.”
 His bent bow he drew, and the arrow was true,
 But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
 He was the lord of Ersyltoun :
 “ The wizard’s spell no steel can quell,
 “ Till once your lances bear him down.”

They bore him down with lances bright,
 But never a wound or scar had he ;
 With hempen bands they bound him tight,
 Both hands and feet on the Nine-stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst ;
 They moulder’d at his magic spell ;
 And, neck and heel, in the forged steel
 They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst ;
 No forged steel his charms could bide.
 Then up bespake him true Thomas,
 “ We’ll bind him yet, whate’er betide.”

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
 Impressed with many a warlock spell :
 And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
 Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
 That mortal man might never it see :
 But Thomas did save it from the grave,
 When he returned from Faërie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
 And turned the leaves with curious hand ;
 No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
 But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
 And shaped the ropes so curiouslie ;
 But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
 For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
 And again he turned it with his hand ;
 And he bade each lad of Teviot add
 The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
 They added still by handfulls nine ;
 But Redcap sly unseen was by,
 And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
 Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea
 The ropes, that would not twist nor turn,
 Shap'd of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took ;
 Again its magic leaves he spread ;
 And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
 The wizard must be boil'd in lead.

On a circle of stones they plac'd the pot,
 On a circle of stones but barely nine ;
 They heated it red and fiery hot,
 Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
 A sheet of lead for a funeral pall ;
 They plung'd him in the cauldron red,
 And melted him, lead and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
 The men of Liddesdale can show ;
 And on the spot, where they boil'd the pot,
 The spreat * and the deer-hair † ne'er shall grow. *

* *Spreat* — The spreat is a species of water-rush.

† *Deer-hair* — The deer-hair is a coarse species of pointed grass, which, in May, bears a very minute, but beautiful yellow flower.

NOTES

BY THE EDITOR OF
THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDERS.

THE tradition regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of cookery was actually practised (*horresco referens*) upon the body of a sheriff of the Mearns. This person, whose name was Melville of Glenbervie, bore his faculties so harshly, that he became detested by the barons of the country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I. (or, as others say, to the duke of Albany,) the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, "Sorrow gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!" The complainers retired, perfectly satisfied. Shortly after, the lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Laureston, and Pittaraw, decoyed Melville to the top of the hill of Garvock, above Lawrenceckirk, under pretence of a grand hunting party. Upon this place (still called the *Sheriff's Pot*) the barons had prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff. After he was *sodden* (as the king termed it) for a sufficient time, the savages, that they might literally observe the royal mandate, concluded the scene of abomination by actually partaking of the hell-broth.

The three lairds were outlawed for this offence; and Barclay, one of their number, to screen himself from justice, erected the kaim (*i. e.* the camp, or fortress) of Mathers, which stands upon a rocky and almost inaccessible peninsula, over-hanging the German ocean. The laird of Arbuthnot is said to have eluded the royal vengeance, by claiming the benefit of the law of clan Macduff. A pardon, or perhaps a deed of replegiation, founded upon that law, is said to be still extant among the records of the viscount of Arbuthnot.

Pellow narrates a similar instance of atrocity, perpetrated after the death of Muley Ismael, emperor of Morocco, in 1727, when the inhabitants of Old Fez, throwing off all allegiance to his successor, slew "Alchydé Boel le Rosea, their old governor, boiling his flesh, and many, through spite, eating thereof, and throwing what they could not eat of it to the dogs." — See PELLOW'S *Travels in South Barbary*. And we may add to such tales the oriental tyranny of Zenghis Khan, who immersed seventy Tartar Khans in as many boiling cauldrons.

The punishment of boiling seems to have been in use among the English at a very late period, as appears from the following passage in STOWE'S *Chronicle*: — "The 17th March (1524,) Margaret Davy, a maid, was boiled at Smithfield, for poisoning of three households that she had dwelled in." But unquestionably the usual practice of Smithfield cookery, about that period, was by a different application of fire.

THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

THE tradition on which the following ballad is founded derives considerable illustration from the argument of the preceding. It is necessary to add, that the most redoubted adversary of Lord Soulis was the chief of Keeldar, a Northumbrian district, adjacent to Cumberland, who perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof, he sustained no hurt in the combat; but stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their lances till he died; and the eddy, in which he perished, is still called the Cout of Keeldar's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial-ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of lord Soulis, his memory is revered; and the popular epithet of *Cout*, *i. e.* *Colt*, is expressive of his strength, stature, and activity. Tradition likewise relates, that the young chief of Mangerton, to whose protection lord Soulis had, in some eminent jeopardy, been indebted for his life, was decoyed by that faithless tyrant into his castle of Hermitage, and insidiously murdered at a feast.

The Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out, as a boundary mark, on the confines of Jed forest, and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins** around it. Keeldar Castle is now a hunting seat, belonging to the duke of Northumberland.

The *Brown Man of the Muirs* is a Fairy of the most malignant order, the genuine *duergar*. Walsingham mentions a story of an unfortunate youth, whose brains were extracted from his skull, during his sleep, by this malicious being. Owing to this operation, he remained insane many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored his brains to their station.

* *Widdershins*.— German, *widdersins*. A direction contrary to the course of the sun; from left, namely, to right.

THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

THE eiry blood-hound howl'd by night,
 The streamers * flaunted red,
 Till broken streaks of flaky light
 O'er Keeldar's mountains spread.

The lady sigh'd as Keeldar rose :

“ Come tell me, dear love mine,
 “ Go you to hunt where Keeldar flows,
 “ Or on the banks of Tyne ?”

“ The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,

“ By Tyne the primrose pale :
 “ But now we ride on the Scottish side,
 “ To hunt in Liddesdale.”

“ Gin you will ride on the Scottish side,

“ Sore must thy Margaret mourn ;
 “ For Soulis abhorr'd is Lyddall's lord,
 “ And I fear you'll ne'er return.

* *Streamers*—Northern lights.

“ The axe he bears, it hacks and tears ;
 “ ’Tis form’d of an earth-fast flint ; *
 “ No armour of knight, though ever so wight,
 “ Can bear its deadly dint.

“ No danger he fears, for a charm’d sword he wears ;
 “ Of adderstone the hilt ; † .
 “ No Tynedale knight had ever such might,
 “ But his heart-blood was spilt.” —

“ In my plume is seen the holly green,
 “ With the leaves of the rowan tree ; ‡
 “ And my casque of sand by a mermaid’s hand
 “ Was formed beneath the sea.

* An earth-fast stone, or an insulated stone, inclosed in a bed of earth, is supposed to possess peculiar properties. It is frequently applied to sprains and bruises, and used to dissipate swellings ; but its blow is reckoned uncommonly severe.

† The adderstone, among the Scottish peasantry, is held in almost as high veneration, as, among the Gauls, the *ovum anguinum*, described by Pliny. — *Natural History*, l. xxix. c. 3. The name is applied to celts, and other round perforated stones. The vulgar suppose them to be perforated by the stings of adders.

‡ The rowan tree, or mountain ash, is still used by the peasantry, to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft. An inferior degree of the same influence is supposed to reside in many evergreens ; as the holly and the bay. With the leaves of the bay the English and Welch peasants were lately accustomed to adorn their doors at Midsummer. — Vide BRAND’S *Vulgar Antiquities*.

“ Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear !

“ That bodes no ill to me,

“ Though never a knight by mortal might

“ Could match his gramarye.” —

Then forward bound both horse and hound,

And rattle o'er the vale ;

As the wintry breeze through leafless trees

Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English fells

In deepening blue retire ;

Till soon before them boldly swells

The muir of dun Redswire.

And when they reach'd the Redswire high,

Soft beam'd the rising sun ;

But formless shadows seem'd to fly

Along the muir-land dun.

And when he reach'd the Redswire high,

His bugle Keeldar blew ;

And round did float, with clamorous note

And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,
 The wind grew deadly still ;
 But the sleek fern with fingery leaves
 Wav'd wildly o'er the hill.

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
 Still stood the limber fern;
 And a Wee Man, of swarthy hue,
 Up started by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath
 That clothes the upland fell ;
 And the hair of his head was frizly red
 As the purple heather-bell.

An urchin,* clad in prickles red,
 Clung cowering to his arm ;
 The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
 As struck by Fairy charm.

“ Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
 “ Where stag-hound ne'er should be ?
 “ Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
 “ Without the leave of me ? ” —

* *Urchin* — Hedge-hog.

“ Brown dwarf, that o’er the muirland strays,

“ Thy name to Keeldar tell !” —

“ The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays

“ Beneath the heather-bell.

“ ’Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell

“ To live in autumn brown ;

“ And sweet to hear the laverocks swell

“ Far far from tower and town.

“ But woe betide the shrilling horn,

“ The chace’s surly cheer ;

“ And ever that hunter is forlorn,

“ Whom first at morn I hear.” —

Says, “ Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,

“ In thee we hope nor dread.” —

But, ere the bugles green could blow,

The Wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward, hound and horse,

Young Keeldar’s band have gone;

And soon they wheel in rapid course

Around the Keeldar Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,
 A powerful seed that bore;
 And oft of yore its channels deep
 Were stain'd with human gore.

And still, when blood-drops, clotted thin,
 Hang the grey moss upon,
 The spirit murmurs from within,
 And shakes the rocking-stone.*

* The rocking-stone, commonly reckoned a Druidical monument, has always been held in superstitious veneration by the people. The popular opinion, which supposes them to be inhabited by a spirit, coincides with that of the ancient Icelanders, who worshipped the demons which they believed to inhabit great stones. It is related in the *Kristni Saga*, chap. 2. that the first Icelandic bishop, by chaunting a hymn over one of these sacred stones, immediately after his arrival in the island, split it, expelled the spirit, and converted its worshippers to Christianity. The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was also reckoned a powerful charm by the common people; and the author recollects a popular rhyme, supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a handsome young man:—

Gin ye wish to be leman mine
 Lay off the St. John's wort, and the vervine.

By his repugnance to these sacred plants, his mistress discovered the cloven foot.

Around, around, young Keeldar wound,
 And call'd, in scornful tone,
 With him to pass the barrier ground,
 The Spirit of the Stone.

The rude crag rock'd: "I come for death,
 "I come to work thy woe."
 And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath,
 That murmur'd from below.

But onward, onward, Keeldar past,
 Swift as the winter wind,
 When, hovering on the driving blast,
 The snow-flakes fall behind.

They pass'd the muir of berries blae,
 The stone cross on the lee;
 They reach'd the green, the bonny brae,
 Beneath the birchen tree.

This is the bonny brae, the green,
 Yet sacred to the brave,
 Where still, of ancient size, is seen
 Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

The lonely shepherd loves to mark
 The daisy springing fair,
 Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
 With long dishevelled hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread
 The curling lady-fern :
 That fatal day the mould was red,
 No moss was on the cairn.

And next they pass'd the chapel there ;
 The holy ground was by,
 Where many a stone is sculptur'd fair,
 To mark where warriors lie.

And here, beside the mountain flood,
 A massy castle frown'd,
 Since first the Pictish race in blood*.
 The haunted pile did found.

* Castles, remarkable for size, strength, and antiquity, are, by the common people, commonly attributed to the Picts, or Pechs, who are not supposed to have trusted solely to their skill in masonry, in constructing these edifices, but are believed to have bathed the foundation-stone with human blood, in order to propitiate the spirit of the soil. Similar to this is the Gaelic tradition, according to which

The restless stream its rocky base
 Assails with ceaseless din ;
 And many a troubled spirit strays
 The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied
 A knight across the vale.

“ I greet your master well,” he cried,
 “ From Soulis of Liddesdale.

“ He heard your bugle’s echoing call,
 “ In his green garden bower ;
 “ And bids you to his festive hall,
 “ Within his ancient tower.”—

Young Keeldar call’d his hunter train ;
 “ For doubtful cheer prepare !
 “ And, as you open force disdain,
 “ Of secret guile beware !

St. Columba is supposed to have been forced to bury St. Oran alive, beneath the foundation of his monastery, in order to propitiate the spirits of the soil, who demolished by night what was built during the day.

“ ’Twas here for Mangerton’s brave lord

“ A bloody feast was set,

“ Who weetless at the festal board

“ The bull’s broad frontlet met.

“ Then ever, at uncourteous feast,

“ Keep every man his brand ;

“ And, as you ’mid his friends are plac’d,

“ Range on the better hand.

“ And if the bull’s ill-omen’d head *

“ Appear to grace the feast,

“ Your whingers with unerring speed

“ Plunge in each neighbour’s breast.”—

In Hermitage they sat at dine,

In pomp and proud array ;

And oft they fill’d the blood-red wine,

While merry minstrels play.

* To present a bull’s head before a person at a feast, was, in the ancient turbulent times of Scotland, a common signal for his assassination. Thus, Lindsay of Pitscottie relates in his History, p. 17, that “ after the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate courses taken away, the chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presentit the bullis head befor the earle of Douglas, in signe and toaken of condemnation to the death.”

And many a hunting-song they sung,
 And song of game and glee;
 Then tun'd to plaintive strains their tongue,
 "Of Scotland's luvè and lee."*

To wilder measures next they turn :
 "The Black Black Bull of Noroway !"
 Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
 The minstrels cease to play.

* The most ancient Scottish song known is that which is here alluded to, and is thus given by Wintoun, in his *Chronykil*, vol. i. p. 401 :—

"Quhen Alysandyr ourè kyng wes dede,
 That Scotland led in luvè and le,
 Away wes sons of ale and brede,
 Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle :

Oure gold wes changyd into lede.
 Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
 Succour Scotland and remede,
 That stad is in perplexyte.

That alluded to in the following verse, is a wild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed "*The Black Bull of Noroway*." The author is inclined to believe it the same story with the romance of the "*Three Futtit Dog of Noroway*," the title of which is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*.

Each hunter bold of Keeldar's train
 Sat an enchanted man ;
 For, cold as ice, through every vein
 The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger wrung,
 Each gaz'd with glaring eye ;
 But Keeldar from the table sprung,
 Unharm'd by gramarye.

He burst the doors ; the roofs resound ;
 With yells the castle rung ;
 Before him with a sudden bound
 His favourite blood-hound sprung.

Ere he could pass, the door was barr'd ;
 And, grating harsh from under,
 With creaking, jarring noise, was heard
 A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,
 Announce the dire sword-mill : *
 The piteous howlings of the hound
 The dreadful dungeon fill.

* The author is unable to produce any authority that the execrable machine, the sword-mill, so well known on the continent, was

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew
 Stood listening to the yell ;
 And greater still their wonder grew,
 As on their ear it fell.

They listen'd for a human shriek
 Amid the jarring sound ;
 They only heard, in echoes weak,
 The murmurs of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung
 The castle gates amain ;
 While hurry out the armed rout,
 And marshal on the plain.

Ah ! ne'er before in Border feud
 Was seen so dire a fray !
 Through glittering lances Keeldar hew'd
 A red corse-paven way.

ever employed in Scotland ; but he believes the vestiges of something very similar have been discovered in the ruins of old castles.

His helmet, form'd of mermaid-sand,
 No lethal brand could dint;
 No other arms could e'er withstand
 The axe of earth-fast flint.

In Keeldar's plume the holly green,
 And rowan leaves, nod on,
 And vain Lord Soulis's sword was seen,
 Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,
 By Soulis of Liddesdale:
 "In vain," he said, "a thousand blows
 "Assail the charmed mail.

"In vain by land your arrows glide,
 "In vain your faulchions gleam:
 "No spell can stay the living tide,*
 "Or charm the rushing stream."

* That no species of magic had any effect over a running stream, was a common opinion among the vulgar, and is alluded to in Burns's admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.

And now young Keeldar reach'd the stream,
Above the foamy lin;
The Border lances round him gleam,
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the rowan pale :
Alas ! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course
Along the lily lee ;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old gray stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold of Keeldar's train
Within yon castle's wall,
In a deadly sleep must aye remain,
Till the ruin'd towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb array'd,
Each holds his bugle horn ;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

THE MERMAID.

THE following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad, called *Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin*. The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the Mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the Mermaid of the northern nations resembles the Syren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention.

The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a Mermaid, while passing the gulf above mentioned: that they resided together in a grotto beneath the sea for several years, during which time she bore him five children: but finally he tired of her society, and having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man have a number of such stories, which may be found in Waldron. One bears, that

a very beautiful Mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek much frequented by these marine people. She frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time, as she threw her arms eagerly round him, he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace, and ran away. But the Mermaid resented either the suspicion, or the disappointment, so highly, that she threw a stone after him, and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt, from that moment, the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days. — WALDRON'S *Works*, p. 176.

Another tradition of the same island affirms, that one of these amphibious damsels was caught in a net, and brought to land, by some fishers, who had spread a snare for the denizens of the ocean. She was shaped like the most beautiful female down to the waist, but below trailed a voluminous fish's tail, with spreading fins. As she would neither eat nor speak, (though they knew she had the power of language,) they became apprehensive that the island would be visited with some strange calamity, if she should die for want of food; and, therefore, on the third night, they left the door open, that she might escape. Accordingly she did not fail to embrace the opportunity; but, gliding with incredible swiftness to the sea-side, she plunged herself into the waters, and was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to enquire, what she had seen among the natives of the earth? "Nothing," she answered, "wonderful, except

“ that they were silly enough to throw away the water in
 “ which they had boiled their eggs.”

Collins, in his notes upon the line,

“ Mona, long hid from those who sail the main,”

explains it, by a similar Celtic tradition. It seems, a Mermaid had become so much charmed with a young man, who walked upon the beach, that she made love to him; and, being rejected with scorn, she excited by enchantment a mist, which long concealed the island from all navigators.

I must mention another Mankish tradition, because, being derived from the common source of Celtic mythology, they appear the most natural illustrations of the Hebridean tale. About fifty years before Waldron went to reside in Man (for there were living witnesses of the legend, when he was upon the island,) a project was undertaken, to fish treasures up from the deep by means of a diving-bell. A venturesome fellow, accordingly, descended, and kept pulling for more rope, till all they had on board was expended. This must have been no small quantity, for a skilful mathematician, who was on board, judging from the proportion of line let down, declared that the adventurer must have descended, at least, double the number of leagues which the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. At such a depth, wonders might be expected, and wonderful was the account given by the adventurer, when drawn up to the air.

“ After,” said he, “ I had passed the region of fishes, I
 “ descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the
 “ serenest and most unclouded day, through which, as I
 “ passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world, paved with

“ coral, and a shining kind of pebbles, which glittered like
“ the sun-beams reflected on a glass. I longed to tread
“ the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight
“ than when the machine, I was inclosed in, grazed upon it.

“ On looking through the little windows of my prison,
“ I saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented
“ with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness
“ to the finest diamonds; and the most beautiful building,
“ not of stone, nor brick, but of mother-of-pearl, and em-
“ bossed in various figures with shells of all colours. The
“ passage which led to one of these magnificent apart-
“ ments, being open, I endeavoured, with my whole strength,
“ to move my enclosure towards it; which I did, though
“ with great difficulty, and very slowly. At last, however,
“ I got entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst
“ of which stood a large amber table, with several chairs
“ round, of the same. The floor of it was composed of
“ rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls.
“ Here I doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable
“ as it was pleasant; for, could I have brought with me but
“ a few of these, they would have been of more value than
“ all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks; but they
“ were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by
“ time, that they were not to be unfastened. I saw several
“ chains, carcanets, and rings, of all manner of precious
“ stones, finely cut, and set after our manner; which, I
“ suppose, had been the prize of the winds and waves: these
“ were hanging loosely on the jasper walls by strings made
“ of rushes, which I might easily have taken down; but,
“ as I had edged myself within half a foot reach of them,
“ I was unfortunately drawn back through your want of

“ line. In my return, I saw several comely *Mermen*, and
 “ beautiful *Mermaids*, the inhabitants of this blissful realm,
 “ swiftly descending towards it; but they seemed frightened
 “ at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me,
 “ taking me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created
 “ species.” — WALDRON, *ibidem*.

It would be very easy to enlarge this introduction, by quoting a variety of authors concerning the supposed existence of these marine people. The reader may consult the *Telliamed* of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist system of geology, has collected a variety of legends, respecting mermen and mermaids, p.230, *et sequen*. Much information may also be derived from Pontopiddan's *Natural History of Norway*, who fails not to people her seas with this amphibious race.* An older authority is to be found in the *Kongs skugg-sio*, or Royal Mirror, written, as it is believed, about 1170. The mermen, there mentioned, are termed *hafstrambur* (sea giants,) and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state positively whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called *Mar-Gyga* (sea-giantess,) and is averred certainly to drag a fish's train. She appears, generally, in the act of devouring fish which she has caught. According

* I believe something to the same purpose may be found in the school editions of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*; a work, which though, in general, as sober and dull as could be desired by the gravest preceptor, becomes of a sudden uncommonly lively, upon the subject of the seas of Norway; the author having thought meet to adopt the Right Reverend Erick Pontopiddan's account of Mermen, sea-snakes, and krakens.

to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretend to guess what chance they had of saving their lives in the tempests, which always followed her appearance. — *Speculum Regale*, 1768, p. 166.

Mermaids were sometimes supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. Resenius, in his life of Frederick II., gives us an account of a Syren, who not only prophesied future events, but, as might have been expected from the element in which she dwelt, preached vehemently against the sin of drunkenness.

The Mermaid of Corrivrekin possessed the power of occasionally resigning her scaly train; and the Celtic tradition bears, that when, from choice or necessity, she was invested with that appendage, her manners were more stern and savage than when her form was entirely human. Of course, she warned her lover not to come into her presence when she was thus transformed. This belief is alluded to in the following ballad.

The beauty of the Syrens is celebrated in the old romances of chivalry. Doolin, upon beholding, for the first time in his life, a beautiful female, exclaims, “ *Par sainte Marie, si belle creature ne vis je oncque en ma vie ! Je crois que c’est un ange du ciel, ou une seraine de mer ; Je crois que homme n’engendra oncque si belle creature.* ” — *La Fleur des batailles*.

I cannot help adding, that some late evidence has been produced, serving to show, either that imagination played strange tricks with the witnesses, or that the existence of Mermaids is no longer a matter of question. I refer to the letters written to Sir John Sinclair, by the spectators of such a phenomenon, in the bay of Sandside, in Caithness.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL,
WITH
THE MERMAID.

To brighter charms depart, my simple lay,
Than grac'd of old the maid of Colonsay,
When her fond lover, lessening from her view,
With eyes reverted o'er the surge withdrew.
But happier still, should lovely Campbell sing
Thy plaintive numbers to the trembling string,
The Mermaid's melting strains would yield to thee,
Though pour'd diffusive o'er the silver sea.

Go boldly forth — but ah ! the listening throng,
Rapt by the Syren, would forget the song !
Lo ! while they pause, nor dare to gaze around,
Afraid to break the soft enchanting sound,
While swells to sympathy each fluttering heart,
'Tis not the poet's, but the Syren's art.

Go forth, devoid of fear, my simple lay !
First heard, returning from Iona's bay,
When round our bark the shades of evening drew,
And broken slumbers prest our weary crew.
While round the prow the sea-fire, flashing bright,
Shed a strange lustre o'er the waste of night ;
While harsh and dismal scream'd the diving gull,
Round the dark rocks that wall the coast of Mull ;
As through black reefs we held our venturous way,
I caught the wild traditional lay ; —
A wreath, no more in black Iona's isle
To bloom — but grac'd by high-born beauty's smile.

THE MERMAID.

ON Jura's heath how sweetly swell
 The murmurs of the mountain bee !
 How softly mourns the writhed shell
 Of Jura's shore its parent sea !

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
 The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
 That charm'd the dancing waves to sleep,
 Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
 As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
 From Morven's wars the seamen brave
 Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
 Still blam'd the lingering bark's delay ;
 For her he chid the flagging sail,
 The lovely maid of Colonsay.

And "Raise," he cried, "the song of love,
 "The maiden sung with tearful smile,
 "When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
 "We left afar the lonely isle!

'When on this ring of ruby red
 'Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
 'Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
 'Or proves to thee and love untrue.'

Now, lightly pois'd, the rising oar
 Disperses wide the foamy spray,
 And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
 Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
 "Softly rustle through the sail,
 "Sooth to rest the furrowy seas,
 "Before my love, sweet western gale!

"Where the wave is ting'd with red,
 "And the russet sea-leaves grow,
 "Mariners, with prudent dread,
 "Shun the shelving reefs below.

- ‘ As you pass through Jura’s sound,
 ‘ Bend your course by Scarba’s shore,
 ‘ Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
 ‘ Where Corrivrekin’s surges roar !
- ‘ If, from that unbottom’d deep,
 ‘ With wrinkled form and writhed train,
 ‘ O’er the verge of Scarba’s steep,
 ‘ The sea-snake heave his snowy mane, *

* “ They, who, in works of navigation, on the coasts of Norway, employ themselves in fishing or merchandize, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there, which is of a vast magnitude, namely, two hundred feet long, and moreover twenty feet thick; and is wont to live in rocks and caves, toward the sea-coast about Berge; which will go alone from his holes, in a clear night in summer, and devours calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed on polypus, locusts, and all sorts of sea-crabs. He hath commonly hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the skippers, and he puts up his head on high, like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them; and this hapneth not but it signifies some wonderful change of the kingdom near at hand; namely, that the princes shall die, or be banished; or some tumultuous wars shall presently follow.” — *Olaus Magnus*, London, 1558, rendered into English by J. S. Much more of the sea-snake may be learned from the credible witnesses cited by Pontopiddan, who saw it raise itself from the sea, twice as high as the mast of their vessel. The tradition

“ Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
 “ Sea-green sisters of the main,
 “ And in the gulf where ocean boils
 “ The unwieldy wallowing monster chain !

“ Softly blow, thou western breeze,
 “ Softly rustle through the sail,
 “ Sooth to rest the furrowed seas,
 “ Before my love, sweet western gale !”

Thus, all to sooth the chieftain’s woe,
 Far from the maid he lov’d so dear,
 The song arose, so soft and slow,
 He seem’d her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o’er,
 Impatient for the rising day,
 And still, from Crinan’s moonlight shore,
 He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

probably originates in the immense snake of the Edda, whose folds were supposed to girdle the earth.

A sort of sea-snake, of size immense enough to have given rise to this tradition, was thrown ashore upon one of the Orkney Isles, in 1808.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
 That streaks with foam the ocean green ;
 While forward still the rowers urge
 Their course, a female form was seen.

That Sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
 Was whiter than the downy spray,
 And round her bosom, heaving bright,
 Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
 She reach'd amain the bounding prow,
 Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
 She plunging sought the deep below.

Ah ! long beside thy feigned bier
 The monks the prayers of death shall say,
 And long for thee the fruitless tear
 Shall weep the maid of Colonsay !

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
 The eddy waves the chieftain bear ;
 He only heard the moaning hoarse
 Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees ;
 No more the surges round him rave ;
 Lull'd by the music of the seas,
 He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
 Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
 Till, warbling wild, the Sea-maid's song
 Far in the crystal cavern rose ;

Soft as that harp's unseen controul,
 In morning dreams that lovers hear,
 Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
 But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
 When clouds dissolve in dews unseen,
 Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
 And fields, that glow with livelier green —

So melting soft the music fell ;
 It seem'd to sooth the fluttering spray.
 “ Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell ? ” —
 “ Ah ! 'tis the song of Colonsay.”

Like one that from a fearful dream
 Awakes, the morning light to view,
 And joys to see the purple beam,
 Yet fears to find the vision true, —

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
 Which bade his torpid languor fly ;
 He fear'd some spell had bound his feet,
 And hardly dar'd his limbs to try.

“ This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
 “ Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway.
 “ Can'st thou the maiden of the wave
 “ Compare to her of Colonsay ?”

Rous'd by that voice of silver sound,
 From the pav'd floor he lightly sprung,
 And, glancing wild his eyes around,
 Where the fair Nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould ;
 It shone like ocean's snowy foam ;
 Her ringlets wav'd in living gold,
 Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the Syren took,
 And careless bound her tresses wild ;
 Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
 As on the wondering youth she smil'd.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
 Again she rais'd the melting lay :
 —“ Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
 “ And leave the maid of Colonsay ?

“ Fair is the crystal hall for me,
 “ With rubies and with emeralds set,
 “ And sweet the music of the sea
 “ Shall sing, when we for love are met.

“ How sweet to dance with gliding feet
 “ Along the level tide so green,
 “ Responsive to the cadence sweet,
 “ That breathes along the moonlight scene !

“ And soft the music of the main
 “ Rings from the motley, tortoise-shell,
 “ While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
 “ Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

- “ How sweet, when billows heave their head,
 “ And shake their snowy crests on high,
 “ Serene in ocean’s sapphire bed,
 “ Beneath the tumbling surge to lie ;
- “ To trace with tranquil step the deep,
 “ Where pearly drops of frozen dew
 “ In concave shells unconscious sleep,
 “ Or shine with lustre silvery blue !
- “ Then shall the summer sun from far
 “ Pour through the wave a softer ray,
 “ While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
 “ At eve shall shed a brighter day.
- “ Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
 “ That o’er the angry ocean sweep,
 “ Shall e’er our coral groves assail,
 “ Calm in the bosom of the deep.
- “ Through the green meads beneath the sea,
 “ Enamour’d, we shall fondly stray :
 “ Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
 “ And leave the maid of Colonsay !” —

“ Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
 “ Fair maiden of the foamy main !
 “ Thy life-blood is the water cold,
 “ While mine beats high in every vein.

“ If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
 “ Should in thy snowy arms recline,
 “ Inconstant as the restless wave,
 “ My heart would grow as cold as thine.” —

As cygnet-down, proud swell'd her breast ;
 Her eye confest the pearly tear ;
 His hand she to her bosom prest —
 “ Is there no heart for rapture here ?

“ These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
 “ Does no warm blood their currents fill,
 “ No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
 “ To joy, to love's delirious thrill ?” —

“ Though all the splendour of the sea
 “ Around thy faultless beauty shine,
 “ That heart, that riots wild and free,
 “ Can hold no sympathy with mine.

" These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
 " They swim not in the light of love :
 " The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
 " Her eyes are milder than the dove !

" E'en now, within the lonely isle,
 " Her eyes are dim with tears for me :
 " And canst thou think that Syren-smile
 " Can lure my soul to dwell with thee ?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread ;
 Unfolds in length her scaly train ;
 She toss'd in proud disdain her head,
 And lash'd with webbed fin the main.

" Dwell here, alone !" the Mermaid cried,
 " And view far off the Sea-nymphs play ;
 " The prison-wall, the azure tide,
 " Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

" Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
 " I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
 " Far from the daughter of the flood
 " Conceal thee in this coral cave.

" I feel my former soul return ;
 " It kindles at thy cold disdain :
 " And has a mortal dar'd to spurn
 " A daughter of the foamy main ?" —

She fled ; around the crystal cave
 The rolling waves resume their road,
 On the broad portal idly rave,
 But enter not the Nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
 As in the lonely cave he lay,
 And many a sun roll'd through the sky,
 And pour'd its beams on Colonsay :

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
 He heard afar the Mermaid sing,
 And oft, to many a melting tune,
 The shell-form'd lyres of ocean ring :

And when the moon went down the sky,
 Still rose in dreams his native plain,
 And oft he thought his love was by,
 And charm'd him with some tender strain :

And, heart-sick, oft he wak'd to weep,
 When ceas'd that voice of silver sound,
 And thought to plunge him in the deep,
 That wall'd his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring of ruby red
 Retain'd its vivid crimson hue,
 And each despairing accent fled,
 To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
 The Mermaid to his cavern came,
 No more mishapen from the zone,
 But like a maid of mortal frame.

“ O give to me that ruby ring,
 “ That on thy finger glances gay,
 “ And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
 “ The song, thou lov'st, of Colonsay.”

“ This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
 “ Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
 “ If thou wilt bear me through the main,
 “ Again to visit Colonsay.” —

“ Except thou quit thy former love,
 “ Content to dwell for aye with me,
 “ Thy scorn my finny frame might move
 “ To tear thy limbs amid the sea.” —

“ Then bear me swift along the main,
 “ The lonely isle again to see,
 “ And when I here return again,
 “ I plight my faith to dwell with thee.”

An oozy film her limbs o’erspread,
 While slow unfolds her scaly train,
 With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
 She lash’d with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid’s scaly sides,
 As with broad fin she oars her way;
 Beneath the silent moon she glides,
 That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart ! she deems, at last,
 To lure him with her silver tongue,
 And, as the shelving rocks she past,
 She rais’d her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea !
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day ;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

ON

THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still !
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill ;
And echo answers softer from the hill ;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath-morn !
The rooks float silent by in airy drove ;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;
The gales, that lately sigh'd along the grove,
Have hush'd their downy wings in dead repose ;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move ; —
So smil'd the day when the first morn arose !

ODE,
TO THE SCENES OF INFANCY.

WRITTEN IN 1801.

MY native stream, my native vale,
And you, green meads of Teviotdale,
That after absence long I view !
Your bleakest scenes, that rise around,
Assume the tints of fairy ground,
And infancy revive anew.

Thrice blest the days I here have seen,
When light I trac'd that margin green,
Blithe as the linnet on the spray ;
And thought the days would ever last
As gay and cheerful as the past ; —
The sunshine of a summer's day.

Fair visions, innocently sweet !
 Though soon you pass'd on viewless feet,
 And vanish'd to return no more ;
 Still, when this anxious breast shall grieve,
 You shall my pensive heart relieve,
 And every former joy restore.

When first around mine infant head
 Delusive dreams their visions shed,
 To soften or to soothe the soul ;
 In every scene, with glad surprise,
 I saw my native groves arise,
 And Teviot's crystal waters roll.

And when religion rais'd my view
 Beyond this concave's azure blue,
 Where flowers of fairer lustre blow,
 Where Eden's groves again shall bloom,
 Beyond the desart of the tomb,
 And living streams for ever flow, —

The groves of soft celestial dye
 Were such as oft had met mine eye,
 Expanding green on Teviot's side ;
 The living stream, whose pearly wave
 In fancy's eye appear'd to lave,
 Resembled Teviot's limpid tide.

When first each joy that childhood yields
I left, and saw my native fields

At distance fading dark and blue,
As if my feet had gone astray
In some lone desart's pathless way,
I turn'd, my distant home to view.

Now tir'd of folly's fluttering breed,
And scenes where oft the heart must bleed,
Where every joy is mix'd with pain ;
Back to this lonely green retreat,
Which Infancy has render'd sweet,
I guide my wandering steps again.

And now, when rosy sun-beams lie
In thin streaks o'er the eastern sky,
Beside my native stream I rove ;
When the gray sea of fading light
Ebbs gradual down the western height,
I softly trace my native grove.

When forth at morn the heifers go,
And fill the fields with plaintive low,
Re-echoed by their young confin'd ;
When sun-beams wake the slumbering breeze,
And light the dew-drops on the trees,
Beside the stream I lie reclin'd,

And view the water-spiders glide
 Along the smooth and level tide,
 Which, printless, yields not as they pass ;
 While still their slender frisky feet
 Scarce seem with tiny step to meet
 The surface blue and clear as glass.

Beside the twisted hazel bush
 I love to sit, and hear the thrush,
 Where cluster'd nuts around me spring ;
 While from a thousand mellow throats
 High thrill the gently-trembling notes,
 And winding woodland echoes ring.

The shadow of my native grove,
 And wavy streaks of light I love,
 When brightest glows the eye of day ;
 And shelter'd from the noon-tide beam,
 I pensive muse beside the stream,
 Or by the pebbled channel stray.

Where little playful eddies wind,
 The banks with silvery foam are lin'd,
 Untainted as the mountain-snow ;
 And round the rock, incrustated white,
 The rippling waves in murmurs light
 Reply to gales that whispering blow.

I love the riv'let's stilly chime,
That marks the ceaseless lapse of time,
 And seems in fancy's ear to say —
“ A few short suns, and thou no more
Shalt linger on thy parent shore,
 But like the foam-streak pass away.” —

Dear fields, in vivid green array'd !
When every tint at last shall fade
 In death's funereal cheerless hue,
As sinks the latest fainting beam
Of light that on mine eyes shall gleam,
 Still shall I turn your scenes to view.

SPRING, AN ODE.

WRITTEN WHILE RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

How softly now the vernal gales
 Caress the blossoms on the trees,
How bright the glistening vapour sails,
 And floats, and wantons on the breeze!

Sweet Spring in vest of emerald hue,
 With daisy buds embroider'd fair,
Calls the gray sky-lark to renew
 Her morning carols, high in air.

Soft as she treads the dewy vale,
 She listens oft in silence deep,
To hear her favourite primrose pale
 Awaking from her winter sleep.

The fostering gales, the genial skies,
 My languid frame to health restore;
And every sun appears to rise
 More bright than e'er it rose before.

Soul of the world ! thy cheering rays
 Bid my full heart with transport burn !
 Again on nature's charms I gaze,
 And youth's delightful days return.

Sure he that bids thy radiance glance
 On numerous orbs that round thee wheel,
 Awakes each secret slumbering sense,
 The heavenly breath of Spring to feel.

I see the hazel's rough notch'd leaves
 Each morning wide and wider spread ;
 While every sigh that zephyr heaves
 Sprinkles the dew-drops round my head.

The yellow moss in scaly rings
 Creeps round the hawthorn's prickly bough :
 The speckled linnet pecks and sings,
 While snowy blossoms round her blow.

The gales sing softly through the trees,
 Whose boughs in green waves heave and
 swell ;
 The azure violet scents the breeze
 Which shakes the yellow crow-foot's bell.

The morning sun's soft trembling beams
 Shoot brighter o'er the blue expanse,
 And red the cottage window gleams,
 As o'er its crystal panes they glance.

But you, dear scenes ! that far away
 Expand beyond these mountains blue,
 Where fancy sheds a purer day,
 And robes the fields in richer hue, —

A softer voice in every gale
 I mid your woodlands wild should hear;
 And death's unbreathing shades would fail
 To sigh their murmurs in mine ear.

Ah ! when shall I by Teviot's stream
 The haunts of youth again explore?
 And muse in melancholy dream
 On days that shall return no more ?

Dun heathy slopes, and valleys green,
 Which I so long have lov'd to view,
 As o'er my soul each lovely scene
 Unfolds, I bid a fond adieu !

Yet, while we mark with pitying eye
 The varied scenes of earthly woe,
 Why should we grieve to see them fly ;
 Or fondly linger as they go ?

Yes ! friendship sweet, and tender love,
 The fond reluctant soul detain ;
 Or all the whispers of the grove,
 With Spring's soft gales, would woo in vain.

For bliss so sweet, though swift its flight,
 Again we hail the holy sun. —
 Thy yellow tresses glitter bright,
 Fair maid, thy life is just begun.

To tell thee of the lonely tomb,
 Is morning's radiant face to cloud ;
 To wrap thy soul in sable gloom,
 Is veiling roses with the shroud.

ODE

TO THE EVENING STAR.



How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair Star, to love and lovers dear !
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
To mark that image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light ; —
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers,
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair Star ! tho' I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love ! —
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

GREENLAND ELEGY.

A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

AGAIN, my son ! the lamp of eve burns clear,
And every other friend around I see,
That form the fond fraternal circle here,
But empty still remains the seat for thee.

In vain are all thy mother's toils of love ;
Thy sister Runa's matchless skill is vain ;
Who oft the eider's silken down has wove
For thee returning from the glassy plain.

In Disko's bay I stand for thee no more,
At gelid eve to see thy trim canoe
Come lightly gliding through the frost-smoke hoar,
The sea-fire flashing round the grazing prow.

No more the peterel's down shall form my vest,
 My robe the giant white-bear's shaggy spoil;
 No more at evening shall I share the feast,
 Who never shar'd by day the hunter's toil.

The cavern'd ice has form'd thy chilly bed;
 Thou dwell'st in darkness all forlorn and drear:
 The mist of ages clings around thy head;
 The weary winter of the northern year.

My tears are frozen now; I cannot weep! —
 My heart is chang'd to ice, it feels so cold!
 And oft, my son, I long with thee to sleep
 Where, in some emerald cave, thy bones are roll'd.

But, yet, though grief has chill'd my aged heart,
 And frozen tears have lost their power to flow, —
 Still fond affection bids me bear the smart,
 To guard thy mother from severer woe.

THE WAIL OF ALZIRA.

A NEGRO SONG.

SWEET bird of twilight, sad thy notes,
That swell the citron-flowers among !
But sadder on the night-breeze floats
Forlorn Alzira's plaintive song.

While, bending o'er the western flood,
She soothes the infant on her knee, —
Sweet babe ! her breast is streak'd with blood,
And all to ward the scourge from thee.

“ Green are the groves on Benin's strand ;
And fair the fields beyond the sea :
Where, lingering on the surf-beat sand,
My youthful warrior pines for me.

“ And, each revolving morn, he wears
 The sandals his Alzira wore,
 Ere whites, regardless of her tears,
 Had borne her far from Benin’s shore.

“ And, each revolving morn, he bears
 The sabre which his father bore :
 And, by the negro’s God, he swears
 To bathe its glimmering edge in gore.

EPISTLE TO A LADY,

FROM A DANCING BEAR.

Sent to Lady ———, after dancing with her in 1801.

WHILE beaux and foplings simper mawkish praise
 To lisp'ing belles of these degenerate days,
 For orient brilliant, or the smart aigrette
 Of ostrich plumes, with taste and fancy set ;
 Till the fair head no longer can sustain
 The waste of feather, and the want of brain : —
 What praise deserves Almira, dauntless fair,
 Who first aspir'd to lead a Dancing Bear?
 Taught him to bound on firm elastic heel ;
 In winding orbits round the fair to wheel ;
 Advance, retreat, the twining maze pursue,
 As wanton kittens use the trundling clue? —
 So, charm'd by Orpheus' magic lyre, advance
 The Thracian Bears to mingle in the dance,
 While broad expands each clumsy, clutching paw ;
 And awful yawns each wide extended jaw ;

With awkward force their lumpish limbs they fling ;
 And flounce, and hitch, and hobble round the ring :
 While oft the minstrel paus'd, and smil'd to see
 The monsters bounce against a capering tree.

But then no grateful brute in tuneful lays,
 The music prais'd, as I thy dancing praise !
 What though these rugged limbs forbid to trace
 Each mazy figure, like the monkey race,
 Yet, not devoid of skill, I boldly claim
 The right to celebrate thy dancing fame. —
 From Bears, the dancer's art at first began ;
 To monkeys next it past, and then to man ;
 And still from Bears, by fate's unerring law,
 Their dance, their manners, men and monkeys draw.

Thus, mid the lucid wastes of Greenland's snow,
 Where moon-beams wan with silver radiance glow,
 And rocks of ice in misty grandeur rise,
 And men seem giants of enormous size ;
 The fur-clad savage joys the feast to share,
 Conducts the dance and imitates the Bear ;
 Assumes his clumsy gait with conscious pride,
 And kicks, and scampers in the monster's hide,
 Knocks round the shatter'd ice in slippery lumps,
 And thumps the pavement, not with feet, but stumps ; —

The grisly monster grins at man's disgrace,
And proudly holds the dancing-master's place.

In every region, and in every clime
Renown'd for beauty, genius, wit, and rhyme,
Where high the plant of fair politeness shoots,
And glittering blossoms bears, instead of fruits ; —
Long did the beau claim kindred with the ape,
And shone a monkey of sublimer shape ;
Skilful to flirt the hat, the cane, the glove,
And wear the pert grimace of monkey-love ;
Of words unmeaning pour'd a ceaseless flood,
While ladies look'd as if they understood.
So chats one monkey, while his perter brother
Chatters as if he understood the other.

But modern beaux disdain the monkey air,
And in politeness ape the surly Bear ;
Like their gruff brother-cubs beside the pole,
Supinely yawn or indolently loll ;
Or, careless, seated in an elbow chair,
Survey the fretted roof with curious stare.
Secure of pleasing, should they wish to please,
They trust the fair may term their rudeness ease ; —
The modish ease that no decorum checks,
That, proud of manhood, dares insult the sex.

And oft, as affectation's charms bewitch,
 Their efforts rise to a sublimer pitch,
 With maudlin looks the drunkard's mien to suit,
 Anxious to seem a more degraded brute.
 Such are the modish youths, at ball or play,
 Edina's maids without contempt survey ;
 Whom if you with their fellow brutes compare,
 They sink inferior to the honest Bear ;
 Prove man the only brute of nature's race
 That sinks his rank and powers, and courts disgrace.
 What Bear of parts, for human pranks unripe,
 Pretends to smoke the slim tobacco-pipe?
 Or needs for languor, in his social den,
 To play at commerce, whist, or brag, like men? —
 Be thine the praise that thou, Almira fair,
 For a spruce beau didst choose a Dancing Bear :
 For sure with men like these in order plac'd,
 The Bear himself must prove a beast of taste. —
 The Bear has power, as Indian ladies say,
 To mend your vices, take your faults away ;
 And though he cannot female charms renew,
 Removes the fault that shades them from the view.
 As envious clouds forbid the sun to shine,
 Or patches mar the human face divine.
 Yet some pretend the Bears their talents hide,
 As such experiments are seldom tried ;

And some demand, to wit and beauty blind,
 " Take all their faults, pray what remains behind ?"
 But let them sneer — the ladies swear they shall
 Be lov'd for faults, or not be lov'd at all.
 Virtues are strong, and need no kind affection ;
 They love their faults because these need protection.
 Hence springs the cause that female hearts incline
 The first in fashion's meteor-lists to shine,
 While baby words soft affectation minces,
 With " O the charming lace ! the charming chintzes !"
 Hence taught, they flirt with tittering skill the fan,
 Or scan with optic glass the form of man ;
 They pant in silence, or exult in riot,
 Absurdly prattlesome, absurdly quiet.

Almira, thou whom thy companions see
 The soul of parties, yet not seem to be ;
 Doom'd to excel, yet never wish to shine,
 Almira ! say what faults wilt thou resign ?
 The wit, though fear'd by none, by all admir'd ?
 Good humour, prais'd by none, by all desir'd ?
 Softness of soul, to which our hearts submit ?
 The nameless grace, that pleases more than wit ?
 These are the powers that every bosom move
 To love thee, though they never think of love ;

And if we pause, we oft shall find it true,
 We love the most when love is least in view. —
 Are these thy faults, Almira? blest is he
 Foredoom'd to lead the dance of life with thee.
 But as thou tread'st the giddy circling maze
 Of airy fashion, where each step betrays,
 Still faultless hold thy course, intrepid fair,
 Nor quite forget thy surly friend

THE BEAR.

THE FAN.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY IN 1802.

THE fan, as Syrian poets sing,
 Was first a radiant angel's wing.
 When heaven consign'd each mortal fair
 To some pure spirit's guardian care,
 When sun-beams slept on Eden's vale,
 The rustling pennon wak'd the gale;
 And shed from every downy plume,
 At tepid noon, a sweet perfume.
 As softly smil'd each artless fair,
 Her angel left the fields of air,
 Sunk in the blushing nymph's embrace
 A mortal of terrestrial race.

Hence, many an eastern bard can tell
 How for the fair the angels fell:
 And those who laugh at beauty's thrall,
 I ween, must like the angels fall.

Anacreon wish'd to be a dove,
 To flutter o'er his sleeping love ;
 To drink her humid breath, and blow
 The fresh gale o'er her breast of snow ;
 Breathe o'er her flushing cheek the breeze,
 Nay, be her fan the fair to please. —
 But I would be nor fan nor dove,
 If, dearest, I might be thy love.

HEADACH.

TO A LADY.

WRITTEN IN 1802.

THAT eye of soft cerulean hue,
 And clear as morn's transparent dew,
 Why dimly shines its lustre meek?
 Why fades the rose-bloom on that cheek,
 Whose varying hue was still the sign
 Of the warm heart's emotions fine?
 Where softest tints were wont to glow,
 Why spreads the lily's veil of snow?
 The tresses of her auburn hair
 O'er her pale brow disorder'd wave:
 Celestial guardians of the fair,
 Avails not now your power to save?

When fall the trickling tears of grief,
 Like dew bells o'er the rose's leaf;
 And drops minute from every pore
 Shoot cold the shuddering forehead o'er;

And every nerve that seeks the brain
 Conveys the thrilling surge of pain,
 The sages of the eastern climes,
 Who read the dark decrees of fate,
 Declare, that maidens expiate
 The penance of their venial crimes.—
 But sure no thought that heart hath known
 That guardian angels blush to own ;
 And every sigh that heaves that breast,
 With virtue's fairest seal imprest,
 Is pure as mountain gales that blow
 The fringed foliage of the snow.

And, hark ! in soft regretful sighs,
 The guardian spirit's voice replies,
 " These eyes, that boast their power to kill,
 Deserve to feel the painful thrill.
 'Tis but the lover's lingering sigh,
 As the warm breath or humid air
 Obscures the brightest mirror's glare,
 That dims her lucid sparkling eye ;
 Her nerves but lightly feel the smart
 That rankles in the lover's heart."

TO AURELIA.

WRITTEN IN 1802.

ONE kind kiss, my love, before
 We bid a long adieu !
 Ah ! let not this fond heart deplore
 Thy cold cheek's pallid hue.

One soft sweet smile before I go !
 That fancy may repeat,
 And whisper, mid the sighs of woe,
 My love, we yet shall meet.

One dear embrace, and then we part —
 We part to meet no more !
 I bear a sad and lonely heart
 To pine on India's shore.

A heart that once has lov'd like mine
 No second love can know !
 A heart that once has throbb'd with thine
 Must other love forego.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT WOODHOUSELEE IN 1802.

SWEET Riv'let ! as, in pensive mood reclin'd,
 Thy lone voice talking to the night I hear,
 Now swelling loud and louder on the ear,
 Now sinking in the pauses of the wind,
 A stilly sadness overspreads my mind,
 To think how oft the whirling gale shall strew
 O'er thy bright stream the leaves of sallow hue,
 Ere next this classic haunt my wanderings find. —
 That lulling harmony resounds again,
 That soothes the slumbering leaves on every tree,
 And seems to say — “ Wilt thou remember me ?”
 The stream that listen'd oft to Ramsay's strain.
 Though Ramsay's pastoral reed be heard no more,
 Yet taste and fancy long shall linger on thy shore.

ELEGY

ON A FRIEND KILLED IN THE WEST INDIES.

'Tis sad to linger in the church-yard lone,
Where mouldering graves in dreary rows extend,
To pause at every rudely sculptur'd stone,
And read the name of a departed friend.

Yet o'er the youthful friend's untimely grave
'Tis sweet to pour the solitary tear ;
And long the mourner haunts at fall of eve
The narrow house of him that once was dear.

The latest word, that feebly died away,
Revisits oft the ear in accents weak ;
The latest aspect of the unbreathing clay,
The thin dew shining on the lifeless cheek.

The freezing crystal of the closing eye
 In fancy's waking dreams revives again :
 And when our bosoms heave the deepest sigh,
 A mournful pleasure mingles with the pain.

While still, the glimmering beam of joy to cloud,
 Returns anew the wakeful sense of woe ;
 Again we seem to lift the fancied shroud,
 And view the sad procession moving slow.

But o'er young Henry's bier no tear shall fall,
 Nor sad procession stretch its long array :
 For him no friendly hand shall lift the pall,
 Nor deck the greenwood turf that wraps his clay.

Mid Caribbs as the brinded panther fierce,
 Far from his friends the youthful warrior fell ;
 The field of battle was his trophied hearse ;
 His dirge the Indian whoop's funereal knell.

In youth he fell : — so falls the western flower
 Which gay at morn its purple petal rears,
 Till fainting in the noontide's sultry hour,
 Fades the fair blossom of an hundred years. *

* The American aloe.

Unsooth'd by fame, to fond affection lost,
 Beneath the palm the youthful warrior lies ;
 And on the breeze from India's distant coast
 Sad fancy seems to hear his wafted sighs.

Not this the promise of thy vernal prime ; —
 Mature of soul, and confident of fame,
 Thy heart presag'd with chiefs of elder time
 The sons of glory would record thy name.

And must thou sink forgotten in the clay ?
 Thy generous heart in dumb oblivion lie ;
 Like the young star, that on its devious way
 Shoots from its bright companions in the sky ?

Ah ! that this hand could strike the magic shell,
 And bid thy blighted laurel-leaves be green !
 Ah ! that this voice in living strains could tell
 The future ages what thou wouldst have been !

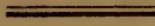
It must not be — thine earthly course is run —
 Sleep, sweetly sleep in Vincent's western isle !
 I hopeless waste beneath the eastern sun,
 Nor can the charm of song the hours beguile.

Blest be the sanguine bier, for warriors meet,
 When no slow-wasting pangs their youth consume,
 They fearless wrap them in the winding-sheet,
 And for their country proudly meet their doom.

And blest were I to yield this fleeting breath,
 And proud to wrap me in a blood-stain'd pall,
 So I might stand on glory's field of death
 'Mid mighty chiefs, and for my country fall.

DIRGE.

ON A YOUNG BOY.



AH, vanish'd early from the view
 Of every friend who lov'd thee dear !
 Reluctant is the last adieu,
 Sweet boy, we whisper round thy bier !

Now swift as morning beams shall fade
 Thy memory, as thou ne'er hadst been ;
 The smile that round thy features play'd
 Forgotten, ere thy grave be green.

Thy mother wondering at the space,
 So vacant now, where thou shouldst be,
 In fancy views thy smiling face ;
 'Tis all that now remains of thee.

* * * * *

THE CELTIC PARADISE,

OR

GREEN ISLE OF THE WESTERN WAVES.

ON Flannan's rock, where spring perennial smiles,
 Beyond the verge of cold Ebuda's isles,
 (Where, as the labourer turns the sainted ground,
 The relics of a pigmy race are found ;
 A race who liv'd before the light of song
 Had pour'd its beams o'er days forgotten long ;)
 A Druid dwelt, — at whose unclosing gate
 The spirits of the winds were wont to wait :
 Whether he bade the northern blasts disclose
 The ice-pil'd storehouse of the feathery snows ;
 Or the soft southern breezes fan the deep,
 And wake the flower-buds from their infant sleep :
 Whether he bade the clammy eastern rime
 Clog the young floweret in its silken prime ;
 Or round his isle the fleecy sea-mists wreath,
 Till e'en the wild-wood music ceas'd to breathe.

Oft on the tempest's blackening wings he rode,
 And oft the deep's unsteady plain he trode ;
 Or, pillow'd on some green foam-crested surge,
 Securely slept within the ocean-verge.

In his deep grot of green transparent spar,
 He mark'd the twinkling path of every star ;
 And, as new planets met his wondering gaze,
 Sigh'd o'er the narrow circle of his days.
 And when hoarse murmurs echoed through the wood,
 He blam'd the billows of the restless flood,
 Whose heaving wastes and weltering waves enclose
 The Western Isle where ancient chiefs repose.

One day, while foaming white the waters rave,
 And hurl on high the hoarse-resounding wave,
 A pitch-black cloud above the surges hung ;
 Hoarse in its skirts the moaning tempest sung ;
 Skimming the deep it reach'd the Druid's grot,
 When its dark womb display'd a living boat.
 An hundred oars, self moving, brush the seas ;
 The milk-white sails bend forward to the breeze ;
 No human forms the glistening cordage bound,
 But shapes like moon-light shadows glancing round.
 Unusual terror seiz'd the aged seer,
 And soon these whisper'd accents reach'd his ear ;—

“ The boat of heroes see, — no longer stay —
Come to the fair Green Isle of those long past away !”

He heard : — strange vigour strung each aged limb,
He treads the air to ocean’s echoing brim ;
Embark’d, the breezes blow, o’er surges loud
He rides ; while round him clings the pitchy cloud.
Now seven times night had rais’d her ebon brow,
And seven long days the sun shone dimly through ;
On either side the wind’s dull murmur past,
And voices shrill roll’d wildly on the blast :
But he no answer gave the shrieking dead,
And clos’d in sleep his eye’s unwearied lid.
But when the next revolving morn drew nigh,
The mounting foam-hills swell to touch the sky,
They heave, they plunge, their shouldering heights
divide,
And rock the reeling barge on every side :
With pausing glimpse the dim uncertain light
Fades, and loud voices rend the veil of night.
Shouts each exulting voice ! “ the Isle ! the Isle !”
Again in light the curling billows smile ;
They part, and sudden on the sage’s eyes
The calm green fields of the departed rise.

Mild glanc'd the light with no sun-flaring ray,
 A clear, a placid, and a purer day ;
 No flickering cloud betray'd the lurking storm,
 No shade bedimm'd each object's faultless form ;
 Before his sight, as dreams celestial smile,
 Spreads the green bosom of the Western Isle ;
 Where nearest objects glare not on the view,
 Nor distant dwindle indistinct and blue.
 Green sloping hills in spring eternal drest,
 Where fleecy clouds of bright transparence rest,
 Whose lucid folds the humid course reveal
 Of trickling rills, that from their bosoms steal,
 And down through streaks of deeper verdure glide,
 Melodious tinkling o'er the mountain's side ;
 While echo wafts their music wild and clear,
 Like breeze-touch'd harpings to the distant ear.
 As through the fragrant vales they linger slow,
 They feel no sultry suns of summer glow ;
 Nor rapid flooded by the pearly rain
 Impel the foamy deluge o'er the plain.
 As dews of morn distend the lily's bell,
 High in their beds the murmuring riv'lets swell.
 Beneath the whispering shade of orange trees,
 Where sloping valleys spread to meet the seas.

While round the crystal marge undazzling play
 With soften'd light the amber beams of day.
 The lingering sun from his meridian height
 Strews on these fair green fields his golden light,
 In western billows shrouds no more his head,
 Nor streaks again the morning sky with red.

* * * * *

A LOVE TALE.

A FRAGMENT.

THE glance of my love is mild and fair
 Whene'er she looks on me ;
As the silver beams, in the midnight air,
Of the gentle moon ; and her yellow hair
 On the gale floats wild and free.

Her yellow locks flow o'er her back,
 And round her forehead twine ;
I would not give the tresses that deck
The blue lines of her snowy neck,
 For the richest Indian mine.

Her gentle face is of lily hue ;
 But whene'er her eye meets mine,
 The mantling blush on her cheek you view
 Is like the rose-bud wet with dew,
 When the morning sun-beams shine.

“ Why heaves your breast with the smother'd sigh ?
 “ My dear love tell me true !
 “ Why does your colour come and fly,
 “ And why, oh why is the tear in your eye ?
 “ I ne'er lov'd maid but you.

“ True I must leave Zeania's dome,
 “ And wander o'er ocean-sea ;
 “ But yet, though far my footsteps roam,
 “ My soul shall linger round thy home,
 “ I'll love thee though thou love not me.”

She dried the tear with her yellow hair,
 And rais'd her watery eye,
 Like the sun with radiance soft and fair,
 That gleams thro' the moist and showery air
 When the white clouds fleck the sky.

She rais'd her eye with a feeble smile,
 That through the tear-drops shone :
 Her look might the hardest heart beguile, —
 She sigh'd, as she press'd my hand the while,
 “ Alas ! my brother John.

“ Ah me ! I lov'd my brother well
 “ Till he went o'er the sea ; —
 “ And none till now could 'ever tell
 “ If joy or woe to the youth befel ;
 “ But he will not return to me.”

* * * * *

SONG

OF A TELINGA DANCING GIRL.

Addressed to an European Gentleman, in the Company
of some European Ladies, in 1803.

DEAR youth, whose features bland declare
A milder clime than India's air,
These ardent glances hither turn!
For thee, for thee alone, I burn.

Ah ! if these kindling eyes could see
No dearer beauty here than me,
I vow by this impassion'd sigh,
For thee, for thee, would Rad'ha die !

Ah me ! where'er I turn my view,
Bright rivals rise of fairer hue,
Whose charms a milder sun declare. —
Ah ! Rad'ha yields to sad despair.

THE BATTLE OF ASSÀYE.

WRITTEN IN 1803.

SHOUT, Britons, for the battle of Assàye!
 For that was a day
 When we stood in our array,
 Like the lion's might at bay,
 And our battle-word was "Conquer or die."

Rouse! rouse the cruel *leopard* from his lair.
 With his yell the mountain rings,
 And his red eye round he flings,
 As arrow-like he springs,
 And spreads his clutching paw to rend and tear.

Then first array'd in battle-front we saw,
 Far as the eye could glance,
 The Mahratta banners dance
 O'er the desolate expanse;
 And their standard was *the leopard of Malwà*.

But, when we first encounter'd man to man,
 Such odds came never on,
 Against Greece or Macedon,
 When they shook the Persian throne
 Mid the old barbaric pomp of Ispahàn.

No number'd might of living men could tame
 Our gallant band, that broke
 Through the bursting clouds of smoke,
 When the vollied thunder spoke
 From a thousand smouldering mouths of lurid
 flame.

Hail WELLESLEY ! who led'st the martial fray ! —
 Amid the locust swarm,
 Dark fate was in thine arm ;
 And his shadow shall alarm
 The Mahratta when he hears thy name for aye.

Ah ! mark these British corses on the plain ! —
 Each vanish'd like a star
 Mid the dreadful ranks of war,
 While their foemen stood afar,
 And gaz'd with silent terror at the slain.

Shout Britons, for the battle of Assaye! —
 Ye who perish'd in your prime,
 Your hallow'd names sublime
 Shall live to endless time!
 For heroic worth and fame shall never die.

ODE ON LEAVING VELORE.

WRITTEN IN 1804.

FAREWELL Velura's moat-girt towers,
 Her rocky mountains huge and high,
 Each giant cliff that darkly lowers
 In sullen shapeless majesty !
 And thou, tall mount, * that from the sky
 Usurp'st a proud, a sacred name ;
 Whose peak, by pilgrims seldom trod,
 The silent throne of nature's God
 Thine awe-struck devotees proclaim !

Thee too we hail with reverence meet,
 Dread mountain ! † on whose granite breast
 The stamp of Buddha's lotus-feet
 The kneeling Hindù views imprest.
 The mango on thy hoary crest,

* Kailasaghur, the mount of heaven. The name of a very high hill in sight of Velore.

† A mountain near Velore, on the top of which is the mark of a footstep, said to be that of father Adam by the Mussul-

Thy winding caverns dark and rude,
 The tomb of him who sleeps alone,
 O'er-canopied with living stone,
 Amid the mountain-solitude.

Thy fame is vanish'd like a dream ;
 Now Islam's hermit-sons from far,
 Primeval Adam's footsteps deem
 The traces of thine Avatâr.
 Not such when his triumphal car
 By torch-light led the proud array ;
 When, as the priests the chorus sung,
 Thy caves with central thunders rung,
 And pour'd o'er prostrate crowds dismay. —

While he — whose soul sublime aspir'd
 The dark decrees of fate to know,
 Deep in these vaulted caves retir'd,
 To watch the strange symbolic show, —
 Around his head red lightnings gleam,
 And wild mysterious accents swell : —
 But, what the voice of thunder spoke,
 Within the caverns of the rock,
 No mortal tongue could live and tell.

mans, but which is really a vestige of Buddha. Deep in the mountain is a tremendous cavern, formerly used for religious ceremonies and initiations in the mysteries.

Farewell, ye cliffs and ruin'd fanes !
 Ye mountains tall, and woodlands green !
 Where every rock my step detains,
 To mark where ancient men have been.
 Yet not for this I muse unseen,
 Beside that river's bed of sand ; *
 Here first, my pensive soul to cheat,
 Fancy pourtray'd in visions sweet
 The mountains of my native land.

Still as I gaze, these summits dun
 A softer livelier hue display,
 Such as beneath a milder sun
 Once charm'd in youth's exulting day, —
 Where harmless fell the solar ray
 In golden radiance on the hill,
 And murmuring slow the rocks between,
 Or through long stripes of fresher green,
 Was heard the tinkling mountain-rill.

Soft as the lov'd illusions glow,
 New lustre lights the faded eye ;
 Again the flowers of fancy blow,
 Which shrunk beneath the burning sky.
 To aguey pen and forest fly

* The course of a torrent near Velore, dry in the hot season.

The night-bag fever's shuddering brood;
 And now, with powers reviv'd anew,
 I bid Velura's towers adieu !
 Adieu, her rocks and mountains rude!

And thou ! with whom the sultry day
 Unnoted pass'd in converse bland !
 Or when thy lyre some witching lay
 Would wake beneath thy magic hand ; —
 (Wild as the strains of fairy-land
 It threw its numbers on the breeze ;
 Soft as the love-sick mermaid's plaint,
 That breathes at summer evenings faint,
 And dies along the crisping seas —) *

Dear youth, farewell ! whose accents wake
 Fond thoughts of friends I view no more,
 Since first, to furrow ocean's lake,
 I left the cliffs of Albion's shore.
 Amid the wilds of grey Mysore
 For thee the frequent sigh shall swell,
 When rise Velura's massy towers,
 Her hills and palm-encircled bowers
 To fancy's view. — Again farewell ! —

* Allusive to some fairy songs, set to wild and impressive
 airs by W. Linley, Esq.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHÉRICÁL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine !

What vanity has brought thee here ?

How can I love to see thee shine

So bright, whom I have bought so dear ? —

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear

For twilight-converse, arm in arm ;

The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear

When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,

Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams

Of Teviot lov'd while still a child,

Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd

By Esk or Eden's classic wave,

Where loves of youth and friendships smil'd,

Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade! —
 The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy play'd,
 Revives no more in after-time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave;
 The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear. —
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine:
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear! —
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that lov'd me true!
 I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my wither'd heart: — the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view —
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha ! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn ! —
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay !

ADDRESS TO MY MALAY KREES.

WRITTEN

WHILE PURSUED BY A FRENCH PRIVATEER OFF SUMATRA.

WHERE is the arm I well could trust
To urge the dagger in the fray?
Alas! how powerless now its thrust,
Beneath Malaya's burning day!

The sun has wither'd in their prime
The nerves that once were strong as steel:
Alas! in danger's venturous time
That I should live their loss to feel!

Yet still my trusty Krees prove true,
If e'er thou serv'dst at need the brave,
And thou shalt wear a crimson hue,
Or I shall win a watery grave.

Now let thine edge like lightning glow,
And, second but thy master's will,
Malay ne'er struck a deadlier blow,
Though practis'd in the art to kill.

O! by thy point! for every wound
Where trace of Frankish blood hath been,
A golden circle shall surround
Thy hilt of agate smooth and green.

My trusty Krees now play thy part,
And second well thy master's will!
And I will wear thee next my heart,
And many a life-blood owe thee still.

CHRISTMAS IN PENANG.

WRITTEN IN 1804.

DEAR Nona, Christmas comes from far
To seek us near the eastern star,
But wears not, in this orient clime,
Her wintry wreaths and ancient thyme. —
What flowerets must we strew to thee,
For glossy bay or rosemary?

Champaca flowers for thee we strew,
To drink the merry Christmas dew:
Though hail'd in each Malayan grove
The saffron-tinted flower of love,
Its tulip-buds adorn the hair
Of none more lov'd amid the fair.

Banana leaves their ample screen
Shall spread, to match the holly green.
Well may their glossy softness please,
Sweet emblem of the soul at ease,
The heart expanding frank and free,
Like the still-green Banana tree.

Nona, may all the woodland powers
That stud Malaya's clime with flowers,
Or on the breeze their fragrance fling,
Around thee form an angel ring,
To guard thee ever gay and free,
Beneath thy green Banana tree !

DIRGE OF THE DEPARTED YEAR.

TO OLIVIA.

WRITTEN IN 1806.

MALAYA'S woods and mountains ring
With voices strange but sad to hear;
And dark unbodied spirits sing
The dirge of the departed year.

Lo ! now, methinks, in tones sublime,
As viewless o'er our heads they bend,
They whisper, " thus we steal your time,
Weak mortals ! till your days shall end."

Then wake the dance, and wake the song,
Resound the festive mirth and glee !
Alas ! the days have pass'd along,
The days we never more shall see.

But let me brush the nightly dews,
 Beside the shell-depainted shore,
 And mid the sea-weeds sit to muse
 On days that shall return no more.

Olivia, ah ! forgive the bard,
 If sprightly strains alone are dear :
 His notes are sad, for he has heard
 The footsteps of the parting year.

Mid friends of youth, belov'd in vain,
 Oft have I hail'd this jocund day.
 If pleasure brought a thought of pain,
 I charm'd it with a passing lay.

Friends of my youth, for ever dear,
 Where are you from this bosom fled ?
 A lonely man I linger here,
 Like one that has been long time dead.

Fore-doom'd to seek an early tomb,
 For whom the pallid grave-flowers blow,
 I hasten on my destin'd doom,
 And sternly mock at joy or woe.

Yet, while the circling year returns,
 Till years to me return no more,
 Still in my breast affection burns
 With purer ardour than before.

Departed year ! thine earliest beam,
 When first it grac'd thy splendid round,
 Beheld me by the Caveri's stream,
 A man unblest on holy ground.

With many a lingering step and slow,
 I left Mysura's hills afar,
 Through Curga's rocks I past below,
 To trace the lakes of Malabar.

Sweet Malabar ! thy suns, that shine
 With soften'd light through summer showers,
 Might charm a sadder soul than mine
 To joy amid thy lotus-flowers.

For each sweet scene I wander'd o'er,
 Fair scenes that shall be ever dear,
 From Curga's hills to Travencore —
 I hail thy steps, departed year !

But chief that in this eastern isle,
 Girt by the green and glistering wave,
 Olivia's kind endearing smile
 Seem'd to recall me from the grave.

When, far beyond Malaya's sea,
 I trace dark Soonda's forests drear,
 Olivia! I shall think of thee; —
 And bless thy steps, departed year!

Each morn or evening spent with thee
 Fancy shall mid the wilds restore
 In all their charms, and they shall be
 Sweet days that shall return no more.

Still may'st thou live in bliss secure,
 Beneath *that friend's* protecting care,
 And may his cherish'd life endure
 Long, long, thy holy love to share.

PENANG,
 Jan. 1806.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT THE ISLAND OF SAGUR, IN THE MOUTH
OF THE GANGES, IN 1807.

ON sea-girt Sagur's desert isle,
Mantled with thickets dark and dun,
May never moon or starlight smile,
Nor ever beam the summer sun ! —
Strange deeds of blood have there been done,
In mercy ne'er to be forgiven ;
Deeds the far-seeing eye of heaven
Veiled his radiant orb to shun.

To glut the shark and crocodile
A mother brought her infant here :
She saw its tender playful smile,
She shed not one maternal tear ; —
She threw it on a watery bier : —
With grinding teeth sea monsters tore
The smiling infant which she bore : —
She shrunk not once its cries to hear !

Ah ! mark that victim wildly drest,
 His streaming beard is hoar and grey,
 Around him floats a crimson vest,
 Red-flowers his matted locks arráy. —
 Heard you these brazen timbrels bray ?
 His heart-blood on the lotus-flower
 They offer to the Evil Power ;
 And offering turn their eyes away.

Dark Goddess of the iron mace, *
 Flesh-tearer ! quaffing life-blood warm,
 The terrors of thine awful face
 The pulse of mortal hearts alarm. —
 Grim Power ! if human woes can charm,
 Look to the horrors of the flood,
 Where crimson'd Ganga shines in blood,
 And man-devouring monsters swarm.

Skull-chaplet-wearer ! whom the blood
 Of man delights a thousand years,
 Than whom no face, by land or flood,
 More stern and pitiless appears,

* Kali.

Thine is the cup of human tears.
For pomp of human sacrifice
Cannot the cruel blood suffice
Of tigers, which thine island rears ?

Not all blue Ganga's mountain-flood,
That rolls so proudly round thy fane,
Shall cleanse the tinge of human blood,
Nor wash dark Sagur's impious stain : —
The sailor, journeying on the main,
Shall view from far the dreary isle,
And curse the ruins of the pile
Where Mercy ever sued in vain.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF NELSON.

How dark the cloud of fate impends !
 That canopies the ocean-plain !
 How red the shower of blood descends,
 Till NELSON lies amid the slain. —
 Then pauses battle's awful reign : —
 As warriors strive the tear to hide,
 Wild shuddering shoots along the purple main —
 The main by mighty NELSON'S heart-blood dyed.

Blood of the brave ! thou art not lost
 Amid the waste of waters blue !
 The waves that roll to Albion's coast,
 Shall proudly boast their sanguine hue ;
 And thou shalt be the vernal dew
 To foster valour's daring seed.
 The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
 And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.

Great NELSON! o'er thy battle-bier
 Soft shall the maids of Albion smile;
 For thee shall fall no woman-tear,
 Victorious hero of the Nile!
 Reversing o'er thy funeral pile
 The flags of Denmark, France, and Spain,
 The martial youth of Britain's generous isle
 In hymns shall hail thee "Conqueror of the Main." —

O! thou hast fallen as warriors ought,
 Iberia's banner beaten down,
 Nor, till the glorious deed was wrought,
 Forsook thy comrades of renown.
 When many a lingering year is flown,
 Shall Britons mark the fateful day,
 When Victory brought her fadeless laurel crown,
 And bore thee in immortal arms away. —

You, ancient chiefs of deathless praise,
 From high celestial thrones, behold!
 Say, deem you not our modern days
 Shall match the mighty years of old?
 Long has the tide of ages roll'd
 And brought no rival to your fame:
 But now, whene'er your wonderous deeds are told,
 Yours shall but rank with mighty NELSON'S name.

How dark the cloud of war impends !
 How wide the bursting tempest flies !
 How red the rain of blood descends,
 Till NELSON mid the carnage lies !
 Red days have flash'd from angry skies —
 No common eye can bear to gaze —
 But eagle-souls like NELSON's love to rise,
 And soaring drink the broad meridian blaze.

TO MR. JAMES PURVIS.

PURVIS, when on this eastern strand
 With glad surprise I grasp thy hand,
 And memory's, fancy's, powers employ
 In the form'd man to trace the boy ;
 How many dear illusions rise,
 And scenes long faded from my eyes,
 Since first our bounding steps were seen
 Active and light on Denholm's * level green !

Playmate of boyhood's ardent prime !
 Rememberest thou, in former time
 How oft we bade, in fickle freak,
 Adieu to Latin terms and Greek,

* Denholm is a village in Roxburghshire, beautifully situated on the Teviot. The "Dean" is a handsome seat in the neighbourhood. The "Gavin," alluded to with such kindly regret, was a Mr. Gavin Turnbull, a young man of much promise, who died soon after his arrival in India.

To trace the banks where blackbirds sung,
 And ripe brown nuts in clusters hung,
 Where tangled hazels twined a screen
 Of shadowy boughs in Denholm's mazy Dean?

Rememberest thou, in youthful might
 Who foremost dared the mimic fight,
 And, proud to feel his sinews strung,
 Aloft the knotted cudgel swung;
 Or fist to fist, with gore embrued,
 The combat's wrathful strife pursued,
 With eager heart, and fury keen,
 Amid the ring on Denholm's bustling green?

Yes, it was sweet, till fourteen years
 Had circled with the rolling spheres.
 Then round our heads the tempest sleet
 Of fretful cares began to beat;
 As to our several paths we drew,
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Cold on each face — and hills between
 Our step uptower'd and Denholm's lovely green.

When the gay shroud and swelling sail
 Bade each bold bosom court the gale;

The first that tried the eastern sea
 Was Gavin, gentle youth, was he !
 His yellow locks fann'd by the breeze,
 Gleam'd golden on the orient seas :
 But never shall his steps be seen
 Bounding again on Denholm's pleasant green.

We both have seen the ruddy tide
 Of battle surging fierce and wide ;
 And mark'd with firm unconquer'd soul
 The blackest storms of ocean roll ;
 While many a sun-ray, tipt with death,
 Has fall'n like lightning on our path ;
 Yet, if a bard presage aright, I ween,
 We both shall live to dance once more on Denholm's
 green.

ODE ON THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

WRITTEN IN 1809.

FORWARD, ye dauntless heirs of fame ;
 Stand forth your country's rights to save !
 Again a chief of glorious name
 Has sought the mansions of the brave.
 Who next shall rear in combat high
 Our banners, and the foe defy,
 Till battling fields are red with gore ?
 For many a field with death shall groan,
 Ere heaps of slaughtered Franks atone
 Our high revenge for dauntless MOORE.

Lo ! I arraign thee, Leon old,
 With proud Castile, the boast of Spain,
 For cavaliers and warriors bold ! —
 Here I impeach thee, hill and plain,
 Thy airy pennons glancing green,
 Long borne in fight by barons keen

By Carrion and old Douro's stream ! —
 Where were you when an hour of pause
 Was treason to your own good cause,
 Which valour's self shall scarce redeem ?

He pauses not — to Douro's side
 Moves on the firm undaunted band ;
 And lo ! by foes encompassed wide,
 MOORE stands alone on Spanish land.
 As seaward bends his long array,
 The Gallic wolf from day to day
 Scowls on his route with distant awe :
 Distant he prowls, but shrinks to wait
 The close-encountering shock of fate —
 To face the lion's rending paw.

The iron king, supreme in war,
 Whose look bids armies melt away,
 Like death's dark spectre gloom'd from far,
 And first in battle felt dismay.
 He thought of Acre's dreadful strife,
 That reft his bravest hearts of life,
 And bade his battle-star look pale,
 While bright the waning crescent grew,
 And SYDNEY's still unconquer'd crew
 Made his proud soaring eagles quail.

Gallicia's hills are rising near,
 The foes are pressing, swarming nigh;
 Ah! how shall souls that mock at fear
 Endure before their taunts to fly?
 Ne'er may I live that day to see,
 When Scotland's banners fair and free
 Shall shun to face the fiercest fray:
 No, let her pipes indignant blow,
 And turn her broad-swords on the foe! —
 Fear not, her clans shall hew their way.

And turn they shall — for who is he,
 With myriads mustering at his back,
 Who boasts to plunge them in the sea,
 And foremost heads the fell attack?
 Ha! stern Dalmatia's lord 'tis thou!
 The laurels on that haughty brow
 Are doom'd to wither, dry and sere:
 These blood be-sprinkled wreaths of thine,
 Are doom'd to grace a nobler shrine,
 To crown our hero's martial bier. —

O vain of prowess! whence the boast
 That swells thy heart to talk so proud?
 Though hangs thy far out-numbering host
 Above them like a thunder-cloud,

Full many a hero bold and tall
 Whose souls thy vaunts shall ne'er appal,
 Eager and panting for the fray,
 Shall to the lists of death descend,
 Whom, chief, thy battle ne'er shall bend
 To yield, for life, an inch of way.

As waves redoubling dash the shore,
 Descends to death each iron line ;
 And high the haughty eagles soar,
 As towers mid storms the mountain-pine ;
 Harsh rings the steel, with fruitless toil
 They burst — they break, and wide recoil,
 With banners rent and standards torn ;—
 As mountain forests, quell'd by age,
 Crash in the whirlwind's sweeping rage,
 Afar their shatter'd ranks are borne.

Now turn we to Corunna's steep,
 And mark that tomb beside the shore ;
 There, in his blood-stained arms, shall sleep
 To future times the hero MOORE :
 There, in stern valour's generous glow,
 Each manly heart shall melt with woe

For MOORE, in freedom's battle slain ;
While soft shall float the maiden's sigh,
And gentle tears from beauty's eye
Bedew his grave who died for Spain.

PORTUGUEZE HYMN.

TO THE VIRGIN MARY, "THE STAR OF THE SEA."

WRITTEN AT SEA, ON BOARD THE SHIP SANTO ANTONIO.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
 Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
 These votive garments wet, to thee,
 We hang within thy holy shrine.
 When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
 Amid the waving waters tost,
 We called no other name but thine,
 And hop'd when other hope was lost.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the vast and howling main !
 When dark and lone is all the sky,
 And mountain-waves o'er ocean's plain
 Erect their stormy heads on high,

When virgins for their true-loves sigh
 They raise their weeping eyes to thee; —
 The Star of ocean heeds their cry,
 And saves the foundering bark at sea.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the dark and stormy sea !

When wrecking tempests round us rave.
 Thy gentle virgin-form we see
 Bright rising o'er the hoary wave,
 The howling storms that seem'd to crave
 Their victims, sink in music sweet;
 The surging seas recede to pave
 The path beneath thy glistening feet.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the desert waters wild,

Who pitying hears't the seaman's cry !
 The God of mercy as a child
 On that chaste bosom loves to lie;
 While soft the chorus of the sky
 Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
 And angel voices name on high
 The mother of the heavenly king.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! at that blest name
 The waves sleep silent round the keel,
 The tempests wild their fury tame,
 That made the deep's foundations reel ;
 The soft celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of woe,
 The newly-damn'd a respite feel
 From torture in the depths below.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas !
 Whom rain-bow rays of mercy crown,
 Whose name thy faithful Portugueze,
 O'er all that to the depths go down,
 With hymns of grateful transport own,
 When clouds obscure all other light,
 And heaven assumes an awful frown,
 The Star of ocean glitters bright.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! when angel lyres
 To hymn thy holy name assay,
 In vain a mortal harp aspires
 To mingle in the mighty lay ;

Mother of God ! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires —
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.

Ave Maris Stella !

FINLAND SONG.

ADDRESSED BY A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

SWEET bird of the meadow, oh, soft be thy rest !
Thy mother will wake thee at morn from thy nest ;
She has made a soft nest, little red-breast, for thee,
Of the leaves of the birch and the moss of the tree.
Then soothe thee, sweet bird of my bosom, once more !
'Tis Sleep, little infant, that stands at the door. —
“ Where is the sweet babe,” you may hear how he cries,
“ Where is the sweet babe in his cradle that lies,
“ In his cradle, soft swaddled in vestments of down ?
“ 'Tis mine to watch o'er him till darkness be flown.”

ELEGIAC ODE

AT THE RETURN OF THE PARENTALIA, OR
FEAST OF THE DEAD.

IMITATED FROM AUSONIUS.

WHEN friends of youth, departed long,
Return to memory's pensive view,
'Tis sweet to chaunt the votive song,
A meed to fond affection due.

But grief, which fancy dreads to sing,
And deep heart-rending sighs return,
When slow revolve the months that bring
The flowers to lost Sabina's urn.

Ah! first belov'd! in youth's fair bloom
From these sad arms untimely torn, —
Still lingering by thy lonely tomb,
Thee, lost Sabina, still I mourn!

The tear at last may cease to flow,
 But time can ne'er my peace restore ;
 If e'er this bosom pause from woe,
 'Tis only when I thee deplore.

Ne'er has oblivious length of days
 Conceal'd thy form from memory's view,
 Nor e'er did second love erase
 The lines which first affection drew.

Through my sad home, of thee bereft,
 I linger silent and alone,
 No friend to share my joy is left,
 Or sooth my grief, since thou art gone.

While others in their cheerful home
 Their loves of youth enamour'd see,
 Beside the lonely grave I roam,
 And only can remember thee.

For pleasures lost, for fortune's scorn,
 Ne'er have I shed the useless tear,
 But hoary age laments forlorn
 The maid to first affection dear.

Though, hallow'd by thy parting prayer,
Thy sons exult in youth's fair bloom,
Yet left too soon, they ne'er can share
The fond regret that haunts thy tomb.

For thee my woes I sacred hold,
No heart shall steal a sigh from mine,
Till in the common crumbling mould
Mine ashes mingle yet with thine.

THE SAUL TREE.

FROM BAYER'S LATIN VERSION OF THE CHINESE.

WHILE mortal eye can hardly mark
 Young spring's escape from winter keen,
 The Saul along her yellow bark
 Expands a robe of vivid green.

Her simple garb, her sweet array,
 Soon as the proud pomegranate views,
 Her radiant flowers, that bloom so gay,
 With envy on the ground she strews.

Sweet Saul, that still preced'st the spring!
 Thy silky veil no insect weaves;
 Thyself a finer web canst fling
 Around thy boughs and downy leaves.

FROM OWEN'S LATIN EPIGRAMS.

Usque fuit fugitivus amor, refluitque vicissim, &c.

Love for ever comes and goes,
 Like the tide that ebbs and flows. —
 Wonderest thou that this should be?
 Sprung not Venus from the sea?

Venus, ever wont to rove
 With men below and Gods above,
 With changeful aspect shines afar,
 Not a fix'd, but wandering star.

EPITAPH,

FROM THE LATIN.

ONCE in the keen pursuit of fame
I, school-boy-like, pursued a bubble :
But Death, before I gain'd a name,
Stept in and sav'd a world of trouble.

THE DREAM,

FROM THE LATIN OF J. LEOCH.

Addressed to Drummond of Hawthornden.



Lov'd of the Muse, to Venus dear,
My Drummond, lend thy partial ear !
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain
The dreams which haunt a poet's brain.

Ere night's bright wain her course had run,
Venus to me, and Venus' son,
Descending in a radiant car,
Rapt from the earth, and bore me far.
Billing sparrows twittering clear
Drew us on our swift career ;
The lovely goddess all the while,
Glow'd with pleasure's wanton smile ;
O'er her hovered all the Graces,
Sighs and kisses, and embraces :

Around her son, in vesture bright,
 Hopes and murmurs flutter'd light ;
 With every form of melting bliss,
 That breathes or sucks the humid kiss.

Swimming on the moon-beams pale,
 Soon we reach'd sweet Tempe's vale.
 Zephyrs, fluttering o'er the strand,
 Bade every glowing flower expand :
 While the nightingale on high
 Pour'd her liquid melody.

O'er the level lawn we flew ;
 The grove's deep shadow round us grew :
 Deep within a soft retreat,
 Flow'd a spring with murmur sweet.

“ Here be all thine offering done,” —
 Softly whisper'd Venus' son :
 “ Here let clouds of incense rise,” —
 Venus whisper'd, “ to the skies.”

From the chariot light I sprung ;
 Shrill the golden axle rung.
 Kneeling by the crystal spring,
 Every Naiad's charms I sing ;

Echo wafts their praises wide,
But chief the Naiads of the tide.

“ Goddess of the stream attend !
O'er thy wave I suppliant bend ;
Grant thy spring may ever be
Dear to Venus and to me !”

As I bent the waves to kiss,
Murmurs rose of softer bliss ;
For the fountain's liquid face
I feel the timid Nymph's embrace ;
Glow and pant my labouring veins,
As her ivory arms she strains ;
While the melting kiss she sips,
The soul sits quivering on my lips.
Sudden, from our watery bed
Venus slyly smiling fled ;
With her sought the shady grove
The smiling, dimpling God of love.
Loud through all its dusky bounds,
“ Hylas ! a second Hylas,” sounds ;
While the vision fled in air,
And left the bard to lone despair.

By every smiling God above,
By the maid you dearest love,
Drummond to all the Muses dear,
Lend to thy friend thy partial ear !
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain
This dream that haunts the poet's brain.

JOHN LEOCH the correspondent of Drummond the poet, published his *Musæ Priores* at London in 1620, on his return from his travels. He appears to have been born in Mar, and to have been the son of a clergyman. In one of his eclogues he complains of having been deprived of part of his patrimony by the Duke of Lennox. He studied philosophy at Aberdeen; and, when at Poitiers, applied to civil law. After his return to Britain he lived in habits of familiarity with all the Scottish wits of the age, as Scot of Scots-tarvet; Drummond of Hawthornden, whom he sometimes terms "Spinifer Damon;" Alexander, Earl of Stirling; Seton, Earl of Dumfermline; and Hamilton, Earl of Melrose. He dedicates his love-poems to William, Earl of Pembroke, nephew of Sir Philip Sydney. His *Musæ Priores*, the verses of which sometimes possess considerable elegance and fluency of style, consist of his *Erotica*, or love verses, written in imitation of the antient models; his *Idyllia*; and his *Epigrammata*. He defends the freedom of some of his love-verses by the old apology of Catullus, that his life was chaste, though his verse was wanton: or, as Goldsmith expresses it, "His conduct still right, and his argument wrong." In the preface to his *Idyllia* he claims some degree of merit for the variety as well as for the originality of his style. "Quotus enim quisque est, qui tam varia in hoc genere aggressus? namque, ut Bucolica excipias, in quibus non pauci; quis, oro, præter Sannazarium, Piscatorias Eclogas; quis præter Hugonem Grotium, Nauticas tentavit? et illius

(quod dolori maximo esse possit) ecquid præter unicum Nauticum exstat Idyllium? in Ampelicis, nullus, quod sciam. Hactenus primus ego illas aggressus, nondum tamen ingressus." — The Ampelic eclogue, or Song of the Vintagers, was probably attempted in imitation of the Italians. A long poem in this style was composed by Tansillo, and denominated "Il Vendemmiatore."

On the departure of our author from Paris in 1620, a poetical address was published, and inscribed to him, under the title of "Sylva Leochæ suo sacra, sive Lycidæ Desiderium," a Georgio Camerario Scoto; Paris, 1620.

THE CRETAN WARRIOR,

FROM HYBRIAS CRETENSIS.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield !
With these I till, with these I sow :
With these I reap my harvest-field ;
No other wealth the Gods bestow.
With these I plant the fertile vine ;
With these I press the luscious wine.

My spear, my sword, my shaggy shield !
They make me lord of all below, —
For those that dread my spear to wield
Before my shaggy shield must bow :
Their fields, their vineyards they resign ;
And all that cowards have is mine.

ODE TO VIRTUE,

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK OF ARISTOTLE.

(Written on the death of General Frazer, killed at the battle of Deeg.)

STERN Virtue, unappall'd by toil,
 To mortal man the noblest prize !
 For thee the chiefs of Albion's soil
 By envied death to glory rise.
 Inspir'd by thee, their souls disdain
 Intolerable toil and pain,
 Beneath the noontide's sultry star :
 When fell Mahrattas, on the fervid plain,
 Bend fainting o'er each fervid courser's mane,
 They rush impetuous to the charge of war.

For thee the sons of Albion bore
 Woes that no mortal tongue can tell ;
 For thee, on India's dusky shore
 They nobly fought and proudly fell.

For thee, brave Frazer sunk below ;—
For him no more the sunbeams glow ;
 Yet lives his worth on India's strand ;
And long on Albion's shore the warrior's fame
To future ages shall bequeath his name,
 The pride, the glory of his native land.

ON
SEEING AN EAGLE

PERCHED ON THE TOMBSTONE OF ARISTOMENES,

THE PALAFOX OF MESSENE'.

“ MAJESTIC Bird ! so proud and fierce,
Why tower'st thou o'er that warrior's hearse? ” —
“ I tell each godlike earthly king,
Far as o'er birds of every wing
Supreme the lordly eagle sails,
Great Aristomenes prevails.

Let timid doves, with plaintive cry
Coo o'er the graves where cowards lie ;
'Tis o'er the dauntless hero's breast
The kingly eagle loves to rest.”

TO
A YOUNG LADY.

FROM THE GREEK OF IBYCUS.

EURYALE, sweet bud of youth,
Of every fair-hair'd blue-eyed grace
The darling care, while candid truth
Beams in that open blooming face!

Persuasion soft, with eye-brows mild,
Delights to tend thy youthful hours:
And love's sweet Goddess from a child
Has nurs'd thee in her rosy bowers.

FROM MNESIMACHUS.

SPEECH OF ONE OF THE ANCIENT GRECIAN BOBADILS.*

BUT, gentle warrior, wot you right,
 With whom you press to wage the fight?
 On temper'd sabre-blades we dine,
 The flambeau's fiery breath our wine;
 For sallad, at the fell desert,
 Comes in the biting Cretan dart;
 For cresses, each attendant bears
 The splinter'd points of sharpen'd spears;
 The bossy shield and buckler's round,
 Our pillows on the flinty ground;
 Bows, slings, beneath our feet are strown,
 Our heads huge catapultas crown.

* See the Gentle Bachelor, in Way's Fabliaux, vol. i. and the notes, page 225.

FROM TYRTÆUS.

WHAT ! shall the stern unbending race
 Of Hercules, in peril's day,
 Fall basely back, ere Jove's dread face
 With hostile glance our files survey ?
 Repel this idle javelin play,
 Firm as a wall your bucklers lock !
 Shall numbers manly hearts dismay ?
 Be bold, press forward to the shock !

Deem dastard life your deadly foe,
 Though round you close the shadows dun
 Of murky death ; the realms below
 Shall match the regions of the sun.
 Yet think, when former fields were won,
 How proudly toils and wounds we bore !
 When war's red tide against us run,
 How bitter stung each burning sore !

Few heroes bleed who boldly claim
 The perils of the dangerous van ;
 The rearward legions catch the flame,
 And follow, man upholding man. —
 Wild panics dastard hearts trepan,
 Disasters rise devoid of cure ;
 Whoe'er from battle basely ran,
 Has borne what man should ne'er endure.

Scorn on the coward-wretch who bears
 From fields of death a hindward wound !
 Scorn on the coward's corpse, by spears
 Nail'd prone to the dishonour'd ground !
 No ! let your stamping feet resound,
 Plant firm the steps that ne'er fall back !
 With lips compress'd, teeth gnash'd and ground,
 Stride onward firm at each attack !

Behind the buckler's ample brim
 Fence the broad breast from every blow ;
 Ward the keen dints from every limb !
 Bid the dark plume nod o'er the foe !
 With ponderous spear well pois'd to throw ;
 Each hero close with sword and lance,
 Disdain the distant javelin's blow,
 But, breast to breast, like men advance.

Then helm to helm, and plume to plume,
And foot to foot, and shield to shield,
All give or take the warrior's doom !
In hand-fast combat none should yield. —
Light soldiers, agile, scour the field !
Range close behind the men of mail !
Tough javelins dart, light lances wield,
And pour from slings the rattling hail !

FROM TYRTÆUS.

To perish in the front of fight,
 Intent to fence their country's weal,
 I hold for warriors good and right,
 Whose hearts dare brave the biting steel.

But he who meanly sneaks from war,
 In houseless nakedness to pine,
 From home, from fertile fields afar,
 Clamouring for bread with piteous whine,

Unhappier wretch can ne'er be found ;
 Doom'd in his wanderings to behold,
 Beggars woe-worn on foreign ground,
 His mother, father, poor and old :

To view his love still drown'd in tears :
 To find, where'er he comes, a foe ;
 To gnaw his children's helpless years,
 Hunger and penury with him go.

Dishonouring long a noble race,
 Deep sink at last the sordid stains ;
 To man's fair form he does disgrace,
 Till not a sense of shame remains.

Unpitied may the dastard sink ;
 His name and tale be heard no more ! —
 Ours are no feeble hearts to shrink
 From comrades in the combat's roar.

We, heart and soul, to guard our right,
 Will for our country live or die ;
 For sons and daughters young we fight,
 Nor spare our blood, which still beats high.

Rush on, brave youths, in firm array !
 No day is this for flight or fear !
 None from his brother flinch this day !
 Accurs'd be he that seeks the rear !

Each hardy heart that swells in pride,
 Impetuous rush to battle's van ;
 The dastard fear of death deride,
 And bravely grapple man to man !

Ne'er be it told, in manhood's scorn,
 Our youths amid the battle's rage
 Basely forsook the elder-born,
 The ancient warriors stiff with age.

Hah ! it were base in front of war
 To see the aged champion bleed,
 Whose forehead, rough with many a scar,
 Shows that he once the fray could lead.

With dust defil'd, with blood besmear'd,
 Breathing his dauntless soul away,
 His hoary locks and reverend beard
 Bedraggled in the common clay.

'Tis not for man of woman born
 To look where age dishonour'd lies,
 Ghastly and shrunk, in field forlorn :—
 The sight calls vengeance from the skies.

But graceful manhood's comely flower,
 And vernal youth to virgins dear,
 Seem not more fair in bridal hour
 Than stretch'd on valour's purple bier.

Press on the foe with fearless stride ;
 Tramp with strong heel the slippery field ;
Grasp the hard steel with warrior-pride ;
 Clench your set teeth, and never yield !

ON
 THE DEATH OF MARSYAS,

THE PHRYGIAN POET.

Who is said to have been flayed alive by Apollo, after a fruitless
 contest with his flute against the lyre of the God.

FROM THE GREEK.

“ No more thy music wakes the Phrygian pine,
 Nor breathes through hollow reeds in strains divine,
 O Nymph-sprung bard ! Minerva’s gift no more
 Adorns the hands it grac’d so oft before.
 Thy frame indissoluble fetters load,
 Who, born a mortal, durst insult a God ;
 Thy lively pipe, which brav’d the lyre’s sweet sound,
 Saw thee with death instead of conquest crown’d.”

Thus o’er the Phrygian youth, untimely slain,
 Divine Alcæus woke the votive strain :
 While he, who oft, in tuneful conflict tried,
 Had Gods and men with fearless heart defied,

Was doom'd by Muses, jealous of the deed,
 On the tall pine the glutton crow to feed.
 With stern-reverted frown the pangs he bore,
 As from the writhing flesh the living skin they tore;
 The golden fillets which his temples crown'd,
 In frightful glory round the scalp were bound.
 The swelling notes which rose with warbling flight,
 His rapid fingers many-twinkling light,
 His pipe, that wont the lonely wilds to thrill,
 Fled from the groves and left them sad and still.

Now far retreat from Phrygia's injur'd shore
 The mystic glories of her Asian lore :
 No more was heard the bard's inspiring tongue,
 To sing how worlds at first from chaos sprung ;
 What arm uprais'd the mountains o'er the plain,
 And dug the channels of the unfathom'd main,
 Gemm'd the blue ocean with each emerald isle,
 And bade green spring in youthful verdure smile,
 Till ancient earth outvied the blest abodes,
 Proud of her heroes and her demi-gods.

So flow'd the strain when ancient Phrygia's song
 Pour'd its faint light o'er days forgotten long :
 With Marsyas sunk the deeds of elder time,
 The ancient chiefs who liv'd in Phrygian rhyme ;

The martial feats of heroes pass'd away,
And Phrygia's fame in mute oblivion lay.

Yet still, when Phœbus darts his arrowy rays,
The morning pine the trickling tear displays,
Unceasing sighs to mountains, vales, and floods,
And breathes such sounding horror through the woods,
When not a breeze the still-green foliage heaves,
As if some spirit shook the shuddering leaves.

MADAGASCAR SONG-

FROM PARNY'S CHANSONS MADECASSES.

BENEATH the shade of orange-trees,
 Where streams with stilly murmurs run,
 'Tis sweet to breathe the fanning breeze,
 And watch the broad descending sun ;

While youths and maids, a jocund throng,
 With measur'd tinkling steps appear,
 And pour the sweet soul-lulling song,
 That melts and lingers on the ear.

How softly-wild the maiden's lay
 Whose pliant hand the rush-grass weaves !
 But sweeter her's who drives away
 The reed-birds from the ricen sheaves.

My soul is bath'd in song : — the dance
 Is sweeter than the maiden's kiss,
As half-receding steps advance
 To picture love's enchanting bliss.

Soft fall your voices, breathing kind
 The passion ne'er to be withstood,
As raptur'd gestures slowly wind,
 To image pleasure's melting mood.

The gales of evening breathe ; — the moon
 Is glimmering through the leaves above : —
Ah ! cease, dear maids, the mellow tune,
 And give the night to joy and love !

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO.

THOU spirit pure and just ! from realms of day
 Oft bend thy pitying eyes on climes below,
 Where once the wreath of virtue crown'd thy brow,
 Unsullied by thy frame of mortal clay !
 From realms of light, thou spirit wise and pure,
 Oft view thy friends in sorrow left behind,
 Whose ceaseless sighs ascend on every wind,
 Since none but thou their deep regret can cure !
 Thy steps we trace along thy path sublime ;
 Illumin'd by thy bright example's light,
 We fearless tread this shadowy vale of night,
 And come to seek thee in a purer clime.
 Lo ! from the tomb thine accents still we hear,
 More sweet than any voice in this terrestrial sphere.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MENZINI.

Now spring returns, to paint with daisies new
The fields, and from the hills the shepherds lead
Their flocks to pasture on the spangled mead :
Glistening with king-cup tufts of yellow hue,
The earth's green bosom drinks the radiance mild
Of sunbeams lingering through the placid air,
And Philomel no more to sad despair,
But love's soft murmurs, tunes her carols wild.
Fair heavenly light, whose keen unwearied rays
Chase winter's brood in icy caves to lie,
Far from the azure circle of the sky ! —
Alas ! beneath the wintry frost of days,
When snowy age his hair has silver'd o'er,
Shall youth's fair spring to man return no more ?

DIRGE ON GUILLEN PERAZA,

GOVERNOR OF THE CANARIES.

Who fell in attempting the conquest of the island Palma,
soon after the year 1418.

FROM THE SPANISH.

PERAZA, virgins fair and chaste,
Wail, as you wish for heaven to smile !
That flower of youth has faded fast,
That lovely flower, too fair to last,
Lies wither'd in wild PALMA'S Isle.

The PALM no more shalt thou be stil'd,
Thou scene of dire disgrace and shame !
Thy name shall be the Bramble wild,
The Cypress sad by death defil'd,
That sunk so dear a chieftain's fame !

May dire volcanoes waste thy plains,
Pleasures desert thy guilty land,
Be haunted still by woes and pains,
And still, for spring's reviving rains,
Thy flowery fields o'erwhelm'd with sand !

Peraza ! where is now thy shield ?
Peraza ! where is now thy spear ?
No more his lance the chief shall wield,
His broken weapons strew the field :
Alas, for victory bought so dear !

TO CAMOENS.

FROM THE PORTUGUEZE OF DE MATOS.

So' com o grande e immortal Camões, &c.

CAMOENS, o'er thy bright immortal lays,
 Of mournful elegy or lyric song,
 How fleetly glide the rapid hours along!
 I give to thee my nights, to thee my days.
 The harms of fortune and the woes of love,
 The changes of thy destiny severe,
 I mark with sadly sympathetic tear,
 And can but sigh for what was thine to prove.
 For thee mine eyes with bursting tears o'erflow,
 Majestic poet! whose undaunted soul
 Brav'd the ill-omen'd stars of either Pole,
 And found in other climes but change of woe.
 What bard of fickle fortune dare complain,
 Who knows thy fate, and high immortal strain?

SONNET.

FROM THE SAME.

VÃO de valor, vão de fortuna armados, &c.

HIGH in the front of conquering hosts to ride
 Be yours, ye sons of fortune, sons of fame !
 Be yours the triumph of a deathless name,
 While spoils of vanquish'd nations swell your pride !
 Lift to the breeze your banners streaming wide,
 While captive nations bend the knee below !
 Let the fair galley's lofty gilded prow
 Shine o'er the dancing billows of the tide !
 With vaunted chiefs of Greece and mighty Rome
 Be yours beneath the sacred shade to march,
 Where palm and laurel form the victor's arch,
 While lofty minstrels chaunt the nations' doom !
 But leave to me the conquest of my fair,
 With her soft azure eyes and auburn hair.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

FROM THE HEBREW OF MOSES.

IN high JEHOVAH'S praise, my strain
 Of triumph shall the chorus lead,
 WHO plung'd beneath the rolling main
 The horseman with his vaunted steed.
 Dread breaker of our servile chains,
 By WHOM our arm in strength remains,
 The scented algum forms THY car !
 Our fathers' GOD ! THY name we raise
 Beyond the bounds of mortal praise,
 The Chieftain and the Lord of war.

Far in the caverns of the deep
 Their chariots sunk to rise no more ;
 And Pharaoh's mighty warriors sleep
 Where the Red Sea's huge monsters roar.
 Plung'd like a rock amid the wave,
 Around their heads the billows lave ;

Down, down the yawning gulf they go,
 Dash'd by THY high-expanded hand
 To pieces on the pointed sand,
 That strews the shelving rocks below.

What lambent lightnings round THEE gleam,
 THY foes in blackening heaps to strew !
 As o'er wide fields of stubble stream
 The flames, in undulations blue.
 And lo ! the waters of the deep
 Swell in one enormous heap,
 Collected at THY nostrils' breath.
 The bosom of the abyss reveal'd,
 Wall'd with huge crystal waves congeal'd,
 Unfolds the yawning jaws of death.

“ Swift steeds of Egypt speed your course,
 And swift ye rapid chariots roll !
 Not ocean's bed impedes our force ;
 Red vengeance soon shall glut our soul :
 The sabre keen shall soon embrue
 Its glimmering edge in gory dew” —
 Impatient cried the exulting foe ; —
 When, like a ponderous mass of lead,
 They sink — and sudden, o'er their head
 The bursting waves impetuous flow.

But THOU, in whose sublime abode
 Resistless might and mercy dwell,
 Our voices, high o'er every God,
 With grateful hearts THY praises swell !
 Out-stretch'd we saw THY red right-hand,
 The earth her solid jaws expand ;
 Adown the gulf alive they sink : —
 While we, within the incumbent main,
 Beheld the tumbling floods in vain
 Storm on our narrow pathway's brink.

But, far as fame's shrill notes resound,
 With dire dismay the nations hear ;
 Old Edom's sons with laurels crown'd,
 And Moab's warriors melt with fear.
 The petrifying tale disarms
 The might of Canaan's countless swarms,
 Appall'd their heroes sink supine ;
 No mailed band with thrilling cries
 The might of Jacob's sons defies,
 That moves to conquer Palestine.

Nor burning sands our way impede,
 Where nature's glowing embers lie ;
 But, led by THEE, we safely tread
 Beneath the furnace of the sky.

To fields, where fertile olives twine
Their branches with the clustering vine
Soon shalt THOU Jacob's armies bring ;
To plant them by THY mighty hand
Where the proud towers of Salem stand ;
And ever reign their GOD and King.

Far in the deep's unfathom'd caves
Lie strew'd the flower of Mazur's land,
Save when the surge, that idly raves,
Heaves their cold corpses on the sand.
With courage unappall'd, in vain
They rush'd within the channell'd main ;
Their heads the billows folded o'er :
While THOU hast Israel's legions led
Through the green ocean's coral-bed,
To ancient Edom's palmy shore.

THE MONODY OF TOGRAI.

FROM THE ARABIC.

WHEN all the splendid pomp of pride declines,
 In native lustre virtue brighter shines.
 My rising sun meridian beams have crown'd,
 And equal glory gilds its western bound ;
 For, still unconscious of ignoble stains,
 High beats the purple tide through Hassan's veins ;
 Though far I fly from Zaura's fair domain ;
 Nor mine the camels on her sandy plain.

As when corroding damps and dews impair
 The sabre's temper'd edge expos'd and bare,
 So now deserted by my friends, I stray
 Through wastes of sand and burning deserts gray :
 No kind companion left to soothe my woe,
 Or share my joy with sympathetic glow.
 In the hot gale my quivering lances sigh ;
 My moaning camels piteously reply ;

Harass'd, fatigu'd, they sink with wasting pain,
 While frail attendants querulous complain.
 Bred in the desert sands, an Arab bold,
 I keenly sallied forth in quest of gold ;
 And thought, when gold should all my dangers crown,
 From generous deeds to claim a just renown :
 For riches bid the generous mind expand,
 And copious bounty ope the liberal hand :
 But time has now revers'd these visions gay ;
 Content with safety, I forego the prey.

Far other thoughts inspir'd my ardent breast,
 When last I journey'd o'er this sultry waste :
 Pleas'd by my side I saw my friend advance,
 Of stature lofty as his tapering lance ;
 In mirth jocose, in counsel grave, severe
 In temper'd softness unalloy'd by fear.
 While night emits dull slumber's drowsy hive,
 Far from his eyes their humming flight I drive :
 While on their camel-seats the rest incline,
 Giddy with sleep's inebriating wine. —

“ Did I not call thee to a hard emprise,
 “ And wilt thou shrink when dangers round us rise ?
 “ Dost sleep, while wakes yon star's refulgent eye,
 “ Ere yet the ambient hue of darkness fly ?

“ The camels urge, — our journey’s end draws near,
 “ And bold adventure still disperses fear —
 “ Be ours, through Thoal’s archer-bands, to gain
 “ The sprightly troops that camp on Edom’s plain.
 “ Sweet maids ! how graceful curl your locks of jet,
 “ While rubies sparkle through their waving net !
 “ The gales, that round your perfum’d temples play,
 “ Will by their fragrant breath direct our way,
 “ Where, timorous as the fawn, you hide your fears
 “ Amid the thick-encircling grove of spears.
 “ We seek the lovely maids of yonder vale,
 “ But lions guard where love would fain assail ;
 “ Their dauntless spearmen every fear defy,
 “ Warm’d by the beams of each dark rolling eye.
 “ While generous deeds their liberal minds inflame,
 “ Frugal and modest blooms each beauteous dame.
 “ The flames these warriors on the mountains raise
 “ Invite the traveller by their welcome blaze ;
 “ While love’s soft flames, which these dear maids inspire,
 “ Glow in his breast with unextinguish’d fire.
 “ Slain by these heroes, in their tented halls,
 “ To grace the feast, the steed, the camel falls ;
 “ Beneath the glance of each soft female eye,
 “ Devoid of life their charm-struck lovers lie ;
 “ ’Tis there the anguish of the warrior’s wound
 “ In cups of honied wine is quickly drown’d ;

" And sure, if here I longer should remain,
 " Some balmy breeze would mitigate my pain.
 " Nor wounds nor arrows shall my bosom rue
 " From quiver'd eyes of ample rolling blue ;
 " Nor shall my heart the glittering sabres dread
 " From curtain'd veils where Thoal's maids are hid ;
 " Nor yet from gazels gay that I adore
 " Shall I retreat, though lions round me roar."

While o'er these sands our fearless course we held,
 Such glowing words my venturous band impell'd. —
 Now danger drives me, far from pomp and power,
 To spend in drowsy sloth each lingering hour.
 In drowsy sloth ! but let me first prepare
 To scale the regions of the desert air ;
 On cavern'd deep from mortal view to dwell,
 Within the centre of the earth's vast shell ;
 Content to leave the heights of power sublime
 For those that dare the steeps of glory climb.
 Content degrades the peasant's abject race !
 But fame attends the camel's hastening pace. —
 Then rouse my camels ! let us forward haste,
 And fearless plunge amid Arabia's waste,
 While, as we lightly trace each sandy plain,
 Your curbs shall match the swiftest courser's rein ;

Tis fame commands my wandering steps to range,
 And says that glory only waits on change :
 For would the sun, if glory dwelt on high,
 Desert his mansion of meridian sky ? —

But while my steps to dangers new I bend,
 Will fortune's fickle smiles my course attend ?
 I call'd her once, but she disdain'd to hear,
 When fools alone had caught her listening ear.
 Yet had intrinsic worth avail'd to gain
 Her favouring smiles, I had not sued in vain.

But hope shines radiant o'er each future plan,
 Hope, that illumes the narrow sphere of man. —
 Weak hope ! wilt thou, when waning years decay,
 Transcend the bliss of life's advancing day ? —
 Ah no ! when life and fortune's smiles were new,
 Their pleasures ne'er my fix'd affections drew ;
 My spirit, conscious of its worth innate,
 Still spurn'd the base, and brav'd the frown of fate,
 Which oft condemns in indolence to pine
 The powers in glory's path that brightest shine, —
 As the keen sabre gleams in empty show,
 Till warrior-arms impress the fateful blow.

Ne'er did I think that, doom'd by fate's decree,
 These eyes the empire of the vile should see.
 Now foremost rush the base in glory's race,
 Whose speed once equall'd not my slowest pace.
 Such is the meed of him whose tardy age
 Sees every friend desert this earthly stage.
 Thus flag the brave in glory's fair career ; —
 Thus rolls the sun beneath cold Saturn's sphere.

Then rouse my soul, in fate's resistless day,
 Repel impatient grief's usurping sway :
 Roll'd in thyself, all aid of mortals spurn,
 Nor trust a treacherous friend, his guile to mourn.
 Lives there a man the phœnix of his race ?
 'Tis he that spurns each feigning friend's embrace.
 Truth fades, while wide the thorn of falsehood grows,
 And men's false deeds their flattering words oppose ;
 Nor one to keep his plighted faith prepares,
 Till o'er his head the burnish'd sabre glares.
 Then weak the mind unmov'd by such disgrace
 To view with due contempt the miscreant race ;
 For hosts of lies against the truth combine,
 As bending curves distort the equal line.

And thou that, after youth unvex'd with pain,
 The muddy dregs of turbid life would'st drain,

If one poor cup thy parching thirst could slake,
Say, wouldst thou plunge in ocean's boundless lake?
He reigns alone, the sovereign of his soul,
Whom idle fears nor foreign cares control;
Who hopes not fondly in his tented dome
Unalter'd still to find a lasting home:
For who hath heard, or who shall ever hear
Of domes unalter'd in this changeful sphere!

Sages, who, musing deep, the course explore
Of things that are, and things that are no more,
Hide in your breast the strange mysterious plan,
Since silence best becomes the lot of man!
Not mortal might can stay the ceaseless course
Of fate, that rules us with resistless force;
E'en you may wander, from your homes exile'd,
With wayward camels through the sandy wild.

TO THE COURIER DOVE.

FROM THE ARABIC.

FAIR traveller of the pathless air,
To Zara's bowers these accents bear,
Hid in the shade of palmy groves,
And tell her where her wanderer roves !
But spread, O spread your pinion blue,
To guard my lines from rain and dew :
And when my charming fair you see,
A thousand kisses bear from me,
And softly murmur in her ear
How much I wish that I were near !

ON
A NEGRO MARRYING AN ARAB WOMAN.

FROM THE ARABIC OF NABEGA.

DAR'ST thou thy sooty arms, dark monster, twine
Around the brightest maid of Arab line?
Desist, profane! nor shock our blasted sight
By wedding shining day to sable night.

THE ARAB WARRIOR.

FROM THE ARABIC.

O'ER yawning rocks abrupt that scowl
Terrific o'er the ostrich grey,
Where fairies scream and demons howl,
I fearless hold my midnight way.

Though pitchy black around expand
The cavern'd darkness of the tomb,
I fearless stretch my groping hand,
That seems to feel the thickening gloom.

I pass, and on their desert bed
Forsake my weary slumbering band,
That languid droop the drowsy head,
Like berries nodding o'er the sand.

I plunge in darkness overjoy'd,
That seems a circumambient sea,
Though dreary gape the lonely void,
And awful to each man, but me.

Where guides are lost, where shrieks the owl
Her dirge, where men in wild affright
Fly the hyena's famish'd howl,
I plunge amid the shades of night.

FROM THE ARABIC
OF TABÂT SHIRRA.

ON REVENGING THE BLOOD OF HIS UNCLE, WHO HAD BEEN
MURDERED BY THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE OF HUDDAIL.

DEEP in the riven rock he lies —
His blood no more for vengeance cries ;
Its deadly weight I heave away,
Which grievous on my shoulders lay.
So thought he, on that day of pain,
The chieftain mingled-with the slain :
“ My sister’s son shall ’venge my fame,
That youth whom perils ne’er can tame,
Whose snake-like eyes with venom glow,
When bends his brent brow on the foe.”

Sad was the tale, that day of pain,
That such a chief had join’d the slain ;
His kindred’s bosoms felt the shock ;
It struck me like a mighty rock :

So fortune strikes the soul elate
That scorns to truckle to his fate.

How grand a chieftain have we lost !
A sun was he in winter's frost,
Yet still when fiercest heats invade,
To all his tribe a cooling shade.
Spare in his form, of diet spare,
But not from greed or niggard care ;
Prudent and wise, at honour's call
His generous hand was spread to all ;
To friends a cloud of vernal rain,
A lion on the battling plain.
The path of death, unknown to yield,
He trod, and dauntless press'd the field.
Graceful his steps, with garments fair,
In peace long flow'd his raven hair ;
Gaunt as a wolf in deadly fray,
That hunger-bitten darts on prey.

In him were ever wont to meet
The bitterest bitter, sweetest sweet ;
To friends still dearer wont to grow ;
No bitterer morsel to his foe ;
With sword deep-jagg'd and sharp at need,
He rode grim Terror like a steed.

Far to the south, with weapons bright,
 We trod by day, we trod by night,
 Each sharp-set youth with sharp-edg'd blade,
 Where lambent levin-terrors play'd,
 And rathly, e'er the dawn of day,
 We reach'd the robbers where they lay.

Sipping sweet slumber's draughts they slept:—
 They nodded as we near them crept:—
 They wak'd — but vengeance seiz'd her prey:
 Few 'scap'd alive I wot, that day.
 What though beneath Huddleila's stroke
 Our chieftain's blade of battle broke;
 Yet this I live in song to tell,
 It broke not till Huddleila fell.
 On a harsh soil he stumbling lit
 Where many a camel's hoof was split.
 A dire repast for many a day
 We gave and took of blood and prey;

Now have I seen red vengeance fall,
 I, whom extremes can ne'er appal,
 Who triumph in my keenest woe,
 (So be the same may goad the foe;)
 Who, parch'd with vengeance, keenly rear
 And drench in blood my thirsty spear.

Wine, charming wine, forsworn so long *
 Since first I bore this cruel wrong,
 Is lawful now; the purple flood
 Shall pour a stream, — the wine of blood
 Is lawful; — sword and spear and steed
 Shall drink, — 'tis valour's purple meed.
 'Tis lawful, flowing fair and free,
 My trusty weapons drink with me !
 Drink, brave Sawád ! this wither'd frame
 Was shrivell'd dry till vengeance came.

Huddeila fierce ! your parting breath
 Deep pledg'd us in the cup of death ;
 You drank the bitterest dregs below,
 Defeat, disgrace, and overthrow.

With gloating eyes hyenas smile
 O'er the rank corse of fierce Huddeil,
 And hungry wolves while flocking in
 With joyful glances grimly grin.
 The glutton-vultures on the wild
 Brood o'er the slain with dust defil'd,
 Bloated and swoll'n with human gore
 Flag their lank wings unfit to soar.

* The Arab seems to have forsworn wine till he could satiate his vengeance, as the Irish take an oath against whisky.

TIMUR'S WAR SONG.

FROM THE PERSIC OF ALI YEZDI.

THE feast is set, the goblets crown'd,
Ye men of blood come all along !
Our hall the battle's purpled ground,
The warrior's shriek our drinking-song.

Our wine the blood of foes ; — advance !
For cups, with sabres glittering bright,
Deep drink each thirsty Tartar lance !
Our banquet is the roar of fight.

ODE.

FROM THE PERSIC OF KHAKANI.

THAT cheek which boasts the ruby's hue,
That breast, a lily bath'd in dew,
That form whose graceful beauty gleams
Like cypress bending o'er the streams,
Thou marble heart! destroyer! say
What tyrant steals my soul away? —

That airy form, that amorous sigh,
The flower-bud of that liquid eye,
Whose glances steal my soul away,
Thy name, thou lovely tyrant, say! —

O thou, whose wanton footsteps tread
The garden's flower-enamell'd glade,
Whose pouting rose-bud lips contain
More luscious honey than the cane,

Whose eyes in liquid lustre shine
Bright as the hue of sparkling wine,
Whose bending eyebrows shafts of woe
Dart like arrows from the bow,
Brows that stole their pearly light
From the silver queen of night,
Whose charms have stol'n my soul away, —
Thy name, thou beauteous tyrant, say !

The wine of love, that thrills the soul,
Thy bard has drunk beyond controul ;
To learn thy name would gladly drain
His life from each enamour'd vein :
Thou charmer of Khakani, say,
What beauty steals his soul away? —

ODE.

FROM THE PERSIC OF HAFEZ.

Oh! I have borne, and borne in vain,
The pang of love's delirious pain;
But she for whom my tear-drops fell,
Oh! ask me, ask me not to tell.

Oh! I have borne the lingering smart
Of absence cankering in the heart;
But she for whom my tear-drops fell,
Oh! ask me, ask me not to tell.

Far have I roam'd with wandering feet,
And found a fair so heavenly sweet,
That in my breast she still shall dwell,
But ask me not her name to tell.

How long her footsteps I pursu'd,
 How long with tears their prints bedew'd,
 How long she made my sighs to swell,
 Oh ! ask me, ask me not to tell.

Sounds of the kindest, tenderest tone,
 To fondest lovers only known,
 Last evening from her dear lips fell ;
 But ask me, ask me not to tell.

Why frown and bite that angry lip ?
 I love her honied kiss to sip :
 How soft the melting rubies swell !
 But ask me not her name to tell.

Dear love ! when far from thee I pine,
 All lonely in this home of mine,
 What sighs my tortur'd bosom swell,
 Oh ! ask me, ask me not to tell.

To love's dear bliss before unknown,
 To such a height has passion grown,
 That Hafez ne'er its power can quell ;
 Then ask him, ask him not to tell.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HATEFI.

PROPHETS of song, 'mid the poetic race,
Three mighty bards may claim the highest place.
FERDUSI leads the high heroic strain ;
Stern ANWARI excels in moral vein ;
But lyric SADI in the ode sublime
Is first in excellence, and first in time.

SONNET,

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIC OF SADI.

SWEET are the soft descending dews of sleep,
That bathe the virtuous in serene repose,
When injur'd innocence forgets her woes,
And streaming eyes of sorrow cease to weep. —
And sweet the weary peasant's welcome rest,
Who gladly sees, with the descending sun,
The summer day's incessant labour done,
While no black festering cares his couch molest. —
But shall the shrieks and groans of misery fall
Like softest music on the tyrant's ear?
And shall he not mid broken slumbers hear
A voice that must his shuddering soul appal?
Yes; — 'tis the sullen pause of mortal woe,
When sleep hangs heavy on the tyrant's brow.

THE RENUNCIATION OF POETRY.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF ANWARI.

“WHAT?” cried a witling with a simpering air,
 “What charming ode shall next enchant the fair?” —
 “No more;” said I, “mute are my love-sick lays,
 “Mute biting satire, mute the voice of praise.” —
 “But why?” — “It is a dangerous course to run,
 Though what is past can never be undone;
 As wealth, or love inspir’d in former days,
 I fram’d the love-song, or the song of praise;
 The crimes, the follies of the age to brand,
 My sharp invective thrill’d a guilty land;
 To praise a sugar-lip, or ringlet’s twine,
 Mine eyes would sleep the live-long night resign.
 The day, the tedious day, I beat my brain,
 For terms of praise, five wretched doits to gain,
 Or, like a mad dog, chaf’d I wont to roam,
 On some weak wretch to vent my gall and foam:
 Sure God at last in mercy drove away
 Three hungry hounds, of which I was the prey.

Avaunt ! no more the ardent song I raise
To love's soft numbers, sharp reproach, or praise ;
Enough, that genius in my youthful song
Has turn'd to waste, and science turn'd to wrong.
Bethink thee, Anwari, in life's poor span,
Vain boasting never can become the man !
Enough, that youth was given to gain a name ;
Be man, and shun the slippery paths of fame ;
Or hide thee in the hermit's musing cell,
But bid to satire, praise, and love's soft strains farewell !”

ON SPRING.

FROM THE PERSIC OF RASHÍD.

THE soul-expanding Spring appears,
 The earth looks lovely green and gay,
 While every lawn and garden wears
 Embroider'd vests of rich array.

Beryl and ruby's radiant hue
 In field and forest fair is seen ;
 While mimic corals meet the view,
 Commingling with the garden's green.

Like Vamik's visage wet with woe,
 Flags faint the moist and tepid air ;
 While earth assumes a fresher glow,
 And smiles around like Azra fair.

Within the tulip's border green
The dew shines bright as evening's star ;
The tulip's vase with dew-pearl sheen
And icy crystal gleams afar.

Or heaven itself descends below,
Or earth' with paradise may vie.
Say, spreads with greener, warmer glow
The pavement of the upper sky?

FROM THE PERSIAN OF RUDEKI.

RUDEKI was born in Maveralmaher, and blind from his birth, but of so acute a genius and intelligent a mind, that at eight years of age he retained the Koran completely by memory. He made rapid progress in learning, and early began to compose verses; and, as his voice was remarkably sweet, he studied music, and learned to play on the harp, in which he became a great proficient. He was bred in the court of Nasser ben Ahmed Samani, where he had two hundred slaves, and four hundred camels to carry his baggage. No poet after him obtained such wealth and honours: his poems, if authors are to be trusted, amounted to a hundred volumes. In the treatise entitled Yamini, his verses are said to amount to one million and three hundred.

The following is a fragment in praise of wine.

HE who my brimming cup shall view
 In trembling radiance shine,
 Shall own the ruby's brilliant hue
 Is match'd by rosy wine.

Each is a gem from Nature's hand
In living lustre bright,
But one congeals its radiance bland ;
One swims in liquid light.

Ere you can touch, its sparkling dye
Has left a splendid stain ;
Ere you can drink, the essence high
Floats giddy through the brain.

THE RETURN AFTER ABSENCE.

FROM THE SAME.

ACCORDING to some historians, king Nasser ben Ahmed having on a time visited Meru, termed from the beauty of its situation Shahjan, or “the king’s delight;” continued there so long, that the courtiers began to regret Bokhara and its palaces and gardens. On this occasion they prevailed on the poet Rudeki to compose some verses for the purpose of inspiring the king with a desire of revisiting Bokhara. So one day as the king was taking his morning refreshment, Rudeki struck the harp, and sung the following verses.

OH ! the breeze of the mountain is soothing and sweet,
 Warm breathing of love, and the friends we shall meet ;
 And the rocks of the desert, so rough, where we roam,
 Seem soft, soft as silk, on the dear path of home ;
 The white waves of the Jeikon, that foam through their
 speed,
 Seem scarcely to reach to the girth of my steed.

Rejoice, O Bokhara, and flourish for aye !
 Thy king comes to meet thee, and long shall he stay.
 Our king is our moon, and Bokhara our skies,
 Where soon that fair light of the heavens shall rise ;
 Bokhara our orchard, the cypress our king,
 In Bokhara's fair orchard soon destin'd to spring.*

* These verses had so powerful an effect on the mind of the prince, that he instantly started up, dressed as he was in his wrapper and sandals, and performed a day's journey to Bokhara before he paused.

ON MAHMUD'S WAR-STEED.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF UNSARI.

THY courser's limbs such fine proportions grace,
 No fault the skilful painter's hand can trace ;
 No steed like him can pace or bound amain,
 Elastic darting o'er the level plain.
 Far as the eye can reach, in proud career,
 His eager snorting in the course you hear.
 Snake-like he winds, and supple springs aloof ;
 He vaults to touch the azure sky's blue roof ;
 Prone down a hill in rapid course he bounds,
 As when some headlong-rolling rock resounds :
 In his ascent, he rapid darts on high,
 Like a red meteor journeying through the sky :
 Smooth as a bird he skims the level plain,
 Bright as a torrent's foam his tossing mane :
 In air, he moves like wind ; through wind, his force
 Outstrips the whirlwind in careering course.

Relax his reins, he darts beyond the sphere ;
Retract, he turns with comet-like career.
Though swift, the solid earth shrinks sore to feel
The mighty pressure of his stamping heel.
God form'd him sure that mortals might admire
A steed without capacity to tire.

IMPROMPTU,

ON MAHMUD'S CUTTING OFF THE TRESSES OF HIS
MISTRESS AYAZ, ONE DAY IN A PASSION.

FROM THE SAME.

WHY should you sit in dumb dismay,
That beauty's locks are lopt away?
Call wine and music, and be gay:
The graceful poplar, day by day,
Thrives as its boughs are prun'd away.

5

TO NIGHT.

FROM THE SAME.

O Night, sweet Night, like yesterday,
Do not my secret love betray !
From eve to lingering morning light
Was ever such a tedious Night ?
O Night, sweet Night, be kind I pray,
Nor balk my love like yesterday !

IN RIDICULE OF ASTROLOGY.

FROM THE PERSIC OF CATEBI.

SAID Anwari, "A mighty storm shall blow,
Tear up tall trees and lay the palace low."
But when the dreadful day predicted came,
There was no breeze to vex the taper's flame.
Lord of the tempest! was the fault in thee,
Or the deep sage, star-gazing Anwari?

LAMENT FOR RAMA.

FROM THE BENGALI. *

I WARN you, fair maidens, to wail and to sigh,
 For Rama, our Rama, to green-wood must fly;
 Then hasten, come hasten to see his array,
 For Ayud'hya is dark when our chief goes away.

All the people are flocking to see him pass by;
 They are silent and sad, with the tear in their eye:
 From the fish in the streamlets a broken sigh heaves,
 And the birds of the forest lament from the leaves.

His five locks are matted, no raiment has he
 For the wood, save a girdle of bark from the tree;
 And of all his gay splendour you nought may behold,
 Save his bow and his quiver, and ear-rings of gold.

* This is a translation of some Bengali verses, sung by the Decoit chief Casinath, after he was taken in Nadia.

Oh ! we thought to have seen him in royal array
Before his proud squadrons his banners display,
And the voice of the people exulting to own
Their sovereign assuming the purple and crown ;
But the time has gone by, and my hope is despair : —
One maiden perfidious has wrought all my care.

Our light is departing, and darkness returns,
Like a lamp half-extinguish'd and lonely it burns.
Faith fades from the age, nor can honour remain,
And fame is delusive, and glory is vain.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER BEING AT SEA FOR THE FIRST TIME,

BY EMIR MUHAMMED PEISHAWERI, AN AFFGHAN.*

FROM THE PUSHTO.

THE sage who first refus'd to roam
 Through foreign climes in quest of gain,
 But bade us prize the joys of home,
 Thought of thy dangers, fearful main !

What though the bread on shore we taste
 Be purchas'd oft with toil and pain,
 A loaf is better than a feast,
 When purchas'd on the brackish main.

Like ocean's depths, as poets tell,
 Spreads the abyss of endless pain ;
 But not the deepest pit of hell
 Can match thy horrors, frightful main !

* Dr. Leyden's servant.

A shore each pleasant breeze that blows
 Might sooth to rest a soul in pain ;
 But heart and liver, torn with throes,
 Leap to your lips when on the main.

When o'er your bark the tempests beat,
 With lightning, thunder, wind and rain,
 There's nought to be your winding sheet
 Save the white foam that streaks the main.

Ashore e'en strangers strangers greet
 In phrase polite and courteous strain ;
 But bitter oaths are all you meet,
 When journeying on the savage main.

On shore a thousand pleasures rise
 To sooth fatigue and banish pain ;
 But every joy and pleasure flies
 From him who travels on the main.

Scenes fair, sublime, and strange and new,
 Arrest the eye on hill or plain :
 Nought save the foamy waves you view
 When journeying on the desert main.

The parrot pent in wiry cage
 Its fluttering pinions beats in vain :
 So vain our grief, so vain our rage,
 When reeling on the restless main.

God save us all from fell remorse,
 Revenge, and wrath, and proud disdain ;
 For ever bad, 'tis ten times worse
 To meet them on the desert main.

When flames most bright and fierce aspire,
 Water can still their force restrain ;
 But vivid flames of sparkling fire
 Flash from the surges of the main.

On wondrous fins the fishes fly,
 Like birds, along the ocean-plain,
 In flocks, like sparrows, soar on high,
 And sport and glitter on the main.

Sea-monsters roll so huge and blue,
 I dread to name them in my strain,
 That at one gulp both ship and crew
 Could swallow on the weltering main.

Dark demons of portentous form,
That heaven's vast arch can scarce contain,
You see them stalking in the storm,
When journeying on the desert main.

Till death his fatal arrows speed,
No soul escapes from mortal pain :
Of death and all his darts no need
Have they who journey on the main.

From all these ghastly scenes of fear,
That well might turn a poet's brain,
To find myself in safety here,
Foins all the marvels of the main,

THE FIGHT OF PRAYA.*

A MALAY DIRGE.

WARRIORS ! chieftains of Malaya !
 You shall live in endless light,
 Though you vanish'd in the night,
 Perish'd in the fight of Praya.

Foot to foot, and man to man,
 When beneath the burning beam
 Burnish'd lances brightest gleam,
 You the combat still began.

* The fight of Praya occurred in 1791, when the King or Rajah of Kiddeh was surprised in a night attack by — Light, Governor of Penang, and defeated with great loss. The Rajah declared after the rout that he was ashamed of having ever been the friend of people who fought in the night, and without giving fair warning.

Shouts of battle, heard afar,
 Bade your foes the steel prepare,
 Give the winds their coal-black hair,
 March to meet the coming war.

Not a breeze convey'd the tale
 When the whites began the fray :
 Sure they fear'd the eye of day
 Should see their faces ghastly pale.

Now, in forms of finer air,
 While these grassy graves you view,
 Scent the flowerets that we strew,
 List the vengeance that we swear ! —

Warriors, o'er each ridgy tomb
 The mournful marjoram shall grow,
 And the grave-flowers pale shall blow,
 Sad memorials of your doom !

O'er your long-lamented clay
 The unrelenting blood shall flow
 Of the vengeful buffalo,
 And his frontlets broad decay.

Chieftains! warriors of Malaya!
You shall be aveng'd in light,
Though you perish'd in the night,
Perish'd in the fight of Praya.

THE DIRGE OF TIPPOO SULTAN.

FROM THE CANARA.*

How quickly fled our Sultan's state!
 How soon his pomp has pass'd away!
 How swiftly sped Seringa's fate
 From wealth and power to dire decay!

How proud his conquering banners flew!
 How stately march'd his dread array!
 Soon as the King of earth withdrew
 His favouring smile, they pass'd away.

His peopled kingdoms stretching wide
 A hundred subject leagues could fill,
 While dreadful frown'd in martial pride
 A hundred Droogs from hill to hill.

* Canara is the language of Mysore and Bednore, as well as of the Canara province, and the neighbouring districts.

His hosts of war, a countless throng,
 His Franks, impatient for the fray,
 His horse, that proudly pranc'd along, —
 All in a moment pass'd away.

His mountain-forts of living stone
 Were hewn from every massy rock ;
 Whence bright the sparkling rockets shone,
 And loud the vollied thunder spoke:

His silver lances gleam'd on high ;
 His spangled standards flutter'd gay :
 Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye
 Their martial pride has pass'd away.

Girt by the Cavery's holy stream,
 By circling walls in triple row,
 While deep between, with sullen gleam,
 The dreary moat out-spread below,

High o'er the portals, jarring hoarse,
 Stern ramparts rose in dread array ;
 Towers that seem'd proof to mortal force —
 All in a moment pass'd away.

His elephants of hideous cry,
 His steeds that paw'd the battling-ground,
 His golden stores that wont to lie,
 In years of peace, in cells profound :

Himself a chief of prowess high,
 Unmatch'd in battle's stormy day ; —
 Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye,
 Our dauntless hero pass'd away.

His countless gems, a glittering host,
 Arrang'd in nine-fold order smil'd :
 Each treasur'd wealth the world can boast
 In splendid palaces were pil'd :

Jewels enchas'd, a precious store
 Of fretted pride, of polish high,
 Of costly work, which ne'er before
 Were heard with ear or seen with eye.

A hundred granaries huge enclos'd
 Full eighteen sorts of foodful grain :
 Dark in his arsenals repos'd
 Battle's terrific flame-mouth'd train.

How paltry proud Duryoden's state
To his, in fortune's prosperous day,
In wealth, in martial pomp elate :
All in a moment pass'd away,

Before our prince of deathless fame
The silver trumpet's thrilling sound,
Applauding heralds loud acclaim,
And deep-ton'd nobuts shook the ground.

His was the wealth by Rajahs won,
Beneath their high imperial sway,
While eight successive ages run :
But all, alas ! has pass'd away.

How swift the ruthless spoiler came,
How quick he ravag'd, none can say,
Save He whose dreadful eye of flame
Shall blast him on the Judgment-day.

The noon-tide came with baleful light,
The Sultan's corpse in silence lay :
His kingdom, like a dream of night,
In silence vanish'd quite away.

But say, to fence the falling state,
 Who foremost trod the ranks of fame?
 Great Kummer, chief of soul elate,
 And stern Sher Khan of deathless name.

Meer Saduk too, of high renown,
 With him what chieftain could compare?
 While Mira Hussen * virgins own
 As flowery-bow'd Munmoden fair.

Soobria Mutti †, Bubber Jung, ‡
 Still foremost in the crush of fight;
 And he whose martial glory rung §
 From realm to realm, for dauntless might. ||

* Mira Hussen, a chief more famous for his amours than his valour.

† Soobria Mutti, a chief of Mahratta extraction.

‡ Bubber Jung, a Mogul chief, who joined Dhoondiah, and was killed in the campaign against that chief.

§ Baker, a Mogul chief.

|| The translator is perfectly sensible that the Asiatic names in this stanza have somewhat of an uncouth effect, but he nevertheless judged it proper to adhere to the Canara original, which enumerates accurately the chiefs most approved in the popular opinion. Besides, those names which have a ludicrous sound to an European ear, have often a very different effect on an Asiatic. Bubber Jung means "the tiger of battle." The romance of Emir Humsa celebrates a dreadful combat between that hero, the Arabian Hercules, and Bubber biab-an, "the tiger of the desert," a monster, almost as

Khán Jéhan Khan *, who stood alone,
 Seid Saheb next †, himself an host :
 The chiefs round Indra's angel-throne
 Could ne'er such mighty prowess boast.

Pournía sprung from Brahma's line,
 Intrepid in the martial fray,
 Alike in council formed to shine : —
 How could our Sultan's power decay ?

Ah ! soon it fled ! how small a weight
 Of nitrous sulphur sped the ball,
 Out-weigh'd to dust a sinking state,
 And bade our gallant Sultan fall !

Yet left and right, to guard the throne,
 His brave Moguls would proudly say,
 " Did e'er this earth one sovereign own,
 Thine, thine were universal sway."

formidable as the famous Nemean lion. Heng-i-Ishâk, the famous horse of the warrior, takes fright when he scents the tiger, and deserts his master, who courageously seizes the monster by the paws, swings him round in the air, and crushes him to pieces by dashing him on the ground. — EMIR HUMSA PERSIC MS. CX.

* Khan Jéhan Khan, a Bramin forcibly converted.

† Seid Saheb, the brother-in-law of Tippoo, killed on the rampart at the storm.

Careless of fate, of fearless mind,
 They feasted round in many a row :
 One bullet, viewless as the wind,
 Amid them laid the Sultan low.

Where was God Alla's far-fam'd power,
 Thy boasted inspiration's might ;
 Where, in that unpropitious hour,
 Was fled thy Koran's sacred light ?

Vain was each prayer and high behest,
 When Runga doom'd thy fatal day :
 How small a bullet pierc'd thy breast !
 How soon thy kingdom past away !

Amid his queens of royal race,
 Of princely form the monarch trod ;
 Amid his sons of martial grace,
 The warrior mov'd an earthly God.

Girt with bold chiefs of prowess high,
 How proud was his imperial sway !
 Soon as the God of lotus-eye
 Withdrew his smile, it past away.

Coorg, Cuddapah, and Concan-land —
 Their princely lords of old renown
 To thee outspread the unweapon'd hand,
 And crouch'd at thine imperial frown.

Proud mountain-chiefs — the lofty crest
 They bent beneath thy scepter'd sway —
 How dire the blow that pierc'd thy breast!
 How soon thy kingdom pass'd away!

The sovereign of proud Delhi's throne,
 That held the prostrate world in awe,
 Sri-Munt whose rule compels alone
 Mahratta tribes devoid of law:

The Rajahs of the peopled world
 Resign'd their realms in deep dismay,
 Where'er thy victor-flag unfurl'd: —
 How soon thy kingdom pass'd away!

From far Singala's region came
 The Anglian race, unknown to fly,
 Revering Runga's sacred name,
 Their red war-banner wav'd on high.

Our lofty bulwarks down they threw,
And bade their drums victorious bray :
Then every earthly good withdrew,
Then fled Seringa's pomp away.

Where were the chiefs in combat bred,
The hosts, in battle's dreadful day ?
Ah ! soon as Crishna's favour fled,
Our prince, our kingdom pass'd away.

How vain is every mortal boast,
How empty earthly pomp and power !
Proud bulwarks crumble down to dust,
If o'er them adverse fortune lower.

In Vishnu's lotus-foot alone
Confide ! his power shall ne'er decay,
When tumbles every earthly throne,
And mortal glory fades away.

ON THE DEATH OF TIPPOO SULTAN.

FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

By proud Seringa's castled wall,
Dire Destiny has sped the ball,
And we must with our Sultan fall :
Alas, the gallant Sultan !

Dust, dust on every dastard head,
That meanly shrunk from combat red,
When sunk amid the heaps of dead,
With all our hopes, the Sultan !

Dire treachery has sapp'd the throne
On which our chief unconquer'd shone ;
This, this was granted him alone ; —
Fell masterless the Sultan.

Accurs'd be Yezid's traitor-seed,
The faithless wretch who wrought the deed,
The curse of ages be his meed
Whose crime destroy'd the Sultan.

His throne is now the lowly dust,
Who late was all our earthly trust ;
Ah ! every mouth was fill'd with dust
When fell the gallant Sultan.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

OF THE

UNITED STATES

SCENES OF INFANCY:

DESCRIPTIVE

OF

TEVIOTDALE.

1803.

Dulcia rura valet, et Lydia, dulcior illis,
Et casti fontes, et felix nomen agelli!

VALERIUS CATO.

IN FOUR PARTS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM 1630 TO 1800

BY
JOHN H. COOPER

NEW YORK

1850

W. H. BROWN

NEW YORK

PRINTED BY

W. H. BROWN

NEW YORK

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL,
THE
FOLLOWING POEM
IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
AS A SMALL, BUT SINCERE, MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S ESTEEM
AND ADMIRATION
FOR
HER LADYSHIP'S
TASTE AND UNDERSTANDING,
WHICH ARE
THE DELIGHT OF ALL WHO HAVE THE PLEASURE
OF HER ACQUAINTANCE.

THE
LIFE OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON
BY
BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

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100 NASSAU ST. N. Y. C.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

PART I.

*Ben sanno i verdi poggi, e le sonanti
Selve romite, e l'acque
Che son le mie ricchezze inni soavi:
Alor la cetra consucrar mi piacque —*

MENZINI.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE

EMPEROR

OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
FROM THE DEATH OF
THE EMPEROR
MARCUS ANTONINUS
TO THE DEATH OF
THE EMPEROR
SEVERUS ALEXANDER
BY
J. G. BURTON
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

SCENES OF INFANCY.

 PART I.

SWEET scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
 Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,
 When, in the soften'd light of summer-skies,
 Full on my soul life's first illusions rise !
 Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain !
 I come, to trace your soothing haunts again,
 To mark each grace that pleas'd my stripling prime,
 By absence hallow'd, and endear'd by time,
 To lose amid your winding dells the past : —
 Ah ! must I think this lingering look the last ?
 Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view !
 How soft ye smil'd, when Nature's charms were new !
 Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh, and warm,
 And every opening grace had power to charm ;
 While as each scene in living lustre rose,
 Each young emotion wak'd from soft repose.

E'en as I muse, my former life returns,
 And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.
 Like music melting in a lover's dream,
 I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream : *

* The river Teviot, which gives its name to the district of Teviotdale, rises in an elevated mountainous tract in the south of Scotland, from a rude rock, termed the Teviot-stone, descends through a beautiful pastoral dale, and falls into the Tweed at Kelso. The vale of the river is above thirty miles in length, and comprehends every variety of wild, picturesque, and beautiful scenery. The first part of its course is confined, and overshadowed by abrupt and savage hills, diversified with smooth green declivities, and fantastic copses of natural wood. Beneath Hawick the vale opens, and several beautiful mountain-streams fall into the river. The meadow-ground becomes more extensive, and the declivities more susceptible of cultivation; but, in the distance, dark heaths are still seen descending from the mountains, which at intervals encroach on the green banks of the river. As the stream approaches the Tweed, the scenery becomes gradually softer, and in the vicinity of Kelso rivals the beauty of an Italian landscape. The name of Teviotdale, a term of very considerable antiquity, is not confined solely to the vale of the river, but comprehends the county of Roxburgh. In ancient times its acceptation was still more extensive, including the tract of country which lies between the ridge of Cheviot and the banks of the Tweed. The inhabitants of this frontier-district, inured to war from their infancy, had at an early period of Scottish history attained a high military reputation; and the term *Tevialenses*, or men of Teviotdale, seems to have been once employed as a general epithet for the *Dalesmen* in the south of Scotland. They devoted themselves to the life of the predatory warrior and the shepherd; and the intervals of their incursions were often employed in celebrating their martial exploits.

The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,
 Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky ;
 While through inverted alder boughs below
 The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

On these fair banks thine ancient bards no more,
 Enchanting stream ! their melting numbers pour ;
 But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,
 Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time was young :
 And those who tread with holy feet the ground,
 At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound ;
 When river breezes wave their dewy wings,
 And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

What earthly hand presumes, aspiring bold,
 The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,

Hence, this district became the very cradle of Scottish song, in every variety of melody, from the harsh and simple, but energetic war-songs of the Liddisdale borderers, to the soft and pathetic love-strains of the banks of the Tweed. These wild, but pleasing memorials of former times, though fading fast with every innovation of manners, still survive in the memory of the older peasants; and a poetical description of the striking features of the country seemed naturally to demand allusions to them. These allusions would have been more frequent, had not the subject received ample illustration in *THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER*, the work of a much-esteemed friend.

With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his head,
 And lead the plaintive chorus of the dead —
 He round the poplar's base shall nightly strew
 The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid blue,
 And still restrain the gaze, reverted keen,
 When round him deepen sighs from shapes unseen,
 And o'er his lonely head, like summer bees,
 The leaves self-moving tremble on the trees.
 When morn's first rays fall quivering on the strand,
 Then is the time to stretch the daring hand,
 And snatch it from the bending poplar pale,
 The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale.

If thou, Aurelia, bless the high design,
 And softly smile, that daring hand is mine!
 Wild on the breeze the thrilling lyre shall fling
 Melodious accents from each elfin string.
 Such strains the harp of haunted Merlin threw,*
 When from his dreams the mountain-sprites withdrew;

* MERLIN of Caledonia, from his habits of life named THE WILD, is said to have been one of the earliest poets of the south of Scotland whose name is preserved by history or tradition. Several compositions, attributed to him, or relating to him, still exist in the Welsh language, and have been lately printed in THE MYVYRIAN ARCHAIOLOGY OF WALES. Their strain of poetry is obscure, abrupt, and wild, but often reaches sublimity and pathos. His poetical reputation seems once to have been of greater celebrity than at present. Poole,

While, trembling to the wires that warbled shrill,
His apple-blossoms wav'd along the hill.

in his *English Parnassus*, p. 387, denominates Homer the Grecian Merlin. His poems abound in allusions to the events of his own life, which seems to have been marked by striking vicissitudes. He flourished between the years 530 and 590. According to some accounts, he was born at Caerwerthevin, near the forest of Caledon. This is probably Carnwath, as Merlin mentions Lanerk in his poems. He studied under the famous Taliessin, and became equally illustrious as a poet and a warrior. He was present at the battle of Arderyth, Atturith, or Atterith, in 577, where he had the misfortune to slay his nephew; and, being soon after seized with madness, he buried himself in the forests of the south of Scotland, where, in the lucid intervals of frenzy, he lamented his unhappy situation in wild pathetic strains. "I am a wild terrible screamer: raiment covers me not: affliction wounds me not: my reason is gone with the gloomy sprites of the mountain, and I myself am sad." In his *APPLE-TREES*, he describes the beautiful orchard which his prince had bestowed on him as a reward of his prowess in battle. "Seven score and seven are the fragrant apple-trees, equal in age, height, and magnitude, branching wide and high as a grove of the forest, crowned with lovely foliage, growing on the sunny slope of a green hill, guarded by a lovely nymph with pearly teeth." The recollection of this gift is excited by the view of an apple-tree, under which he appears to have rested during his frenzy. He describes it as a majestic tree, loaded with the sweetest fruit, growing in the sequestered recesses of the forest of Caledon, shading all, itself unshaded. With the recollection of his former situation returns his regret; and he complains to his lonely apple-tree, that he is hated by the warriors, and despised by the snowy swans of the Bri-

Hark ! how the mountain-echoes still retain
The memory of the prophet's boding strain !

“ Once more, begirt with many a martial peer,
Victorious Arthur shall his standard rear,

tons, who would formerly have wished to have reclined, like the harp, in his arms. Then, in a bold prophetic strain, he announces the return of Modred, and Arthur, monarch of the martial host. “ Again shall they rush to the battle of Camlan. Two days, swells the “ sound of the conflict, and only seven escape from the slaughter.” Arderyz, Atterith, or Atturith, the scene of the great battle, in which Merlin wore the golden torques, or chain of honour, is probably Eterrick. Fordun places the scene of the contest between the Liddel and Carwanolow (L. III. c. 51. ed. Bower. p. 156.) The celebrated Camlan may probably have been fought in the vicinity of Falkirk, where Camelon, the ancient capital of the Picts, is generally placed. This position accords sufficiently well with the situation of the kingdoms of the Britons, Scots, and Picts, to be the scene of a grand battle between the northern and southern tribes. The grave of Merlin is placed by tradition at Drummelzier, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree: but his prophetic fame has now obscured his poetical reputation. The most striking incidents in the life of the Scottish Merlin, the traditions relating to him, and the prophecies which he was supposed to have uttered, were, about 1150, collected by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his *VITA MERLINI CALEDONII*, a Latin poem in hexameter verse, which, in spite of the barbarism of the age, apparent in the metrical structure, as well as in the poverty and inelegance of the phraseology, displays in some passages a pleasing simplicity of description, and a selection of wild and striking images.

In ancient pomp his mailed bands display ;
 While nations wondering mark their strange array,
 Their proud commanding port, their giant form,
 The spirit's stride, that treads the northern storm.
 Where fate invites them to the dread repast,
 Dark Cheviot's eagles swarm on every blast ;
 On Camlan bursts the sword's impatient roar ;
 The war-horse wades with champing hoofs in gore ;
 The scythed car on grating axle rings ;
 Broad o'er the field the ravens join their wings ;
 Above the champions in the fateful hour
 Floats the black standard of the evil power."

Though many a wondrous tale of elder time
 Shall grace the wild traditionary rhyme,
 Yet, not of warring hosts and faulchion-wounds
 Again the harp of ancient minstrels sounds :
 Be mine to sing the meads, the pensile groves,
 And silver streams, which dear Aurelia loves.

From wilds of tawny heath and mosses dun,
 Through winding glens scarce pervious to the sun,
 Afraid to glitter in the noon-tide beam,
 The Teviot leads her young, sequester'd stream ;
 Till, far retiring from her native rills,
 She leaves the covert of her sheltering hills,

And, gathering wide her waters on their way,
With foamy force emerges into day.

Where'er she sparkles o'er her silver sand,
The daisied meads in glowing hues expand ;
Blue osiers whiten in their bending rows ;
Broad o'er the stream the pendent alder grows ;
But, more remote, the spangled fields unfold
Their bosoms, streak'd with vegetative gold ;
Gray downs ascending dimple into dales ;
The silvery birch hangs o'er the sloping vales ;
While, far remote, where flashing torrents shine,
In misty verdure towers the tapering pine,
And dusky heaths in sullen languor lie,
Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky.

As every prospect opens on my view,
I seem to live departed years anew ;
When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,
Each flower self-sown my heedless hours beguil'd ;
The wabret leaf*, that by the pathway grew,
The wild-briar rose, of pale and blushful hue,

* WABRET, or WABRON, a word of Saxon origin, is the common name for the plantain-leaf in Teviotdale. It is not unknown to the elder English poets. Cutwode has introduced it in the following fanciful description of a bee going on pilgrimage :—

The thistle's rolling wheel, of silken down,
 The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
 The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
 That, like a living pea-flower, skimm'd the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-gray stone,
 Where oft at eve I went to muse alone,
 And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,
 To count the gems that stud the nightly sky,
 Or think, as playful fancy wander'd far,
 How sweet it were to dance from star to star !

“ He made himself a pair of holy beads :
 The fifty *aves* were of gooseberries :
 The paternosters, and the holy creeds,
 Were made of red and goodly fair ripe cherries :
 Blessing his marigold with *ave-maries*,
 And on a staff made of a fennel-stalk
 The beadroll hangs, whilst he along did walk :
 And with the flower, monkshood, makes a cowl ;
 And of a gray dock got himself a gown ;
 And, looking like a fox or holy fool,
 He bars his little beard, and shaves his crown ;
 And in his pilgrimage goes up and down ;
 And with a *wabret-leaf* he made a wallet,
 With scrip, to beg his crumbs, and pick his sallet.”

Cutwode's Caltha Poetarum, Stanz. 116, 117.

Again I view each rude romantic glade,
Where once with tiny steps my childhood stray'd
To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling brook,
Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,
Who saw her nest, close thatch'd with ceaseless toil,
At summer-eve become the woodman's spoil.

How lightly then I chas'd from flower to flower
The lazy bee, at noon-tide's languid hour,
When, pausing faint beneath the sweltering heat,
The hive could scarce their drowsy hum repeat !

Nor scenes alone with summer-beauties bright,
But winter's terrors brought a wild delight,
With fringed flakes of snow that idly sail,
And windows tinkling shrill with dancing hail ;
While, as the drifting tempest darker blew,
White showers of blossoms seem'd the fields to strew.

Again, beside this silver riv'let's shore,
With green and yellow moss-flowers mottled o'er,
Beneath a shivering canopy reclin'd
Of aspen leaves, that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir,

Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,
 When peers in scatter'd tufts the yellow bloom,
 Or trace the path with tangling furze o'er-run ;
 When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,
 And pittering grasshoppers *, confus'dly shrill,
 Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.

* *The pittering grasshopper* occurs in "Oberon's Diet," a poem quoted in Poole's *English Parnassus*, 1677, p. 356.

" A little mushroom table spread,
 After a dance, they set on bread ;
 A yellow corn of parkey wheat,
 With some small sandy grits to eat
 His choice bits with ; and in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all the while his eye was serv'd,
 We cannot think his ear was starv'd,
 But that there was in place to stir
 His ears the *pittering* grasshopper."

This passage is taken from Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648, p. 136, but very unfaithfully. In the original author, it runs thus :

" A little mushroom table spread,
 After short prayers, they set on bread ;
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glittering grit, to eat
 His choice bits with ; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But, all this while his eye is serv'd,
 We must not think his ear was starv'd,
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen the *chirring* grasshopper."

Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie
 Serenely in the green-ribb'd clover's eye,
 To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,
 Unseen thy form, and undisturb'd thy rest !
 Oft have I listening mus'd the sultry day,
 And wonder'd what thy chirping song might say ;
 When nought was heard along the blossom'd lea,
 To join thy music, save the listless bee.

Since with weak step I trac'd each rising down,
 Nor dream'd of worlds beyond yon mountains brown,
 These scenes have ever to my heart been dear ;
 But still, Aurelia, most, when thou wert near !

On Eden's banks, in pensive fit reclin'd,
 Thy angel-features haunted still my mind ;
 And oft, when ardent fancy spurn'd control,
 The living image rush'd upon my soul,
 Fill'd all my heart, and mid the bustling crowd
 Bade me forgetful muse or think aloud ;
 While, as I sigh'd thy favourite scenes to view,
 Each lingering hour seemed lengthening as it flew.
 As Ovid, banish'd from his favourite fair,
 No gentle melting heart his grief to share,
 Was wont in plaintive accents to deplore
 Campania's scenes, along the Getic shore ;

A lifeless waste, unfann'd by vernal breeze,
 Where snow-flakes hung like leaves upon the trees:
 The fur-clad savage lov'd his aspect mild,*
 Kind as a father, gentle as a child,

* The following passages of Ovid's Elegies will elucidate this allusion. Some have supposed that the traditions of the country still preserve the memory of the illustrious exile.

“ Nec sumus hic odio, nec scilicet esse meremur;
 Nec cum fortuna mens quoque versa mea est.
 Illa quies animo, quam tu laudare solebas,
 Ille vetus solito perstat in ore pudor —
 Hoc facit, ut misero faveant adsintque Tomitæ;
 Hæc quoniam tellus testificanda mihi est:
 Illi me, quia velle vident, discedere malunt;
 Respectu cupiunt hic tamen esse sui.
 Nec mihi credideris: extant decreta quibus nos
 Laudat, et immunes publica cera facit:
 Conveniens miseris hæc quamquam gloria non est,
 Proxima dant nobis oppida munus idem.

De Ponto, Lib. IV. Eleg. 9.

Ah pudet, et Getico scripsi sermone libellum,
 Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis;
 Et placui, gratare mihi, cœpique poetæ
 Inter inhumanos nomen habere Getas.
 Materiam quæris? laudes de Cæsare dixi:
 Adjuta est novitas numine nostra Dei —
 Hæc ubi non patria perlegi scripta Camena,
 Venit et ad digitos ultima charta meos,
 Et caput et plenas omnes movere pharetras,
 Et longum Getico murmur in ore fuit.

Id. Lib. IV. Eleg. 15.

And though they pitied, still they bless'd the doom,
That bade the Getæ hear the songs of Rome.

Sweet scenes, conjoin'd with all that most endears
The cloudless morning of my tender years !
With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,
And wondering feel myself the child no more :
Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same ; —
But sad the tear which lost affections claim.

Aurelia ! mark yon silver clouds unroll'd,
Where far in ether hangs each shining fold,
That on the breezy billow idly sleeps,
Or climbs ambitious up the azure steeps !
Their snowy ridges seem to heave and swell
With airy domes, where parted spirits dwell ;
Untainted souls, from this terrestrial mould
Who fled, before the priest their names had told.

On such an eve as this, so mild and clear,
I follow'd to the grave a sister's bier.
As sad by Teviot I retir'd alone,
The setting sun with silent splendour shone ;
Sublime emotions reach'd my purer mind ;
The fear of death, the world was left behind.

I saw the thin-spread clouds of summer lie,
 Like shadows, on the soft cerulean sky :
 As each its silver bosom seem'd to bend,
 Rapt fancy heard an angel-voice descend,
 Melodious as the strain which floats on high,
 To soothe the sleep of blameless infancy ;
 While, soft and slow, aerial music flow'd,
 To hail the parted spirit on its road.
 " To realms of purer light," it seem'd to say,
 " Thyself as pure, fair sufferer, come away !
 " The moon, whose silver beams are bath'd in dew,
 " Sleeps on her mid-way cloud of softest blue ;
 " Her watery light, that trembles on the tree,
 " Shall safely lead thy viewless steps to me."
 As o'er my heart the sweet illusions stole,
 A wilder influence charm'd and aw'd my soul ;
 Each graceful form that vernal nature wore
 Rous'd keen sensations never felt before ;
 The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
 The haunted mountain-streams that murmur'd near,
 The antique tomb-stone, and the church-yard green,
 Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen.
 Oft, when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
 I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
 Heard on the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,
 Or airy skirts unseen that rustled by.

The lyre of woe, that oft had sooth'd my pain,
 Soon learn'd to breathe a more heroic strain,
 And bade the weeping birch her branches wave
 In mournful murmurs o'er the warrior's grave.

Where rising Teviot-joins the Frostylee,
 Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree.
 No verdant wood-bine wreaths their age adorn;
 Bare are the boughs, the knarled roots upturn.
 Here shone no sun-beam, fell no summer-dew,
 Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,
 Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied,*
 True to his country, as a traitor died.

* The song of "JOHNIE ARMSTRANG" is still universally popular on the Scottish Border, and was so great a favourite among the inhabitants of the northern counties of England, that the residence of the hero was transferred from the higher Teviotdale to Westmoreland, as in the beginning of the well-known English ballad,

"Is there ever a man in *Westmoreland*."

This famous Border warrior was brother of the chief of the Armstrongs, once a powerful clan on the Scottish March. He resided at Gilnockie, the ruins of which are still to be seen at the Hollows, a beautiful romantic scene, a few miles from Langholm. By his power, or his depredations, having incurred the animosity and jealousy of some of the powerful nobles at the court of James V. he was enticed to the camp of that prince, during a rapid expedition to the Border, about 1550, and hanged, with all his retinue, on growing trees, at Carlenrig chapel, about ten miles above Hawick.

Yon mouldering cairns, by ancient hunters plac'd,
 Where blends the meadow with the marshy waste,
 Mark where the gallant warriors lie : — but long
 Their fame shall flourish in the Scotian song ;
 The Scotian song, whose deep impulsive tones
 Each thrilling fibre, true to passion, owns,
 When, soft as gales o'er summer seas that blow,
 The plaintive music warbles love-lorn woe,
 Or, wild and loud, the fierce exulting strain
 Swells its bold notes triumphant o'er the slain.

Such themes inspire the Border shepherd's tale,
 When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful gale,
 And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
 As by red ember-light the damsels spin :
 Each chaunts by turns the song his soul approves,
 Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

The graves of Armstrong and his company are still shown, in a deserted church-yard in its vicinity. The Borderers, especially the clan of the Armstrongs, reprobated this act of severity, and narrated his fate in a beautiful dirge, which exhibits many traces of pure natural feeling, while it is highly descriptive of the manners of the time. It is still a current tradition, that the trees on which he and his men were hanged were immediately blasted, and withered away. His spirited expostulation with the Scottish king is genuine history, being related by Lindsay of Pitscottie. Vid. "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. I. p. 55.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,
 In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,
 With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallow'd ground ;
 While narrowing still the circle closes round,
 Till, shrinking pale from nameless shapes of fear,
 Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear.

What minstrel wrought these lays of magic power,
 A swain once taught me in his summer-bower,
 As round his knees in playful age I hung,
 And eager listen'd to the lays he sung.

Where Bortha * hoarse, that loads the meads with
 sand,
 Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,

* Bortha, the rivulet Borthwick, which falls into the Teviot a little above Hawick. The vale was formerly inhabited by a race of Scotts, retainers of the powerful family of Harden, famed in Border history for the extent of their depredations. The lands they possessed were chiefly overgrown with heath, and were well described by that couplet, in which Scott of Satchells, in his History of the name of Scott, characterizes the territories of Buccleugh :

“ Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
 Buccleugh had had a noble grist.”

Tradition relates, that, amid the plunder of household furniture hastily carried off by them, in one of their predatory incursions, a child was found enveloped in the heap, who was adopted into the clan, and fostered by Mary Scott, commonly known by the epithet

Through slaty hills whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
 Where springs in scatter'd tufts the dark-green corn,
 Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale;
 And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
 A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
 The SCOTT, to rival realms a mighty bar,
 Here fix'd his mountain-home; — a wide domain,
 And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
 But, what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
 From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
 The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;

of the *Flower of Yarrow*, who married the celebrated Watt, or Walter, of Harden, about the latter part of the sixteenth century. This child of fortune became afterwards celebrated as a poet, and is said to have composed many of the popular songs of the Border; but tradition has not preserved his name. It is curious, that a similar tradition exists among the Macgregors; in one of whose predatory incursions into Lennox, a child in a cradle was carried off among the plunder. He was, in like manner, adopted into the clan; and, on the proscription of the Macgregors, composed many pathetic songs in which he lamented their fall. The greater part of these still exist, and might perhaps throw some light on that horrid transaction; but a history of the Highland clans, illustrated by authenticated facts and traditional poetry, is still a desideratum in Scottish literature.

And, as the massy portals wide were flung,
 With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
 What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her lattic'd hall,
 Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?
 'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who through the gloom
 Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.
 Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,
 Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
 With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
 And from the hurried heaps an infant drew:
 Scar'd at the light, his little hands he flung
 Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
 While beauteous Mary sooth'd in accents mild
 His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster-child.
 Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
 Nor lov'd the scenes that scar'd his infant view.
 In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
 He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
 Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
 Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
 The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill,
 When evening brings the merry folding-hours,
 And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.

He liv'd, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
 To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier ;
 But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
 Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom :
 He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
 Sav'd other names, and left his own unsung.

Nurs'd in these wilds, a lover of the plains,
 I sing, like him, the joys of inland swains,
 Who climb their loftiest mountain-peaks, to view
 From far the cloud-like waste of ocean blue.
 But not, like his, with unperceiv'd decay
 My days in fancy's dreams shall melt away ;
 For soon yon sun, that here so softly gleams,
 Shall see me tossing on the ocean-streams.
 Yet still 'tis sweet to trace each youthful scene,
 And conjure up the days which might have been,
 Live o'er the fancied suns which ne'er shall roll,
 And woo the charm of song to soothe my soul,
 Paint the fair scenes which charm'd when life began,
 And in the infant stamp'd the future man.

From yon green peak black haunted Slata * brings
 The gushing torrents of unfathom'd springs :

* Slata is the Sletrig, which rises on the skirts of Wineburgh,
 runs through a wild romantic district, and falls into the Teviot at

In a dead lake, that ever seems to freeze,
 By sedge inclos'd from every ruffling breeze,
 The fountains lie ; and shuddering peasants shrink
 To plunge the stone within the fearful brink :
 For here, 'tis said, the fairy hosts convene,
 With noisy talk, and bustling steps unseen ;

Hawick. Wineburgh, from which it derives its source, is a green hill of considerable height, regarded by the peasants as a resort of the fairies, the sound of whose revels is said to be often heard by the shepherd, while he is unable to see them. On its top is a small, deep, and black lake, believed by the peasants to be bottomless; to disturb the waters of which, by throwing stones into it, is reckoned offensive to the spirits of the mountain. Tradition relates, that, about the middle of last century, a stone having been inadvertently cast into it by a shepherd, a deluge of water burst suddenly from the hill, swelled the rivulet Sletrig, and inundated the town of Hawick. However fabulous be this assigned cause of the inundation, the fact of the inundation itself is ascertained, and was probably the consequence of the bursting of a water-spout on the hill of Wineburgh. Lakes and pits on the tops of mountains are regarded in the Border with a degree of superstitious horror, as the porches or entrances of the subterraneous habitations of the fairies; from which confused murmurs, the cries of children, moaning voices, the ringing of bells, and the sounds of musical instruments, are often supposed to be heard. Round these hills, the green fairy circles are believed to wind in a spiral direction, till they reach the descent to the central cavern; so that if the unwary traveller be benighted on the charmed ground, he is inevitably conducted by an invisible power to the fearful descent.

The hill resounds with strange, unearthly cries ;
 And moaning voices from the waters rise.
 Here oft in sweetest sounds is heard the chime
 Of bells unholy from the fairy clime ;
 The tepid gales, that in these regions blow,
 Oft on the brink dissolve the mountain-snow ;
 Around the deep that seeks the downward sky,
 In mazes green the haunted ringlets lie.
 Woe to the upland swain who, wandering far,
 The circle treads beneath the evening star !
 His feet the witch-grass green impels to run
 Full on the dark descent he strives to shun ;
 Till, on the giddy brink, o'erpower'd by charms,
 The fairies clasp him in unhallow'd arms,
 Doom'd with the crew of restless foot to stray
 The earth by night, the nether realms by day ;
 Till seven long years their dangerous circuit run,
 And call the wretch to view this upper sun.
 Nor long the time, if village-saws be true,
 Since in the deep a hardy peasant threw
 A ponderous stone ; when, murmuring from below,
 With gushing sound he heard the lake o'erflow.
 The mighty torrent, foaming down the hills,
 Call'd with strong voice on all her subject rills ;
 Rocks drove on jagged rocks with thundering sound,
 And the red waves impatient rent their mound ;

On Hawick burst the flood's resistless sway,
 Plough'd the pav'd streets, and tore the walls away,
 Floated high roofs, from whelming fabricks torn;
 While pillar'd arches down the wave were borne.

Boast ! Hawick *, boast ! Thy structures, rear'd in
 blood,
 Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood,
 Still doom'd to prosper, since on Flodden's field
 Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield,
 Fell with their martial king, and (glorious boast !)
 Gain'd proud renown where Scotia's fame was lost.

Between red ezlar banks, that frightful scowl,
 Fring'd with gray hazel, roars the mining Roull ;
 Where Turnbolls † once, a race no power could awe,
 Lin'd the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw.

* Few towns in Scotland have been so frequently subjected to the ravages of war as Hawick. Its inhabitants were famous for their military prowess. At the fatal battle of Flodden they were nearly exterminated; but the survivors gallantly rescued their standard from the disaster of the day.

† The valley of the Roul, or Rule, was till a late period chiefly inhabited by the Turnbolls, descendants of a hardy, turbulent clan, that derived its name and origin from a man of enormous strength, who rescued king Robert Bruce, when hunting in the forest of Callender, from the attack of a Scottish bison. The circumstance

Bold was the chief, from whom their line they drew,
 Whose nervous arm the furious bison slew ;
 The bison, fiercest race of Scotia's breed,
 Whose bounding course outstripp'd the red deer's speed.
 By hunters chaf'd, encircled on the plain,
 He frowning shook his yellow lion-mane,
 Spurn'd with black hoof in bursting rage the ground,
 And fiercely toss'd his moony horns around. 2
 On Scotia's lord he rush'd with lightning speed,
 Bent his strong neck, to toss the startled steed ;
 His arms robust the hardy hunter flung
 Around his bending horns, and upward wrung,
 With writhing force his neck retorted round,
 And roll'd the panting monster on the ground,
 Crush'd with enormous strength his bony skull ;
 And courtiers hail'd the man who *turn'd the bull*.

is mentioned by Boece, in his history of Scotland. He describes the Scottish bison as of a white colour, with a crisp and curling mane, like a lion. It abhorred the sight of men, and attacked them with dreadful impetuosity; it refused to taste the grass, for several days, that had been touched by man, and died of grief when taken and confined. Its motion was swift and bounding, resembling that of a deer, the agile make of which it combined in its form with the strength of the ox. The breed is now extinct. From this action, the name of the hero was changed from Rule to Turnbull, and he received a grant of the lands of Bedrule. 7

How wild and harsh the moorland music floats,
 When clamorous curlews scream with long-drawn notes,
 Or, faint and piteous, wailing plovers pipe,
 Or, loud and louder still, the soaring snipe !
 And here the lonely lapwing whoops along,
 That piercing shrieks her still-repeated song,
 Flaps her blue wing, displays her pointed crest,
 And cowering lures the peasant from her nest.
 But if where all her dappled treasure lies
 He bend his steps, no more she round him flies ;
 Forlorn, despairing of a mother's skill,
 Silent and sad, she seeks the distant hill.

The tiny heath-flowers now begin to blow ; *
 The russet moor assumes a richer glow ;

* " In the deserts and moors of this realm," says Boece, " grows an herb named heather, very nutritive to beasts, birds, and especially to bees. In the month of June it produces a flower of purple hue, as sweet as honey. Of this flower the Picts made a delicious and wholesome liquor. The manner of making it has perished with the extermination of the Picts, as they never showed the craft of making it, except to their own blood." The traditions of Teviotdale add that, when the Pictish nations were exterminated, it was found that only two persons had survived the slaughter, a father and a son. They were brought before Kenneth, the conqueror, and their life was offered them, on condition the father would discover the method of making the heath-liquor. " Put this young man to death, then," said the hoary warrior. The barbarous terms were complied with ;

The powdery bells, that glance in purple bloom,
 Fling from their scented cups a sweet perfume ;
 While from their cells, still moist with morning dew,
 The wandering wild bee sips the honied glue :
 In wider circle wakes the liquid hum,
 And far remote the mingled murmurs come.

Where, panting, in his chequer'd plaid involv'd,
 At noon the listless shepherd lies dissolv'd,
 Mid yellow crow-bells, on the riv'let's banks,
 Where knotted rushes twist in matted ranks,

and he was required to fulfil his engagement. " Now, put me to death, too," replied he. " You shall never know the secret. Your threats might have influenced my son; but they are lost on me." The king condemned the veteran savage to life; and tradition further relates, that his life, as the punishment of his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal existence. When some ages had passed, and the ancient Pict was blind and bed-rid, he overheard some young men vaunting of their feats of strength. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to compare the strength of modern men with those of the times which were only talked of as a fable. They reached to him a bar of iron, which he broke between his hands, saying, " You are not feeble, but you cannot be compared to the men of ancient times." Such are the romantic forms which historical facts assume, after long tradition; and such are the original materials of popular poetry.

The breeze, that trembles through the whistling bent,
 Sings in his placid ear of sweet content,
 And wanton blows with eddies whirling weak
 His yellow hair across his ruddy cheek.
 His is the lulling music of the rills,
 Where, drop by drop, the scanty current spills
 Its waters o'er the shelves that wind across,
 Or filters through the yellow, hairy moss.
 'Tis his, recumbent by the well-spring clear,
 When leaves are broad, and oats are in the ear,
 And marbled clouds contract the arch on high,
 To read the changes of the flecker'd sky;
 What bodes the fiery drake at sultry noon;
 What rains or winds attend the changing moon,
 When circles round her disk of yellowish hue
 Portentous close, while yet her horns are new;
 Or, when the evening sky looks mild and gray,
 If crimson tints shall streak the opening day.
 Such is the science to the peasant dear,
 Which guides his labour through the varied year;
 While he, ambitious mid his brother swains
 To shine, the pride and wonder of the plains,
 Can in the pimpernel's red-tinted flowers,
 As close their petals, read the measur'd hours,
 Or tell, as short or tall his shadow falls,
 How clicks the clock within the manse's walls.

Though with the rose's flaring crimson dye
 The heath-flower's modest blossom ne'er can vie,
 Nor to the bland caresses of the gale
 Of morn, like her, expand the purple veil,
 The swain, who mid her fragrance finds repose,
 Prefers her tresses to the gaudy rose,
 And bids the wild bee, her companion, come
 To sooth his slumbers with her airy hum.

Sweet, modest flower, in lonely deserts dun
 Retiring still for converse with the sun,
 Whose sweets invite the soaring lark to stoop,
 And from thy cells the honied dew-bell scoop,
 Though unobtrusive all thy beauties shine,
 Yet boast, thou rival of the purpling vine !
 For once thy mantling juice was seen to laugh
 In pearly cups, which monarchs lov'd to quaff;
 And frequent wake the wild inspired lay,
 On Teviot's hills, beneath the Pictish sway.

When clover-fields have lost their tints of green,
 And beans are full, and leaves are blanch'd and lean,
 And winter's piercing breath prepares to drain
 The thin green blood from every poplar's vein,
 How grand the scene yon russet down displays,
 While far the withering heaths with moor-burn blaze !

The pillar'd smoke ascends with ashen gleam ;
 Aloft in air the arching flashes stream ;
 With rushing, crackling noise the flames aspire,
 And roll one deluge of devouring fire ;
 The timid flocks shrink from the smoky heat,
 Their pasture leave, and in confusion bleat,
 With curious look the flaming billows scan,
 As whirling gales the red combustion fan.

So, when the storms through Indian forests rave,
 And bend the pliant canes in curling wave,
 Grind their silicious joints with ceaseless ire,
 Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire,
 A brazen light bedims the burning sky,
 And shuts each shrinking star's refulgent eye ;
 The forest roars, where crimson surges play,
 And flash through lurid night infernal day ;
 Floats far and loud the hoarse, discordant yell
 Of ravening pards, which harmless crowd the dell
 While boa-snakes to wet savannahs trail
 Awkward a lingering, lazy length of tail ;
 The barbarous tiger whets his fangs no more,
 To lap with torturing pause his victim's gore ;
 Curb'd of their rage, hyenas gaunt are tame,
 And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

But far remote, ye careful shepherds, lead
 Your wanton flocks to pasture on the mead,
 While from the flame the bladed grass is young,
 Nor crop the slender spikes that scarce have sprung ;
 Else, your brown heaths to sterile wastes you doom,
 While frisking lambs regret the heath-flower's bloom !
 And ah ! when smiles the day, and fields are fair,
 Let the black smoke ne'er clog the burthen'd air !
 Or soon, too soon, the transient smile shall fly,
 And chilling mildews ripen in the sky,
 The heartless flocks shrink shivering from the cold,
 Reject the fields, and linger in the fold.

Lo ! in the vales, where wandering riv'lets run,
 The fleecy mists shine gilded in the sun,
 Spread their loose folds, till now the lagging gale
 Unfurls no more its lightly skimming sail,
 But through the hoary flakes, that fall like snow,
 Gleams in ethereal hue the watery bow.
 'Tis ancient Silence, rob'd in thistle-down,
 Whose snowy locks its fairy circles crown ;
 His vesture moves not, as he hovers lone,
 While curling fogs compose his airy throne ;
 Serenely still, self-pois'd, he rests on high,
 And soothes each infant breeze that fans the sky.

The mists ascend ; — the mountains scarce are free,
 Like islands floating in a billowy sea ;
 While on their chalky summits glimmering dance
 The sun's last rays across the gray expanse :
 As sink the hills in waves that round them grow,
 The hoary surges scale the cliff's tall brow ;
 The fleecy billows o'er its head are hurl'd,
 As ocean once embrac'd the prostrate world.

So, round Caffraria's cape the polar storm
 Collects black spiry clouds of dragon form :
 Flash livid lightnings o'er the blackening deep,
 Whose mountain-waves in silent horror sleep ;
 The sanguine sun, again emerging bright,
 Darts through the clouds long watery lines of light ;
 The deep, congeal'd to lead, now heaves again,
 While foamy surges furrow all the main ;
 Broad shallows whiten in tremendous row ;
 Deep gurgling murmurs echo from below ;
 And o'er each coral reef the billows come and go.

†
 Oft have I wander'd in my vernal years
 Where Ruberslaw his misty summit rears,
 And, as the fleecy surges clos'd amain,
 To gain the top have trac'd that shelving lane,

Where every shallow stripe of level green,
 That winding runs the shatter'd crags between,
 Is rudely notch'd across the grassy rind
 In awkward letters by the rural hind.
 When fond and faithful swains assemble gay,
 To meet their loves on rural holiday,
 The trace of each obscure, decaying name
 Of some fond pair records the secret flame.
 And here the village-maiden bends her way,
 When vows are broke, and fading charms decay,
 Sings her soft sorrow to the mountain gale,
 And weeps, that love's delusions e'er should fail.
 Here too the youthful widow comes, to clear
 From weeds a name to fond affection dear :
 She pares the sod, with bursting heart, and cries,
 " The hand, that trac'd it, in the cold grave lies ! " —

Ah ! dear Aurelia ! when this arm shall guide
 Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,
 When I to pine in eastern realms have gone,
 And years have pass'd, and thou remain'st alone,
 Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful flame,
 Regard the turf where first I carv'd thy name,
 And think thy wanderer, far beyond the sea,
 False to his heart, was ever true to thee ?

Why bend, so sad, that kind, regretful view,
 As every moment were my last adieu?
 Ah! spare that tearful look, 'tis death to see,
 Nor break the tortur'd heart that bleeds for thee!
 That snowy check, that moist and gelid brow,
 Those quivering lips, that breathe the unfinish'd vow,
 These eyes, that still with dimming tears o'erflow,
 Will haunt me, when thou canst not see my woe.
 Not yet, with fond but self-accusing pain,
 Mine eyes reverted linger o'er the main;
 But, sad, as he that dies in early spring,
 When flowers begin to blow, and larks to sing,
 When nature's joy a moment warms his heart,
 And makes it doubly hard with life to part,
 I hear the whispers of the dancing gale,
 And fearful listen for the flapping sail,
 Seek in these natal shades a short relief,
 And steal a pleasure from maturing grief.

Yes! in these shades, this fond, adoring mind
 Had hop'd in thee a dearer self to find,
 Still from thy form some lurking grace to glean,
 And wonder it so long remain'd unseen;
 Hop'd, those seducing graces might impart
 Their native sweetness to this sterner heart,

While those dear eyes, in pearly light that shine,
Fond thought ! should borrow manlier beams from mine.
Ah ! fruitless hope of bliss, that ne'er shall be !
Shall but this lonely heart survive to me ?
No ! in the temple of my purer mind
Thine imag'd form shall ever live enshrined,
And hear the vows, to first affection due,
Still breath'd — for love that ceases ne'er was true.

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SCENES OF INFANCY.

PART II.

*I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers; —
I write of groves, of twilight; and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy-king:
I write of youth, of love, &c.*

HERRICK'S HESPERIDES.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

 PART II.

STAR of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day,
 Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,
 From thy moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold
 To kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold !
 Sweet daisy, flower of love ! when birds are pair'd,
 'Tis sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bar'd,
 Smiling in virgin innocence serene,
 Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.
 The lark, with sparkling eye and rustling wing,
 Rejoins his widow'd mate in early spring,
 And, as he prunes his plumes of russet hue,
 Swears on thy maiden blossom to be true.

When May-day comes, the morning of the year,
 And from young April dries the gelid tear,

When, as the verdure spreads, the bird is seen
 No more, that sings amid the hawthorns green,
 In lovelier tints thy swelling blossoms blow,
 The leaflets red between the leaves of snow.
 The damsel now, whose love-awaken'd mind
 First hopes to leave her infancy behind,
 Glides o'er the untrodden mead at dawning hour,
 To seek the matin-dew of mystic power,
 Bends o'er the mirror-stream with blushful air,
 And weaves thy modest flower amid her hair.

Oft have I watch'd thy closing buds at eve,
 Which for the parting sun-beams seem'd to grieve,
 And, when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,
 Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again :
 Nor he, who sung — “ The daisy is so sweet,” * —
 More dearly lov'd thy pearly form to greet ;
 When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
 And dames at tournaments shone with daisies crown'd,

* Few of our English poets have celebrated the daisy so much as Chaucer, who lost no opportunity of singing its praise. In the days of chivalry, the daisy was the emblem of fidelity in love; and was frequently borne at tournaments, both by ladies and knights. Alcestis was supposed to have been metamorphosed into this flower, and was therefore reckoned “ the daisy-queen.” Chaucer beautifully describes the procession of the daisy-queen and her nymphs with the God of love, in the prologue to his *Legend of Good Women*.

And fays forsook the purer fields above,
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

Ne'er have I chanc'd upon the moonlight-green,
In May's sweet month, to see the daisy-queen,
With all her train in emerald vest array'd ;
As Chaucer once the radiant show survey'd.
Graceful and slow advanc'd the stately fair ;
A sparkling fillet bound her golden hair ;
With snowy florouns was her chaplet set,
Where living rubies rais'd each curious fret,
Sweet as the daisy, in her vernal pride ;
The god of love attendant by her side :
His silken vest was purpled o'er with green,
And crimson rose-leaves wrought the sprigs between ;
His diadem, a topaz, beam'd so bright,
The moon was dazzled with its purer light.

This Chaucer saw ; but fancy's power denies
Such splendid visions to our feebler eyes :
Yet sure, with nymphs as fair, by Teviot's strand,
I oft have roam'd, to see the flower expand ;
When, like the daisy-nymph, above the rest
Aurelia's peerless beauty shone confest.
Lightly we danc'd in many a frolic ring,
And welcom'd May with every flower of spring :

Each smile, that sparkled in her artless eye,
 Nor own'd her passion, nor could quite deny ;
 As blithe I bath'd her flushing cheek with dew,
 And on the daisy swore to love her true.

Still in these meads, beside the daisy-flower,
 I love to see the spiky rye-grass tower ;
 While o'er the folding swathes the mowers bend,
 And sharpening scythes their grating echoes send
 Far o'er the thymy fields. With frequent pause,
 His sweepy stroke the lusty mower draws,
 Impels the circling blade with sounding sway,
 Nods to the maids that spread the winnowing hay,
 Draws from the grass the wild bee's honied nest,
 And hands to her he prizes o'er the rest.

Again the ruthless weapon sweeps the ground ;
 And the gray corn-craik trembles at the sound.*
 Her callow brood around her covering cling —
 She braves its edge — she mourns her sever'd wing.
 Oft had she taught them with a mother's love
 To note the pouncing merlin from the dove,
 The slowly floating buzzard's eye to shun,
 As o'er the meads he hovers in the sun,

* The *Corn-craik* is a provincial term, by which the Rail is denominated in many parts of England and Scotland.

The weazel's sly imposture to prevent,
 And mark the martin by his musky scent : —
 Ah ! fruitless skill, which taught her not to scan
 The scythe afar, and ruthless arm of man !
 In vain her mate, as evening shadows fall,
 Shall lingering wait for her' accusom'd call ;
 The shepherd boys shall oft her loss deplore,
 That mock'd her notes beside the cottage-door.

The noon-breeze pauses now, that lightly blew ;
 The brooding sky assumes a darker hue ;
 Blue watery streaks, diverging, downwards run,
 Like rays of darkness, from the lurid sun ;
 The shuddering leaves of fern are trembling still ;
 A horrid stillness creeps from hill to hill ;
 A conscious tremor nature seems to feel,
 And silent waits the thunder's awful peal.
 The veil is burst ; — the brazen concave rends
 Its fiery arch ; — one lurid stream descends.
 Hark ! from yon beetling cliff, whose summit rude
 Projecting nods above the hanging wood,
 Rent from its solid base, with crashing sound
 Downward it rolls, and ploughs the shelving ground.
 The peasants awe-struck bend with reverent air,
 And pausing leave the half-completed prayer ;

Then, as the thunder distant rolls away,
 And yellow sun-beams swim through drizzly spray,
 Begin to talk, what woes the rock portends,
 Which from its jutting base the lightning rends :
 Then circles many a legendary tale
 Of Douglas' race, foredoom'd without a male
 To fade, unblest'd, since on the church-yard green
 Its lord o'erthrew the spires of Hazel-dean ;*
 For sacred ruins long respect demand,
 And curses light on the destroyer's hand.

Green Cavers, hallow'd by the Douglas name,
 Tower from thy woods ! assert thy former fame !
 Hoist the broad standard of thy peerless line,
 Till Percy's Norman banner bow to thine !
 The hoary oaks, that round thy turrets stand —
 Hark ! how they boast each mighty planter's hand !

* Hazel-dean was the name of an ancient church, on the river Teviot, long since defaced by a branch of the family of Douglas ; which supposed sacrilege, popular superstition imagined, could be expiated only by the extinction of the male line of the family. A reverence for places of worship, scarcely consistent with the simplicity of the Presbyterian forms of religion, prevails in the south of Scotland.

Lords of the border ! where their pennons flew,*
 Mere mortal might could ne'er their arms subdue:
 Their sword, the scythe of ruin, mow'd a host ;
 Nor Death a triumph o'er the line could boast.

Where rolls o'er Otter's dales the surge of war, †
 One mighty beacon blazes, vast and far.
 The Norman archers round their chieftain flock ;
 The Percy hurries to the spearmen's shock :
 " Raise, minstrels, raise the pealing notes of war !
 " Shoot, till broad arrows dim each shrinking star !
 " Beam o'er our deeds, fair sun, thy golden light ;
 " Nor be the warrior's glory lost in night !"
 In vain !—his standards sink !—his squadrons yield ;—
 His bowmen fly :— a dead man gains the field.

The song of triumph Teviot's maids prepare.
 Oh, where is he? the victor Douglas where?

* The pennon of Percy, gained in single combat at Newcastle, by Douglas, before the battle of Otterburn, is still preserved by Douglas of Cavers, the lineal descendant of the chieftain by whom the battle was won.

† The battle of Otterburn was precipitated by the gallant Percy, that he might not be counted by Douglas a recreant knight, for the breach of his promise to fight him on the third day. For his speech, on receiving the message which announced the approach of the army of York, see the ancient heroic ballad of the battle of Otterburn.

Beneath the circling fern he bows his head,
That weaves a wreath of triumph o'er the dead.

In lines of crystal shine the wandering rills
Down the green slopes of Minto's sun-bright hills,
Whose castled crags in hoary pomp sublime
Ascend, the ruins of primeval time.
The peasants, lingering in the vales below,
See their white peaks with purple radiance glow,
When setting sunbeams on the mountains dance,
Fade, and return to steal a parting glance.

So, when the hardy chamois-hunters pass
O'er mounds of crusted snows and seas of glass,
Where, far above our living atmosphere,
The desert rocks their crystal summits rear,
Bright on their sides the silver sunbeams play,
Beyond the rise of morn and close of day :
O'er icy cliffs the hunters oft incline,
To watch the rays that far through darkness shine,
And, as they gaze, the fairy radiance deem
Some Alpine carbuncle's enchanted gleam.

Mark, in yon vale, a solitary stone,
Shunn'd by the swain, with loathsome weeds o'ergrown !

The yellow stone-crop shoots from every pore,
 With scaly, sapless lichens crusted o'er :
 Beneath the base, where starving hemlocks creep,
 The yellow pestilence is buried deep, *

* Tradition still records, with many circumstances of horror, the ravages of the pestilence in Scotland. According to some accounts, gold seems to have had a kind of chemical attraction for the matter of infection, and it is frequently represented as concentrating its virulence in a pot of gold. According to others, it seems to have been regarded as a kind of spirit or monster, like the cockatrice, which it was deadly to look on, and is sometimes termed "THE BAD YELLOW." Adomnan, in his life of St. Columba, relates, that the Picts and Scots of Britain were the only nations that escaped the ravages of the pestilence, which desolated Europe in the seventh century. Wyntown relates, that Scotland was first afflicted with this formidable epidemic in 1349.

" In Scotland the first pestilence
 Began of so great violence,
 That it was said, of living men
 The third part it destroyed then ;
 After that, intill Scotland
 A year or more it was *wedand* ;
 Before that time was never seen
 A pestilence in our land so keen.
 Both men, and bairns, and women,
 It spared not for to kill then."

Wyntown's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 271.

In numerous places of Scotland, the peasants point out large flat stones, under which they suppose the pestilence to be buried, and which they are anxious not to raise, lest it should emerge, and again

Where first its course, as aged swains have told,
It stay'd, concenter'd in a vase of gold.

Here oft at sunny noon the peasants pause,
While many a tale their mute attention draws ;
And, as the younger swains with active feet
Pace the loose weeds, and the flat tombstone mete,
What curse shall seize the guilty wretch they tell
Who drags the monster from his midnight cell,
And, smit by love of all-alluring gold,
Presumes to stir the deadly, tainted mold.

contaminate the atmosphere. The Bass of Inverury, an earthen mount, about 200 feet high, is said by tradition to have been once a castle, which was walled up and covered with earth, because the inhabitants were infected with the plague. It stands on the banks of the Ury; against which stream it is defended by buttresses, built by the inhabitants of Inverury, who were alarmed by a prophecy, ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, and preserved by tradition.

“ Dee and Don, they shall run on,
And Tweed shall run, and Tay;
And the bonny water of Ury
Shall bear the Bass away.”

The inhabitants of Inverury sagaciously concluded, that this prediction could not be accomplished without releasing the imprisoned pestilence, and, to guard against this fatal event, they raised ramparts against the encroachments of the stream.

From climes, where noxious exhalations steam
 O'er aguey flats, by Nile's redundant stream,
 It came. — The mildew'd cloud, of yellow hue,
 Drops from its putrid wings the blistering dew.
 The peasants mark the strange discolour'd air,
 And from their homes retreat in wild despair ;
 Each friend they seek, their hapless fate to tell ; —
 But hostile lances still their flight repel.
 Ah ! vainly wise, who soon must join the train,
 To seek the help your friends implor'd in vain !
 To heaths and swamps the cultur'd field returns ;
 Unheard-of deeds retiring virtue mourns :
 For, mix'd with fell diseases, o'er the clime
 Rain the foul seeds of every baleful crime ;
 Fearless of fate, devoid of future dread,
 Pale wretches rob the dying and the dead :
 The sooty raven, as he flutters by,
 Avoids the heaps where naked corpses lie ;
 The prowling wolves, that round the hamlet swarm,
 Tear the young babe from the frail mother's arm ;
 Full gorg'd the monster, in the desert bred,
 Howls long and dreary o'er the unburied dead.

Two beauteous maids the dire infection shun, *
 Where Dena's valley fronts the southern sun ;

* This traditional story, which is nearly the same as that on which Ramsay's ballad of " Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" is founded, is

While friendship sweet, and love's delightful power,
 With fern and rushes thatch'd their summer-bower.
 When spring invites the sister-friends to stray,
 One graceful youth, companion of their way,
 Bars their retreat from each obtrusive eye,
 And bids the lonely hours unheeded fly,
 Leads their light steps beneath the hazel spray,
 Where moss-lin'd boughs exclude the blaze of day,

common to various parts of Scotland. The scene of the catastrophe of the lovers, celebrated in the popular song, is referred by local tradition to a valley in the vicinity of Logie Almond. The Border tradition relates, that two young ladies, of great beauty and accomplishments, entertained an extraordinary friendship for each other; a friendship so uncommon, indeed, that it continued unimpaired even by the unexpected circumstance of finding themselves rivals for the affection of a young man, with whom both had lived in habits of intimacy. During the ravages of the pestilence, they retired to a sequestered glen, where they inhabited a cottage, without informing any person of the place of their retreat. Their lover, whose affection was so equally attracted by the fair rivals, that he could form no decision of preference, at last discovered their recess. On inquiring concerning their manner of life in this solitary situation, he found that, not daring to visit places of public resort, they had been under the necessity of subsisting chiefly on snails; and with surprise he perceived that they looked more beautiful than ever. Unwilling, however, that they should subsist on such diet, he ventured to visit the nearest town, to procure them provisions. There he unfortunately caught the pestilence, which he communicated to his fair friends, who fell, with their lover, victims of the contagion.

And ancient rowans mix their berries red
 With nuts, that cluster brown above their head.
 He, mid the writhing roots of elms, that lean
 O'er oozy rocks of ezlar, shagg'd and green,
 Collects pale cowslips, for the faithful pair,
 And braids the chaplet round their flowing hair,
 And for the lovely maids alternate burns,
 As love and friendship take the sway by turns.
 Ah! hapless day, that from this blest retreat
 Lur'd to the town his slow, unwilling feet!
 Yet, soon return'd, he seeks the green recess,
 Wraps the dear rivals in a fond caress;
 As heaving bosoms own responsive bliss,
 He breathes infection in one melting kiss;
 Their languid limbs he bears to Dena's strand,
 Chafes each soft temple with his burning hand.
 Their cheeks to his the grateful virgins raise,
 And fondly bless him, as their life decays;
 While o'er their forms he bends with tearful eye,
 And only lives to hear their latest sigh.
 A veil of leaves the redbreast o'er them threw,
 Ere thrice their locks were wet with evening dew.
 There the blue ring-dove coos with ruffling wing,
 And sweeter there the throstle loves to sing;
 The woodlark breathes in softer strain the vow;
 And love's soft burthen floats from bough to bough.

But thou, sweet minstrel of the twilight vale !
 O ! where art thou, melodious nightingale ?*
 On their green graves shall still the moonbeams shine,
 And see them mourn'd by every song but thine ?
 That song, whose lapsing tones so sweetly float,
 That love-sick maidens sigh at every note !

Oh ! by the purple rose of Persia's plain,
 Whose opening petals greet thine evening strain,
 Whose fragrant odours oft thy song arrest,
 And call the warbler to her glowing breast, —
 Let pity claim thy love-devoted lay,
 And wing, at last, to Dena's vale thy way !

Sweet bird ! how long shall Teviot's maids deplore
 Thy song, unheard along her woodland shore ?
 In southern groves thou charm'st the starry night,
 Till darkness seems more lovely far than light ;
 But still, when vernal April wakes the year,
 Nought save the echo of thy song we hear.

* It is an unlucky circumstance for the Scottish poet, that the nightingale has never ventured to visit the north side of the Tweed. Douglas and Dunbar, in their descriptive poems, often allude to her song ; but it is more probable that they adorned their verses with the graces of fiction, than that the nightingale at that early period was naturalized in Scotland.

The lover, lingering by some ancient pile,
 When moonlight meads in dewy radiance smile,
 Starts at each woodnote wandering through the dale,
 And fondly hopes he hears the nightingale.
 Oh ! if those tones, of soft enchanting swell,
 Be more than dreams, which fabling poets tell ;
 If e'er thy notes have charm'd away the tear
 From beauty's eye, or mourn'd o'er beauty's bier ;
 Waste not the softness of thy notes in vain,
 But pour in Dena's vale thy sweetest strain !

Dena ! when sinks at noon the summer breeze,
 And moveless falls the shadework of the trees,
 Bright in the sun thy glossy beeches shine,
 And only Ancram's groves can vie with thine ; *
 Where Ala, bursting from her moorish springs,
 O'er many a cliff her smoking torrent flings,
 And broad, from bank to bank, the shadows fall
 From every Gothic turret's mouldering wall,
 Each ivied spire, and sculpture-fretted court ;
 Where plummy templars held their gay resort,
 Spread their cross-banners in the sun to shine,
 And call'd green Teviot's youth to Palestine.

* The domain of Ancram belonged to the Knights Templars, before the abolition of that order.

Sad is the wail that floats o'er Ale Moor's lake,*
 And nightly bids her gulfs unbottom'd quake,
 While moonbeams, sailing o'er her waters blue,
 Reveal the frequent tinge of blood-red hue.
 The water-birds with shrill discordant scream
 Oft rouse the peasant from his tranquil dream :
 He dreads to raise his slow unclosing eye,
 And thinks he hears an infant's feeble cry.
 The timid mother, clasping to her breast
 Her starting child, by closer arms carest,
 Hushes with soothing voice his murmuring wail,
 And sighs to think of poor Eugenia's tale.

By alders circled, near the haunted flood,
 A lonely pile, Eugenia's dwelling stood ;

* The lake, or loch of Ale Moor, whence the river Ale, which falls into the Teviot beneath Ancram, originates, is regarded with a degree of superstitious horror by the common people. It is reckoned the residence of the water-cow, an imaginary amphibious monster, not unlike the Siberian mammoth. A tradition also prevails, that a child was seized by the erne, a species of eagle, near the border of the lake, and dropped into it by the fatigued bird. Similar traditions occur in other parts of Scotland. Martin, in his Description of the Western Isles, relates, that a native of Sky, called Neil, being left when an infant by his mother, in a field not far from the houses on the north side of Loch Portrie, was carried over the loch by an eagle in its talons to the southern side, where he was rescued unhurt by some shepherds, who heard the infant cry.—p. 299. ed. 1716.

Green woodbine wander'd o'er each mossy tower,
 The scented apple spread its painted flower ;
 The flower, that in its lonely sweetness smil'd,
 And seem'd to say, " I grew not always wild !"
 In this retreat, by memory's charm endear'd,
 Her lovely boy the fair Eugenia rear'd,
 Taught young affection every fondling wile,
 And smil'd herself to see her infant smile.

But, when the lisping prattler learn'd to frame
 His faltering accents to his father's name,
 (That hardy knight, who first from Teviot bore
 The crosier'd shield to Syria's palmy shore,)
 Oft to the lake she led her darling boy
 Mark'd his light footsteps with a mother's joy
 Spring o'er the lawn with quick elastic bound,
 And playful wheel in giddy circles round,
 To view the thin blue pebble smoothly glide
 Along the surface of the dimpling tide :
 How sweet, she thought it still, to hear him cry,
 As some red-spotted daisy met his eye,
 When stooping low, to touch it on the lee, —
 " The pretty flower ! see, how it looks at me !"

Bright beam'd the setting sun ; the sky was clear,
 And sweet the concert of the woods to hear ;

The hovering gale was steep'd in soft perfume ;
 The flowery earth seem'd fairer still to bloom ;
 Returning heifers low'd from glade to glade ;
 Nor knew the mother that her boy had stray'd.
 Quick from a brake, where tangled sloethorns grew,
 The dark-wing'd erne impetuous glanc'd to view ;
 He darting stoop'd, and from the willowy shore
 Above the lake the struggling infant bore ;
 Till, scar'd by clamours that pursued his way,
 Far in the wave he dropp'd his helpless prey.
 Eugenia shrieks, with frenzied sorrow wild,
 Caresses on her breast her lifeless child,
 And fondly hopes, contending with despair,
 That heaven for once may hear a mother's prayer.
 In her torn heart distracting fancies reign,
 And oft she thinks her child revives again ;
 Fond fluttering hope awhile suspends her smart : —
 She hears alone the throb that rends her heart,
 And, clinging to the lips, as cold as snow,
 Pours the wild sob of deep, despairing woe.

From Ala's banks to fair Melrose's fane,
 How bright the sabre flash'd o'er hills of slain,
 (I see the combat through the mist of years)
 When Scott and Douglas led the Border spears !

The mountain-streams were bridg'd with English dead ;
 Dark Ancram's heath was dyed with deeper red ;
 The ravag'd abbey rung the funeral knell,
 When fierce Latoun and savage Evers fell ;*
 Fair bloom'd the laurel-wreath, by Douglas plac'd
 Above the sacred tombs by war defac'd.
 Hail, dauntless chieftain ! thine the mighty boast,
 In scorn of Henry and his southern host,
 To venge each ancient violated bust,
 And consecrate to fame thy father's dust.

So, when great Ammon's son to Ister's banks †
 Led in proud banner'd pomp his Grecian ranks,
 (Bright blaz'd their faulchions at the monarch's nod,
 And nations trembled at the earthly god)
 Full in his van he saw the Scythian rear
 With fierce insulting shout the forward spear :
 " No fears," he cried, " our stubborn hearts appal,
 " Till heaven's blue starry arch around us fall :
 " These ancient tombs shall bar thy onward way ;
 " This field of graves thy proud career shall stay."

* The English army, commanded by Evers and Latoun, which was defeated on Ancram-Moor by the Scots, commanded by Douglas earl of Angus, and Scott of Buccleugh, had, previously to that event, sacked Melrose, and defaced the tombs of Douglas.

† Vid. *Quintus Curtius*, Lib. I. Suppl.

Deserted Melrose! oft with holy dread*
 I trace thy ruins mouldering o'er the dead;
 While, as the fragments fall, wild fancy hears
 The solemn steps of old departed years,
 When beam'd young Science in these cells forlorn,
 Beauteous and lonely as the star of morn.
 Where gorgeous panes a rainbow-lustre threw,
 The rank green grass is cobwebb'd o'er with dew;
 Where pealing organs through the pillar'd fane
 Swell'd clear to heaven devotion's sweetest strain,
 The bird of midnight hoots with dreary tone,
 And sullen echoes through the cloisters moan.

Farewell, ye moss-clad spires! ye turrets gray,
 Where Science first effus'd her orient ray!
 Ye mossy sculptures, on the roof emboss'd,
 Like wreathing icicles congeal'd by frost!
 Each branching window, and each fretted shrine,
 Which peasants still to fairy hands assign!
 May no rude hand your solemn grandeur mar,
 Nor waste the structure long rever'd by war!

* Melrose, in the dark ages, was famous for the literature of its monks. The abbey is one of the finest ruins in Scotland.

From Eildon's cairns no more the watch-fire's blaze,*
 Red as a comet, darts portentous rays ;
 The fields of death, where mailed warriors bled,
 The swain beholds with other armies clad,
 When purple streamers flutter high in air,
 From each pavilion of the rural Fair.
 The rural Fair ! in boy-hood's days serene,
 How sweet to fancy was the novel scene,
 The merry bustle, and the mix'd uproar,
 While every face a jovial aspect wore,
 The listening ear, that heard the murmurs run,
 The eye, that gaz'd, as it would ne'er have done !

The crafty pedlars, first, their wares dispose,
 With glittering trinkets in alluring rows ;
 The toy-struck damsel to her fondling swain
 Simpers, looks kind, and then looks coy again ;
 Pleas'd, half-unwilling, he regards the fair,
 And braids the ribbon round her sun-burnt hair.

Proud o'er the gazing group his form to rear,
 Bawls from his cart the vagrant auctioneer ;

* Eildon derives its name from the watch-fires, which in the turbulent times of antiquity were kindled on its summit. *Eldr*, in Icelandic, signifies *fire*, and *elden*, in the Scottish dialect, denotes *fuel*. St. Bothwell's fair is held in its vicinity.

While many an oft-repeated tale he tells,
And jokes, adapted to the ware he sells.

But when the fife and drum resound aloud,
Each peopled booth resigns its motley crowd.
A bunch of roses dangling at his breast,
The youthful ploughman springs before the rest,
Throws to the flag that flutters in the gale,
And eager listens to the serjeant's tale,
Hears feats of strange and glorious peril done,
In climes illumin'd by the rising sun,
Feels the proud helmet nodding o'er his brow,
And soon despises his paternal plough.
His friends to save the heedless stripling haste ;
A weeping sister clings around his waist ;
Fierce hosts unmarshall'd mix with erring blows,
And saplings stout to glittering swords oppose,
With boisterous shouts, and hubbub hoarse and rude,
That faintly picture days of ancient feud.

Broad Eildon's shivery side like silver shines,
As in the west the star of day declines :
While o'er the plains the twilight, vast and dun,
Stalks on to reach the slow-retiring sun,
Bright twinkling ringlets o'er the vallies fly,
Like infant stars that wander from the sky.

In thin and livid coruscations roll *
 The frosty lightnings of the wintry pole ;
 Lines of pale light the glimmering concave strew,
 Now loosely flaunt with wavering sanguine hue,
 Now o'er the cope of night, heavy and pale,
 Shoots, like a net, the yellow chequer'd veil ;
 The peasants wondering see the streamers fly,
 And think they hear them hissing through the sky ;
 While he, whom hoary locks and reverend age,
 And wiser saws, proclaim the rural sage,

* It is a popular opinion among the Scottish peasantry, that the northern lights, or aurora borealis, generally termed by them *streamers*, first appeared before the Scottish rebellion in 1715 ; and that they portend wars more or less sanguinary, in proportion to the intensity of their red colour. A poet of the middle ages thus expresses the same opinion :

“ Sæpe malum hoc nobis cælestia signa canebant,
 Cum totiens ignitæ acies, ceu luce pavendæ,
 Per medias noctis dirum fulsere tenebras,
 Partibus et variis micuerunt igne sinistro —
 Quod monstrum scimus bellum ferale secutum
 Quo se Christicolæ ferro petiere nefando,
 Et consanguineus rupit pia fœdera mucro.”

*Florus Diaconus Lugdunensis ap. Mabillonii
 Analecta Vetera, vol. i. p. 392.*

Hearne relates, that the northern and southern Indians, tribes of the Chippewas, suppose the northern lights to be occasioned by the frisking of herds of deer in the fields above, and by the dancing and merriment of their deceased friends.

Prophetic tells that still, when wars are near,
 The skies portentous signs of carnage wear.
 Ere dark Culloden call'd her clans around,
 To spread for death a mighty charnel-ground,
 While yet unpurpled with the dews of fight,
 Their fate was pictur'd on the vault of night.
 So Scotia's swains, as fancy's dreams prevail,
 With looks of mimic wisdom shape the tale.
 But, mid the gloomy plains of Labradore,
 (Save the slow wave that freezes on the shore,
 Where scarce a sound usurps the desert drear,
 Nor wild-wood music ever hails the year,)
 The Indian, cradled in his bed of snow,
 Sees heaven's broad arch with flickering radiance glow,
 And thinks he views along the peopled sky
 The shades of elks and rein-deer glancing by,
 While warriors, parted long, the dance prepare,
 And fierce carousal o'er the conquer'd bear.

By every thorn along the woodland damp,
 The tiny glow-worm lights her emerald lamp;
 Like the shot-star, whose yet unquenched light
 Studs with faint gleam the raven vest of night.
 The fairy ring-dance now round Eildon-tree
 Moves to wild strains of elfin minstrelsy:

On glancing step appears the fairy queen ;
 The printed grass beneath springs soft and green ;
 While hand in hand she leads the frolic round,
 The dinning tabor shakes the charmed ground ;
 Or, graceful mounted on her palfrey gray,
 In robes that glisten like the sun in May,
 With hawk and hound she leads the moonlight ranks
 Of knights and dames to Huntley's ferny banks,
 Where Rymour, long of yore, the nymph embrac'd,*
 The first of men unearthly lips to taste.

* According to popular tradition, Thomas Rymour, generally termed Thomas the Rhymer, derived his prophetic powers from his intercourse with the queen of fairy, whose lips he had the courage to kiss, when he met her on Huntly banks, with hound and hawk, according to the costume of the fairies. By this rash proceeding, however, he consigned himself entirely to her power, and she conducted him by a very perilous route to fairyland, where she instructed him in all the mysteries of learning, past, present, and to come; fraught with which, at the end of seven years, he returned to Erceldown, and astonished every body with his sagacity. At the end of seven years, he again disappeared, and is supposed to have returned to fairyland. Tradition further relates, that a shepherd was once conducted into the interior recesses of Eildon Hills by a venerable personage, whom he discovered to be the famous Rymour, and who showed him an immense number of steeds in their caparisons, and at the bridle of each a knight sleeping, in sable armour, with a sword and bugle-horn at his side. These, he was told, were the host of king Arthur, waiting till the appointed return

Rash was the vow, and fatal was the hour,
 Which gave a mortal to a fairy's power !
 A lingering leave he took of sun and moon ;
 (Dire to the minstrel was the fairy's boon !)
 A sad farewell of grass and green-leav'd tree,
 The haunts of childhood doom'd no more to see.
 Through winding paths that never saw the sun,
 Where Eildon hides his roots in caverns dun,
 They pass, — the hollow pavement, as they go,
 Rocks to remurmuring waves that boil below.
 Silent they wade, where sounding torrents lave
 The banks, and red the tinge of every wave ;
 For all the blood that dyes the warrior's hand
 Runs through the thirsty springs of fairyland.
 Level and green the downward region lies,
 And low the ceiling of the fairy skies ;
 Self-kindled gems a richer light display
 Than gilds the earth, but not a purer day.
 Resplendent crystal forms the palace-wall ;
 The diamond's trembling lustre lights the hall.

of that monarch from fairyland. For a full account of the traditions concerning Thomas Rymour, see Scott's *MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER*, and his *SIR TRISTREM*.

But where soft emeralds shed an umber'd light,
 Beside each coal-black courser sleeps a knight ;
 A raven plume waves o'er each helmed crest,
 And black the mail which binds each manly breast,
 Girt with broad faulchion, and with bugle green —
 Ah ! could a mortal trust the fairy queen ?
 From mortal lips an earthly accent fell,
 And Rymour's tongue confess'd the numbing spell :
 In iron sleep the minstrel lies forlorn,
 Who breath'd a sound before he blew the horn.

So Vathek once, as eastern legends tell*,
 Sought the vast dome of subterranean hell,
 Where, ghastly in their cedar-biers enshrin'd,
 The fleshless forms of ancient kings reclin'd,
 Who, long before primeval Adam rose,
 Had heard the central gates behind them close.

* The beautiful and romantic history of the caliph Vathek, though it occasionally betray the vestiges of European embellishment, is, in the ground-work, of oriental origin ; and is understood to have been founded on certain MSS. formerly in the collection of Edward Wortley Montague. The cast of the story in itself, the manners and allusions which pervade it, and the appropriate sublimity of the close, independent of the evidence in the notes, which might have been greatly augmented, indicate plainly that it is not a fiction of the west.

With jarring clang the hebon portals ope,
 And closing toll the funeral knell of hope.
 A sable tap'stry lin'd the marble wall,
 And spirits curs'd stalk'd dimly through the hall :
 There, as he view'd each right hand ceaseless prest
 With writhing anguish to each blasted breast,
 Blue o'er his brow convulsive fibres start,
 And flames of vengeance eddy round his heart ;
 With a dire shriek he joins the restless throng,
 And vaulted hell return'd his funeral-song.

Mysterious Rymour ! doom'd by fate's decree
 Still to revisit Eildon's lonely tree,
 Where oft the swain at dawn of Hallow-day
 Hears thy black barb with fierce impatience neigh !
 Say, who is he, with summons strong and high,
 That bids the charmed sleep of ages fly,
 Rolls the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,
 While each dark warrior rouses at the blast,
 His horn, his faulchion grasps with mighty hand,
 And peals proud Arthur's march from fairyland ?
 Where every coal-black courser paws the green,
 His printed step shall evermore be seen :
 The silver shields in moony splendour shine : —
 Beware, fond youth ! a mightier hand than thine,

With deathless lustre in romantic lay
 Shall Rymour's fate, and Arthur's fame display.
 O SCOTT! with whom, in youth's serenest prime,
 I wove with careless hand the fairy rhyme,
 Bade chivalry's barbaric pomp return,
 And heroes wake from every mouldering urn!
 Thy powerful verse, to grace the courtly hall,
 Shall many a tale of elder time recall,
 The deeds of knights, the loves of dames proclaim,
 And give forgotten bards their former fame.
 Enough for me, if fancy wake the shell,
 To eastern minstrels strains like thine to tell,
 Till saddening memory all our haunts restore,
 The wild-wood walks by Esk's romantic shore,
 The circled hearth, which ne'er was wont to fail
 In cheerful joke, or legendary tale,
 Thy mind, whose fearless frankness nought could move,
 Thy friendship, like an elder brother's love.
 While from each scene of early life I part,
 True to the beatings of this ardent heart,
 When, half-deceas'd, with half the world between,
 My name shall be unmention'd on the green,
 When years combine with distance, let me be,
 By all forgot, remember'd yet by thee!

The first thing I noticed when I
 stepped out of the train was
 the smell of fresh air. It was
 a relief after the stuffy
 atmosphere of the city. I
 walked towards the park and
 saw many people enjoying
 the day. Some were playing
 games, some were reading
 books, and some were
 simply sitting on the grass.
 I found a spot under a large
 tree and sat down. I
 looked at the children playing
 nearby and felt a sense of
 joy. It was a pleasant
 surprise. I had heard that
 the park was crowded, but
 it was just what I needed.
 I took out my book and
 started reading. The sun
 was shining brightly, and
 the birds were singing.
 It was a perfect day for
 a picnic. I had brought
 some sandwiches and fruit.
 I was about to take a bite
 when I noticed a group of
 children running towards
 me. They were holding
 a ball and looking excited.
 I smiled and waved at them.
 They ran up to me and
 asked if I wanted to play.
 I agreed, and we started
 playing. It was a fun
 experience. I had never
 played before, but I was
 enjoying it. The children
 were so energetic and
 happy. I was glad to
 spend the day with them.
 After a while, they went
 back to their parents. I
 sat back down and
 finished my book. The
 day was over, but I
 felt like I had gained
 something. I had met
 new people and had a
 great time. I was
 looking forward to
 going back soon.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

PART III.

*Heureux qui dans le sein de ses dieux domestiques
Se dèrobe au fracas des tempêtes publiques,
Et, dans un doux abri, trompant tous les regards,
Cultive ses jardins, les vertus et les arts !*

DELILLE.

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY
JOHN BURNET

ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE FIRST VOLUME.
FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
OF THE AUTHOR, AS PRESERVED
IN THE LIBRARY OF THE
HONORABLE SOCIETY OF
ANTIENTS, AND NOW
PRESERVED IN THE
LIBRARY OF THE
HONORABLE SOCIETY OF
ANTIENTS.

THE SECOND VOLUME.
FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
OF THE AUTHOR, AS PRESERVED
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SCENES OF INFANCY.

 PART III.

BLEST are the sons of life's sequester'd vale :
 No storms of fate their humble heads assail.
 Smooth as the riv'let glides along the plain,
 To lose its noiseless waters in the main,
 Unheard, unnoted, moves the tranquil stream
 Of rural life, that haunts each waking dream ;
 When fond regret for all I leave behind,
 With sighs unbidden, lingers o'er my mind.

Again, with youth's sensations wild, I hear
 The sabbath-chimes roll sweetly on mine ear,
 And view with solemn gait and serious eye
 Long moving lines of peasants churchward hie.
 The rough-ton'd bell, which many a year hath seen,
 And drizzling mists have long since crusted green,

Wide o'er the village flings its muffled sound :
 With quicken'd pace they throng the burial ground ;
 As each selects his old paternal seat,
 Bright flash the sparkles round their iron feet.
 From crowded pews, arrang'd in equal row,
 The dirge-like music rises soft and slow ;
 Uncultur'd strains ! which yet the warmth impart
 Of true devotion to the peasant's heart.

I mark the preacher's air, serene and mild :
 In every face he sees a listening child,
 Unfolds with reverend air the sacred book,
 Around him casts a kind paternal look,
 And hopes, when all his mortal toils are past,
 This filial family to join at last.
 He paints the modest virtues of the swains,
 Content and happy on their native plains,
 Uncharm'd by pomp, by gold's refulgent glare,
 Or fame's shrill clarion pealing through the air,
 That bids the hind a heart untainted yield
 For laurels, crimson'd in the gory field.
 " Beyond this life, and life's dark barrier-stream,
 " How bright the rays of light celestial gleam,
 " Green fields of bliss, and heavens of cloudless blue,
 " While Eden spreads her flowery groves anew !

" Farewell the sickening sigh, that virtue owes
 " To mortal life's immedicable woes,
 " Sweet pity's tear, that loves to fall unseen,
 " Like dews of eve on meads of tender green !
 " The trees of life, that on the margin rise
 " Of Eden's stream, shall calm the sufferer's sighs,
 " From the dark brow the wrinkle charm away,
 " And soothe the heart whose pulses madly play ;
 " Till, pure from passion, free from earthly stain,
 " One pleasing memory of the past remain,
 " Full tides of bliss in ceaseless circles roll,
 " And boundless rapture renovate the soul."

When mortals, vainly wise, renounce their God,
 To vaunt their kindred to the crumbling clod,
 Bid o'er their graves the blasted hemlock bloom,
 And woo the eternal slumber of the tomb,
 The long, long night, unsooth'd by fancy's dream ; —
 Unheard the vultures, o'er their bones that scream —
 Though mimic pity half conceals their fear,
 Aw'd, to the good man's voice they lend an ear.
 But, as the father speaks, they wondering find
 New doubts, new fears, infest the obdurate mind ;
 Wild scenes of woe with ghastly light illumine
 The sullen regions of the desert tomb ;

His potent words the mental film dispart,
 Pierce the dark crust that wraps the atheist's heart,
 And stamp in characters of livid fire
 The fearful doom of heaven's avenging ire.
 But, when he saw each cherish'd bosom-sin,
 Like nestling serpents, gnaw the breast within,
 To sooth the soften'd soul his doctrine fell,
 Like April-drops that nurse the primrose-bell,
 Whose timid beauty first adorns the mead,
 When spring's warm showers to winter's blights succeed.

As home the peasants move with serious air,
 For sober talk they mingle, pair and pair ;
 Though quaint remark unbend the stedfast mien,
 And thoughts less holy sometimes intervene,
 No burst of noisy mirth disturbs their walk ;
 Each seems afraid of worldly things to talk,
 Save yon fond pair, who speak with meeting eyes ; —
 The sacred day profaner speech denies.

Some love to trace the plain of graves, alone,
 Peruse the lines that crowd the sculptur'd stone,
 And, as their bosoms heave at thoughts of fame,
 Wish that such homely verse may save their name,
 Hope that their comrades, as the words they spell,
 To greener youth their ploughman-skill may tell,

And add, that none sung clearer at the ale,
 Or told at winter's eve a merrier tale,
 When drowsy shepherds round the embers gaze
 At tiny forms that tread the mounting blaze,
 And songs and jokes the laughing hours beguile,
 And borrow sweetness from the damsels' smile.
 Vain wish ! the letter'd stones, that mark his grave,
 Can ne'er the swain from dim oblivion save :
 Ere thrice yon sun his annual course has roll'd,
 Is he forgotten, and the tales he told.
 At fame so transient, peasants, murmur not !
 In one great book your deeds are not forgot :
 Your names, your blameless lives, impartial fate
 Records, to triumph o'er the guilty great,
 When each unquiet grave upheaves the dead,
 And awful blood-drops stain the laurell'd head.

See, how each barbarous trophy wastes away !
 All, save great Egypt's pyramids, decay.
 Green waves the harvest, and the peasant-boy
 Stalls his rough herds within the towers of Troy ;
 Prowls the sly fox, the jackall rears her brood,
 Where once the towers of mighty Ilium stood.
 And you, stern children of the northern sun,
 Each stubborn Tartar, and each swarthy Hun,

Toumen, and Mothe, who led your proud Monguls
 And pil'd in mountain-heaps your foemen's skulls !
 Broad swarm'd your bands o'er every peopled clime,
 And trode the nations from the rolls of time.
 Where is your old renown ? — On Sibir's plain,
 Nameless and vast, your tombs alone remain.
 How soon the fame of Niger's lord decay'd,
 Whose arm Tombuto's golden sceptre sway'd !
 Dark Izkia ! name, by dusky hosts rever'd, †
 Who first the pile of negro-glory rear'd !
 O'er many a realm beneath the burning zone
 How bright his ruby-studded standard shone !
 How strong that arm the glittering spear to wield,
 While sable nations gather'd round his shield !
 But chief when, conquest-crown'd, his radiant car
 From Niger's banks repuls'd the surge of war,

* Toumen and Mothe, however unknown to Europeans, are heroes of great celebrity in Mongul history, and in no respects inferior to Attila, Jenghiz, or Timur. Many of the most illustrious chieftains of these manslaughtering tribes have experienced a similar fate.

† Muley Izkia, a native negro, and king of Tombuetoo, in the early part of the 16th century, gained by conquest an immense empire in the interior of Africa. He defeated the forces of Morocco in a great engagement, in which Marmol was present; and so complete was the rout, that the emperor himself escaped with difficulty.

When rose convuls'd in clouds the desert gray,
 And Arab lances gleam'd in long array !
 At every shout a grove of spears was flung,
 From cany bows a million arrows sprung ;
 While, prone and panting, on the sandy plain
 Sunk the fleet barb, and welter'd mid the slain.
 Niger, exulting o'er her sands of gold,
 Down her broad wave the Moorish warriors roll'd ;
 While each dark tribe, along her sylvan shore,
 Gaz'd on the bloody tide, and arms unseen before. —
 Unknown the grave where Izkia's ashes lie : —
 Thy fame has fled, like lightning o'er the sky.
 E'en he, who first, with garments roll'd in blood,
 Rear'd the huge piles by Nile's broad moon-horn'd flood,
 Swore that his fame the lapse of time should mock,
 Grav'd on the granite's everlasting rock,
 Sleeps in his catacomb, unnam'd, unknown ; —
 While sages vainly scan the sculptur'd stone.

So fades the palm by blighting blood-drops stain'd,
 The laurel-wreath by ruffian war profan'd ;
 So fades his name, whom first the nations saw
 Ordain a mortal's blind caprice for law,
 The fainting captive drag to slavery's den,
 And truck for gold the souls of free-born men.

But hope not, tyrants ! in the grave to rest,
 (The blood, the tears of nations unredress'd,)
 While sprites celestial mortal woes bemoan,
 And join the vast creation's funeral groan !
 For still, to heaven when fainting nature calls,
 On deeds accurs'd the darker vengeance falls.

Nor deem the negro's sighs and anguish vain,
 Who hopeless grinds the harden'd trader's chain ;
 As, wafted from his country far away,
 He sees Angola's hills of green decay.
 The dry harmattan flits along the flood,
 To parch his veins, and boil his throbbing blood.
 In dreams he sees Angola's plains appear ;
 In dreams he seems Angola's strains to hear ;
 And when the clanking fetter bursts his sleep,
 Silent and sad he plunges in the deep.

Stout was the ship, from Benin's palmy shore *
 That first the freight of barter'd captives bore :

* It is a common superstition of mariners, that, in the high southern latitudes on the coast of Africa, hurricanes are frequently ushered in by the appearance of a spectre-ship, denominated the Flying Dutchman. At dead of night, the luminous form of a ship glides rapidly, with topsails flying, and sailing straight in " the wind's eye " The crew of this vessel are supposed to have been guilty

Bedimm'd with blood, the sun with shrinking beams
 Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean-streams ;
 But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear'd,
 Amid the crew the speckled plague appear'd.
 Faint and despairing on their watery bier,
 To every friendly shore the sailors steer ;
 Repell'd from port to port they sue in vain,
 And track with slow unsteady sail the main.
 Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen
 To streak with wandering foam the sea-weeds green,
 Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree ;
 Till, self-impell'd, amid the waveless sea,
 Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,
 Nor hovering snow-birds spread the downy wing,
 Fix'd as a rock, amid the boundless plain,
 The yellow steam pollutes the stagnant main ;

of some dreadful crime in the infancy of navigation, and to have been stricken with the pestilence. They were hence refused admittance into every port, and are ordained still to traverse the ocean on which they perished, till the period of their penance expire. Chaucer alludes to a punishment of a similar kind.

“ And breakers of the laws, sooth to sain,
 And lecherous folk, after that they been dead,
 Shall whirl about the world alway in pain,
 Till many a world be passed out of dread.”

CHAUCER'S *Assembly of Fowls.*

Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,
As the red lightning smites the ghastly pyre.

Still doom'd by fate, on weltering billows roll'd,
Along the deep their restless course to hold,
Scenting the storm, the shadowy sailors guide
The prow, with sails oppos'd to wind and tide.
The spectre-ship, in livid glimpsing light,
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,
Unblest of God and man! — Till time shall end,
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.

Land of my fathers! — though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree —
Land of dark heaths and mountains! thou art free.

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot! runs,
With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons:
No drooping slave, with spirit bow'd to toil,
Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil,
Nor cringing vassal on these pansied meads
Is bought and barter'd, as the flock he feeds.

Free, as the lark that carols o'er his head,
 At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,
 Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,
 And whistling loud directs the mining share ;
 Free, as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,
 And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain ;
 Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
 And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.

Dear native vallies ! may ye long retain
 The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain !
 Long mid your sounding glades in union sweet
 May rural innocence and beauty meet !
 And still be duly heard at twilight calm
 From every cot the peasant's chaunted psalm !
 Then, Jedworth ! though thy ancient choirs shall fade,
 And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
 From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,
 And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie,
 Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong
 By Jed's pure stream a sweeter even-song,
 Than long processions once with mystic zeal
 Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

O softly, Jed ! thy sylvan current lead
 Round every hazel copse and smiling mead,

Where lines of firs the glowing landscape screen,
 And crown the heights with tufts of deeper green.
 While, mid the cliffs, to crop the flowery thyme,
 The shaggy goats with steady footsteps climb,
 How wantonly the ruffling breezes stir
 The wavering trains of tinsel gossamer,
 In filmy threads of floating gold, which slide
 O'er the green upland's wet and sloping side,
 While, ever varying in the beating ray,
 The fleeting net-work glistens bright and gay !
 To thee, fair Jed ! a holier wreath is due,
 Who gav'st thy THOMSON all thy scenes to view *,
 Bad'st forms of beauty on his vision roll,
 And mould to harmony his ductile soul ;
 Till fancy's pictures rose as nature bright,
 And his warm bosom glow'd with heavenly light.

In March, when first, elate on tender wing,
 O'er frozen heaths the lark essays to sing ;
 In March, when first, before the lengthening days,
 The snowy mantle of the earth decays,

* The youth of Thomson was spent on the Jed, and many of his descriptions are supposed to be copied from the scenery on its banks. The description, in the beginning of his Winter, of the storm collecting on the mountain cliffs, is said to have been suggested by the appearance of Ruberslaw.

The wreaths of crusted snows are painted blue,
 And yellowy moss assumes a greener hue,—
 How smil'd the bard, from winter's funeral urn
 To see more fair the youthful earth return !

When morn's wan rays with clearer crimson blend,
 And first the gilded mists of spring ascend,
 The sun-beams swim through April's silver showers,
 The daffodils expand their yellow flowers,
 The lusty stalk with sap luxuriant swells,
 And, curling round it, smile the bursting bells,
 The blowing king-cup bank and valley studs,
 And on the rosiers nod the folded buds ;—
 Warm beats his heart, to view the mead's array,
 When flowers of summer hear the steps of May.

But, when the wintry blast the forest heaves,
 And shakes the harvest of the ripen'd leaves ;
 When brighter scenes the painted woods display
 Than fancy's fairy pencil can pourtray,
 He pensive strays the sadden'd groves among,
 To hear the twittering swallow's farewell-song.
 The finch no more on pointed thistles feeds,
 Pecks the red leaves, or crops the swelling seeds ;
 But water-crows by cold brook-margins play,
 Lave their dark plumage in the freezing spray,

And, wanton as from stone to stone they glide,
 Dive at their beckoning forms beneath the tide.
 He hears at eve the fetter'd bittern's scream,
 Ice-bound in sedgy marsh, or mountain stream,
 Or sees, with strange delight, the snow-clouds form
 When Ruberslaw conceives the mountain storm ;
 Dark Ruberslaw, — that lifts his head sublime,
 Rugged and hoary with the wrecks of time !
 On his broad misty front the giant wears
 The horrid furrows of ten thousand years ;
 His aged brows are crown'd with curling fern,
 Where perches, grave and lone, the hooded Erne,
 Majestic bird ! by ancient shepherds styl'd
 The lonely hermit of the russet wild,
 That loves amid the stormy blast to soar,
 When through disjointed cliffs the tempests roar,
 Climbs on strong wing the storm, and, screaming high,
 Rides the dim rack that sweeps the darken'd sky. +

Such were the scenes his fancy first refin'd,
 And breath'd enchantment o'er his plastic mind,
 Bade every feeling flow to virtue dear,
 And form'd the poet of the varied year.

Bard of the Seasons ! could my strain, like thine,
 Awake the heart to sympathy divine,

Sweet Osna's stream, by thin-leav'd birch o'erhung,*
 No more should roll her modest waves unsung. —
 Though now thy silent waters, as they run,
 Refuse to sparkle in the morning sun,
 Though dark their wandering course, what voice can tell
 Who first for thee shall strike the sounding shell,
 And teach thy waves, that dimly wind along,
 To tune to harmony their mountain-song !
 Thus Meles roll'd a stream unknown to fame,
 Not yet renown'd by Homer's mighty name ;
 Great sun of verse, who self-created shone,
 To lend the world his light, and borrow none !

Through richer fields, her milky wave that stain,
 Slow Cala flows o'er many a chalky plain ;
 With silvery spikes of wheat, in stately row,
 And golden oats, that on the uplands grow,
 Gray fields of barley crowd the water edge,
 Drink the pale stream, and mingle with the sedge.

Pure blows the summer breeze o'er moor and dell,
 Since first in Wormiswood the serpent fell : †

* Osna, the retired and romantic stream of Oxnam, which falls into the Teviot at Crailing, the ancient seat of the Cranstons.

† For this tradition concerning an immense serpent, generally termed *the wod-worm of Wormiston*, and supposed to have been

From years in distance lost his birth he drew,
 And with the ancient oaks the monster grew,
 Till venom, nurs'd in every stagnant vein,
 Shed o'er his scaly sides a yellow stain,
 Save where uprear'd his purfled crest was seen,
 Bedropt with purple blots and streaks of green.
 Deep in a sedgy fen, conceal'd from day,
 Long ripening, on his oozy bed he lay;
 Till, as the poison-breath around him blew,
 From every bough the shrivell'd leaflet flew,
 Gray moss began the wrinkled trees to climb,
 And the tall oaks grew old before their time.

On his dark bed the grovelling monster long
 Blew the shrill hiss, and launch'd the serpent prong,
 Or, writh'd on frightful coils, with powerful breath
 Drew the faint herds to glut the den of death,
 Dragg'd with unwilling speed across the plain
 The snorting steed, that gaz'd with stiffen'd mane,
 The forest bull, that lash'd with hideous roar
 His sides indignant, and the ground upore.

killed by the laird of Lariston, there appears to have been some foundation, though the magnitude of the serpent, and the hazard of the enterprise, are greatly augmented. See SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY.

Bold as the chief who, mid black Lerna's brake,
 With mighty prowess quell'd the water-snake,
 To rouse the monster from his noisome den,
 A dauntless hero pierc'd the blasted fen.
 He mounts, he spurs his steed; in bold career,
 His arm gigantic wields a fiery spear;
 With aromatic moss the shaft was wreath'd,
 And favouring gales around the champion breath'd;
 By power invisible the courser drawn,
 Now quick, and quicker, bounds across the lawn;
 Onward he moves, unable now to pause,
 And fearless meditates the monster's jaws,
 Impels the struggling steed, that strives to shun,
 Full on his wide unfolding fangs to run;
 Down his black throat he thrusts the fiery dart,
 And hears the frightful hiss that rends his heart;
 Then, wheeling light, reverts his swift career.
 The writhing serpent grinds the ashen spear;
 Roll'd on his head, his awful volum'd train
 He strains in tortur'd folds, and bursts in twain.
 On Cala's banks, his monstrous fangs appal
 The rustics pondering on the sacred wall,
 Who hear the tale the solemn rites between,
 On summer sabbaths in the churchyard green.

On Yeta's banks the vagrant gypsies place
 Their turf-built cots ; a sun-burn'd swarthy race !
 From Nubian realms their tawny line they bring,
 And their brown chieftain vaunts the name of king.
 With loitering steps from town to town they pass,
 Their lazy dames rock'd on the panier'd ass.
 From pilfer'd roots or nauseous carrion fed,
 By hedge-rows green they strew the leafy bed,
 While scarce the cloak of taudry red conceals
 The fine-turn'd limbs, which every breeze reveals :
 Their bright black eyes through silken lashes shine,
 Around their necks their raven tresses twine ;
 But chilling damps and dews of night impair
 Its soft sleek gloss, and tan the bosom bare.
 Adroit the lines of palmistry to trace,
 Or read the damsel's wishes in her face,
 Her hoarded silver-store they charm away,
 A pleasing debt, for promis'd wealth to pay.

But in the lonely barn, from towns remote,
 The pipe and bladder opes its screaming throat,
 To aid the revels of the noisy rout,
 Who wanton dance, or push the cups about :
 Then for their paramours the maddening brawl,
 Shrill, fierce, and frantic, echoes round the hall.

No glimmering light to rage supplies a mark,
 Save the red firebrand, hissing through the dark ;
 And oft the beams of morn, the peasants say,
 The blood-stain'd turf, and new-form'd graves display.
 Fell race, unworthy of the Scotian name !
 Your brutal deeds your barbarous line proclaim ;
 With dreadful Galla's link'd in kindred bands,
 The locust brood of Ethiopia's sands,
 Whose frantic shouts the thunder blue defy,
 And launch their arrows at the glowing sky.
 In barbarous pomp, they glut the inhuman feast
 With dismal viands man abhors to taste ;
 And grimly smile, when red the goblets shine,
 When mantles red the shell — but not with wine.

Ye sister-streams, whose mountain waters glide
 To lose your names in Teviot's crystal tide,
 Not long through greener fields ye wander slow,
 While heavens of azure widen as ye grow !
 For soon, where scenes of sweeter beauty smile
 Around the mounds of Roxburgh's ruin'd pile,
 No more the mistress of each lovely field,
 Her name, her honours Teviot soon must yield.

Roxburgh ! how fallen, since first in Gothic pride
 Thy frowning battlements the war defied,

Call'd the bold chief to grace thy blazon'd halls,
 And bade the rivers gird thy solid walls !
 Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,
 In gloomy grandeur waves yon hanging wood ;
 Crush'd are thy halls, save where the peasant sees
 One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees ;
 The still-green trees, whose mournful branches wave
 In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.
 Proud castle ! Fancy still beholds thee stand,
 The curb, the guardian of this Border land,
 As when the signal-flame, that blaz'd afar,
 And bloody flag, proclaim'd impending war,
 While in the lion's place the leopard frown'd,
 And marshall'd armies hemm'd thy bulwarks round.

Serene in might, amid embattled files,
 From Morven's hills, and the far Western Isles,
 From barrier Tweed, and Teviot's Border tide,
 See through the host the youthful monarch ride !
 In streaming pomp, above each mailed line,
 The chiefs behold his plummy helmet shine,
 And, as he points the purple surge of war,
 His faithful legions hail their guiding star.

From Lothian's plains, a hardy band uprears
 In serried ranks a glittering grove of spears :

The Border chivalry more fierce advance ;
 Before their steeds projects the bristling lance ;
 The panting steeds that, bridled in with pain,
 Arch their proud crests, and ardent paw the plain :
 With broad claymore and dirk the Island clan
 Clang the resounding targe, and claim the van,
 Flash their bright swords as stormy bugles blow,
 Unconscious of the shaft and Saxon bow.

Now sulphurous clouds involve the sickening morn,
 And the hoarse bombal drowns the pealing horn* ;
 Crash the disparted walls, the turrets rock,
 And the red flame bursts through the smouldering
 smoke.

But, hark ! with female shrieks the vallies ring !
 The death-dirge sounds for Scotia's warrior-king :
 Fallen in his youth, ere on the listed field
 The tinge of blood had dyed his silver shield ;
 Fallen in his youth, ere from the banner'd plain
 Return'd his faulchion, crimson'd with the slain.
 His sword is sheath'd, his bow remains unstrung,
 His shield unblazon'd, and his praise unsung :

* Bombal is used by Cleveland :

“ In pulpit fireworks which the bombal vents.”

CLEVELAND'S *Poems*, p. 39.

The holly's glossy leaves alone shall tell,
How on these banks the martial monarch fell.

Lo ! as to grief the drooping squadrons yield,
And quit with tarnish'd arms the luckless field,
His gallant consort wipes her tears away,
Renews their courage, and restores the day.
“ Behold your king !” the lofty heroine cried,
“ He seeks his vengeance where his father died.
“ Behold your king !” — Rekindling fury boils
In every breast ; — the Saxon host recoils : —
Wide o'er the walls the billow flames aspire,
And streams of blood hiss through the curling fire.

Teviot, farewell ! for now thy silver tide
Commix'd with Tweed's pellucid stream shall glide.
But all thy green and pastoral beauties fail
To match the softness of thy parting vale.
Bosom'd in woods where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun :
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And fring'd with hazel winds each flowery dell :
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed.
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And cove-clad isles amid the waters rise ;

Where Tweed her silent way majestic holds,
 Float the thin gales in more transparent folds.
 New powers of vision on the eye descend,
 As distant mountains from their bases bend,
 Lean forward from their seats to court the view,
 While melt their soften'd tints in vivid blue.
 But fairer still, at midnight's shadowy reign,
 When liquid silver floods the moonlight plain,
 And lawns, and fields, and woods of varying hue
 Drink the wan lustre, and the pearly dew ;
 While the still landscape, more than noontide bright,
 Glistens with mellow tints of fairy light.

Yet, sure, these pastoral beauties ne'er can vie
 With those, which fondly rise to Memory's eye,
 When, absent long, my soul delights to dwell
 On scenes in early youth she lov'd so well.
 'Tis fabling Fancy, with her radiant hues,
 That gilds the modest scenes which Memory views ;
 And softer, finer tints she loves to spread,
 For which we search in vain the daisied mead,
 In vain the grove, the riv'let's mossy cell —
 'Tis the delusive charm of Fancy's spell.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

PART IV.

Merveilleuses histoires racontées autour du foyer, tendres épanchemens du cœur, longues habitudes d'aimer si nécessaires à la vie, vous avez rempli les journées de ceux qui n'ont point quitté leur pays natal. Leurs tombeaux sont dans leur patrie, avec le soleil couchant, les pleurs de leurs amis et les charmes de la religion.

ATALA.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

 PART IV.

ONCE more, inconstant shadow! by my side
 I see thee stalk with vast gigantic stride,
 Pause when I stop, and where I careless bend
 My steps, obsequiously their course attend:
 So faithless friends, that leave the wretch to mourn,
 Still with the sunshine of his days return.
 Yet oft, since first I left these vallies green,
 I, but for thee, companionless had been.
 To thee I talk'd, nor felt myself alone,
 While summer-suns and living moon-beams shone.
 Oft, while an infant, playful in the sun,
 I hop'd thy silent gambols to outrun,
 And, as I view'd thee ever at my side,
 To overleap thy hastening figure tried.

Oft, when with flaky snow the fields were white,
 Beneath the moon I started at thy sight,
 Eyed thy huge stature with suspicious mien,
 And thought I had my evil genius seen.
 But when I left my father's old abode,
 And thou the sole companion of my road,
 As sad I paus'd, and fondly look'd behind,
 And almost deem'd each face I met unkind,
 While kindling hopes to boding fears gave place,
 Thou seem'dst the ancient spirit of my race.
 In startled Fancy's ear I heard thee say,
 " Ha ! I will meet thee after many a day,
 " When youth's impatient joys, too fierce to last,
 " And fancy's wild illusions, all are past ;
 " Yes ! I will come, when scenes of youth depart,
 " To ask thee for thy innocence of heart,
 " To ask thee, when thou bidst this light adieu,
 " Ha ! wilt thou blush thy ancestors to view ?"

Now, as the sun descends with westering beam,
 I see thee lean across clear Teviot's stream :
 Through thy dim figure, fring'd with wavy gold,
 Their gliding course the restless waters hold ;
 But, when a thousand waves have roll'd away,
 The incumbent shadow suffers no decay.

Thus, wide through mortal life delusion reigns ;
 The substance changes, but the form remains : *
 Or, if the substance still remains the same,
 We see another form, and hear another name.

So, when I left sweet Teviot's woodland green,
 And hills, the only hills mine eyes had seen,
 With what delight I hop'd to mark anew
 Each well-known object rising on my view !
 Ah fruitless hope ! when youth's warm light is o'er,
 Can ought to come its glowing hues restore ?
 As lovers, absent long, with anguish trace
 The marks of time on that familiar face,
 Whose bright and ripening bloom could once impart
 Such melting fondness to the youthful heart,
 I sadly stray by Teviot's pastoral shore,
 And every change with fond regret deplore.
 No more the black-cock struts along the heath,
 Where berries cluster blue the leaves beneath,

* According to the later Platonics, the material world is in a continual state of flowing and formation, but never possesses *real being*. It is like the image of a tree seen in a rapid stream, which has the appearance of a tree, without the reality, and which seems to continue perpetually the same, though constantly renewed by the renovation of its waters. There is an allusion to this idea in the hymn to Nature, attributed to Orpheus.

Spreads the jet wing, or flaunts the dark-green train,
 In labour'd flight the tufted moors to gain,
 But, far remote, on flagging plume he flies,
 Or shuts in death his ruddy sparkling eyes.
 No more the screaming bittern, bellowing harsh,
 To its dark bottom shakes the shuddering marsh ;
 Proud of his shining breast and emerald crown,
 The wild-drake leaves his bed of eider-down,
 Stretches his helming neck before the gales,
 And sails on winnowing wing for other vales.

Where the long heaths in billowy roughness frown,
 The pine, the heron's ancient home, goes down,
 Though wintry storms have toss'd its spiry head,
 Since first o'er Scotia's realm the forests spread.

The mountain-ash, whose crimson berries shine ;
 The flaxen birch, that yields the palmy wine ;
 The guine, whose luscious sable cherries spring,
 To lure the blackbird mid her boughs to sing ;
 The shining beech, that holier reverence claims,
 Along whose bark our fathers carv'd their names ;
 Yield to the ponderous axe, whose frequent stroke
 Re-echoes loudly from the ezlar rock,
 While frighted stock-doves listen, silent long,
 Then from the hawthorn crowd their gurgling song.

Green downs ascending drink the moorish rills,
 And yellow corn-fields crown the heathless hills,
 Where to the breeze the shrill brown linnet sings,
 And prunes with frequent bill his russet wings.
 High and more high the shepherds drive their flocks,
 And climb with timid step the hoary rocks ;
 From cliff to cliff the ruffling breezes sigh,
 Where idly on the sun-beat steeps they lie,
 And wonder, that the vale no more displays
 The pastoral scenes that pleas'd their early days.

No more the cottage roof, fern-thatch'd and gray,
 Invites the weary traveller from the way,
 To rest, and taste the peasant's simple cheer,
 Repaid by news and tales he lov'd to hear ;
 The clay-built wall, with woodbine twisted o'er,
 The house-leek, clustering green above the door,
 While through the sheltering elms, that round them
 grew,
 The winding smoke arose in columns blue ; —
 These all have fled ; and from their hamlets brown
 The swains have gone, to sicken in the town,
 To pine in crowded streets, or ply the loom ;
 For splendid halls deny the cottage room.
 Yet on the neighbouring heights they oft convenc,
 With fond regret to view each former scene,

The level meads, where infants went to play
 Around their mothers, as they pil'd the hay,
 The hawthorn hedge-row, and the hanging wood,
 Beneath whose boughs their humble cottage stood.

Gone are the peasants from the humble shed,
 And with them too the humble virtues fled.
 No more the farmer, on these fertile plains,
 Is held the father of the meaner swains,
 Partakes as he directs the reaper's toil,
 Or with his shining share divides the soil,
 Or in his hall, when winter nights are long,
 Joins in the burthen of the damsel's song,
 Repeats the tales of old heroic times,
 While BRUCE and WALLACE consecrate the rhymes.
 These all are fled — and, in the farmer's place,
 Of prouder look, advance a dubious race,
 That ape the pride of rank with awkward state,
 The vice, but not the polish of the great,
 Flaunt, like the poppy mid the ripening grain,
 A nauseous weed, that poisons all the plain.
 The peasant, once a friend, a friend no more,
 Cringes, a slave, before the master's door:
 Or else, too proud where once he lov'd to fawn,
 For distant climes deserts his native lawn,

And fondly hopes beyond the western main
To find the virtues here belov'd in vain.

So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
Nurs'd hardy on the brindled panther's hide,*
Who, like the bear, delights his woods to roam;
And on the maple finds at eve a home,
As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees
The white man's cottage rise beneath his trees,
While o'er his vast and undivided lawn
The hedge-row and the bounding trench are drawn,†
From their dark beds his aged forests torn,
While round him close long fields of reed-like corn.
He leaves the shelter of his native wood,
He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,

* The Indians of North America believe that every object in nature communicates its peculiar properties to those bodies which come in contact with it. In order, therefore, to render their sons excellent warriors, they rear them on the hide of the panther, which, in strength, cunning, agility, and acuteness of smell, excels most animals in the woods of America. In order to acquire the graces of modesty, their young females repose on the skins of the shy buffalo calf, or the timorous fawn.

ADAIR'S *History of the American Indians*, p. 420.

† The Indians, whose maize-fields are never inclosed, are averse to the introduction of fenced corn-fields; and they have sometimes prohibited the rearing of domestic cattle, by which these inclosures are rendered necessary.

ADAIR'S *History of the American Indians*, p. 131.

And forward rushing in indignant grief,
 Where never foot has trod the falling leaf,
 He bends his course, where twilight reigns sublime
 O'er forests silent since the birth of time ;
 Where roll on spiral folds, immense and dun *,
 The ancient snakes, the favourites of the sun,
 Or in the lonely vales serene repose ;
 While the clear carbuncle its lustre throws,

* In the unfrequented swamps and savannahs of America, and the retired vallies of the mountains, snakes of enormous size have frequently been found, which have been prodigiously magnified by Indian tradition. The Cherokees believe, that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, from which the sun-beams reflect a powerful heat, are inhabited by the kings or chiefs of the rattle-snakes, which they denominate "the bright old inhabitants." They represent them as snakes of a more enormous size than is mentioned in history; and so unwieldy, that they require a circle almost as wide as their length to crawl round, in their shortest orbit. To compensate the tardiness of their motion, they possess the power of drawing to them every living creature that comes within the reach of their eye. Their heads are crowned with a large carbuncle which by its brightness sullies the meridian beams of the sun, and so dazzles the eye by its splendour, that the snake appears of as various hues as the cameleon. As the Indians believe, that by killing them they would be exposed to the hatred of all the inferior species of serpents, they carefully avoid disturbing them, or even discovering their secret recesses.

ADAIR'S *History of the American Indians*, p. 237.

From each broad brow, star of a baleful sky,
 Which luckless mortals only view to die !
 Lords of the wilderness since time began,
 They scorn to yield their ancient sway to man.

Long may the Creek, the Cherokee, retain
 The desert woodlands of his old domain,
 Ere Teviot's sons, far from their homes beguil'd,
 Expel their wattled wigwams from the wild !
 For ah ! not yet the social virtues fly,
 That wont to blossom in our northern sky,
 And in the peasant's free-born soul produce
 The patriot glow of WALLACE and of BRUCE ;
 (Like that brave band, great ABERCROMBY led
 To fame or death, by Nile's broad swampy bed,
 To whom the unconquer'd Gallic legions yield
 The trophied spoils of many a stormy field :)
 Not yet our swains, their former virtues lost,
 In dismal exile roam from coast to coast.
 But soon, too soon, if lordly wealth prevail,
 The healthy cottage shall desert the dale,
 The active peasants trust their hardy prime
 To other skies, and seek a kinder clime.
 From Teviot's banks I see them wind their way :
 " *Tweedside,*" in sad farewell, I hear them play : —

The plaintive song, that wont their toils to cheer,
 Sounds to them doubly sad, but doubly dear ; —
 As, slowly parting from the osier'd shore,
 They leave these waters to return no more.
 But, ah ! where'er their wandering steps sojourn,
 To these lov'd shores their pensive thoughts shall turn,
 There picture scenes of innocent repose,
 When garrulous, at waning age's close,
 They to their children shall securely tell
 The hazards which in foreign lands befell.

Teviot ! while o'er thy sons I pour the tear *,
 Why swell thy murmurs sudden on my ear ?
 Still shall thy restless waters hold their way,
 Nor fear the fate that bids our race decay !
 Still shall thy waves their mazy course pursue,
 Till every scene be chang'd that meets my view :
 And many a race has trac'd its narrow span,
 Since first thy waters down these vallies ran !
 Ye distant ages, that have past away,
 Since dawn'd the twilight of creation's day !

* Lower Teviotdale, within these few years, has been transformed from a beautiful pastoral country into an agricultural one, and has consequently lost in picturesque appearance more than it has gained in beauty.

Again to Fancy's eye your course unroll,
And let your visions soothe my pensive soul !

And lo ! emerging from the mist of years,
In shadowy pomp a woodland scene appears ;
Woods of dark oak, that once o'er Teviot hung,
Ere on their swampy beds her mosses sprung.
On these green banks the ravening wolf-dogs prowl,
And fitful to the hoarse night-thunder howl,
Or, hunger-gnawn, by maddening fury bold,
Besiege the huts, and scale the wattled fold.
The savage chief, with soul devoid of fear,
Hies to the chace, and grasps his pliant spear,
Or, while his nervous arm its vigour tries,
The knotted thorn a massy club supplies.*
He calls his hounds ; his moony shield afar
With clanging boss convokes the sylvan war ;
The tainted steps his piercing eyes pursue
To some dark lair which sapless bones bestrew :
His foamy chaps the haggard monster rears,
Champs his gaunt jaws which clotted blood besmears,
Growls surly, rolls his eyes that sparkle fire,
While hounds and hunters from his fangs retire ;
Till, writhing on the tough transfixing lance,
With boisterous shouts the shrinking rout advance ;

His shaggy fur the chieftain bears away,
And wears the spoils on every festive day.

Not his the puny chace, that from her lair
Urges in safe pursuit the timorous hare,
Detects her mazes as she circling wheels,
And venturous treads on her pursuers' heels ;
Through fields of grain the laggard harriers guides,
Or, plunging through the brake, impetuous rides,
Whoops the shrill view-halloo, to see her scud
The plain, and drinks the tremulous scream of blood.

Hark ! the dark forest rings with shrill alarms :
Another foe invites the chieftains' arms.
Where Teviot's damsels late in long array
Led the light dance beneath the moonlight spray,
Lords of the earth, the Roman legions wheel
Their glittering files, and stamp with gory heel,
Bathe the keen javelin's edge in purple dew ;
While Death smiles dimly o'er the faulchion blue.
Wake the hoarse trumpet, swell the song of war,
And yoke the steed to the careering car,
With azure streaks the warrior's visage stain,
And let the arrowy clouds obscure the plain !
The bards, as o'er their sky-blue vestures flow
Their long redundant locks of reverend snow,

Invoke their ancestors of matchless might,
To view their offspring in the toil of fight.

“ Let the wide field of slain be purpled o’er,
“ One red capacious drinking-cup of gore !
“ Blest are the brave that for their country die !
“ On viewless steeds they climb the waste of sky ;
“ Embrued in blood on eagle’s wings they soar,
“ Drink as they rise the battle’s mingled roar :
“ Their deeds the bards on sculptur’d rocks shall grave,
“ Whose marble page shall northern tempests brave.
“ E’en Time’s slow wasting foot shall ne’er erase
“ The awful chronicle of elder days :
“ Then drink the pure metheglin of the bee,
“ The heath’s brown juice, and live or perish free !”

In vain ! — for, wedg’d beneath the arch of shields,
Where’er the legions move, the combat yields ;
Break the dark files, the thronging ranks give way,
And o’er the field the vacant chariots stray.
Woe to the tribes who shun the faulchion’s stroke,
And bend their necks beneath the captive’s yoke !
The rattling folds of chains, that round them fall,
They madly grind against the dungeon wall.
Die ! cowards, die ! nor wait your servile doom,
Dragg’d in base triumph through the streets of Rome !

The night descends : the sounding woods are still :
 No more the watchfire blazes from the hill : —
 The females now their dusky locks unbind,
 To float dishevell'd in the midnight wind :
 Inspir'd with black despair they grasp the steel,
 Nor fear to act the rage their bosoms feel :
 Then maids and matrons dare a fearful deed, *
 And recreant lovers, sons, and husbands, bleed :
 They scan each long-lov'd face with ghastly smile,
 And light with bloody hands the funeral pile,
 Then, fierce retreat to woods and wilds afar,
 To nurse a race that never shrunk from war.

Long ages, next, in sullen gloom go by,
 And desert still these barrier-regions lie ;
 While oft the Saxon raven, pois'd for flight, †
 Receding owns the British dragon's might :

* Boëce relates, that the tribes of the Ordovices having sustained a dreadful defeat, the women, enraged at the cowardice of their natural protectors, massacred all who had fled, the night after the battle. Tradition has preserved some obscure notices of this even in Teviotdale, and Liddisdale, the Gododin of the Welsh bards, and the country of the Ottadini.

† Teviotdale, Liddisdale, and the mountainous districts of Dumfries-shire, which seem to have formed the Welsh principalities of Reged and Gododin, were the scene of the most sanguinary warfare between the Welsh and Saxons. After Scotland and England were

Till, rising from the mix'd and martial breed,
 The nations see an iron race succeed.
 Fierce as the wolf, they rush'd to seize their prey;
 The day was all their night, the night their day;
 Or, if the night was dark, along the air
 The blazing village shed a sanguine glare.
 Theirs was the skill with venturous pace to lead
 Along the sedgy marsh the floundering steed,
 To fens and misty heaths conduct their prey,
 And lure the bloodhound from his scented way.
 The chilly radiance of the harvest-moon
 To them was fairer than the sun at noon;
 For blood pursuing, or for blood pursued,
 The palac'd courtier's life with scorn they view'd,
 Pent, like the snail, within the circling shell;
 While hunters lov'd beneath the oak to dwell,
 Rous'd the fleet roe, and twang'd their bows of yew,
 While staghounds yell'd, and merry bugles blew.

Not theirs the maiden's song of war's alarms,
 But the loud clarion, and the clang of arms,

formed into two powerful kingdoms, these districts were comprehended in the Middle March of Scotland; and the hardy clans, by which they were inhabited, became versed in every kind of predatory warfare. THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER exhibits an accurate view of their history and manners.

The trumpet's voice, when warring hosts begin
 To swell impatient battle's stormy din,
 The groans of wounded on the blood-red plain,
 And victor-shouts exulting o'er the slain.
 No wailing shriek, no useless female tear,
 Was ever shed around their battle-bier ;
 But heaps of corpses on the slippery ground
 Were pil'd around them, for their funeral mound.

So rose the stubborn race, unknown to bow ;*
 And Teviot's sons were, once, like Erin's now : —

* After the union of the kingdoms, the free-booters of the Border were restrained with considerable difficulty from their ancient practices ; but, by the united authority of civil and military law, " the rush-bush was made to keep the cow." The inhabitants of the Border then became attached to the forms and doctrines of Presbyterianism, with as much enthusiasm as had formerly roused them to turbulence and rapine. This sudden change of manners is thus described by Cleland :

" For instance, lately in the Borders,
 Where there was nought but theft and murders.
 Rapine, cheating, and resetting,
 Slight of hand fortunes-getting ;
 Their designation, as ye ken,
 Was all along ' *the taking men.*'
 Now rebels prevail more with words,
 Than dragoons do with guns and swords ;
 So that their bare preaching now,
Makes the thrush-bush keep the cow,

Erin, whose waves a favour'd region screen !
 Green are her vallies, and her mountains green ;
 No mildews hoar the soft sea-breezes bring,
 Nor breath evenenom'd blasts the flowers of spring,
 But rising gently o'er the wave she smiles ;
 And travellers hail the emerald queen of isles.

Better than Scots or English kings
 Could do by killing them with strings ;
 Yea, those who were the greatest rogues
 Follows them over hills and bogs,
 Crying for prayers and for preaching."

CLELAND'S *Poems*, p.30.

In the reign of Charles II. and during the tyrannical administration of Lauderdale, a violent attempt was made to impose the forms of the English church on the Presbyterians of Scotland. The attempt was resisted, partial insurrections were excited, and various actions, or rather skirmishes, took place, particularly at Pentland and Bothwell Bridge, and the country was subjected to military law. Many sanguinary acts of violence occurred, and many unnecessary cruelties were inflicted, the memory of which will not soon pass away on the Borders. The names of the principal agents in these tyrannical and bloody proceedings, are still recollected with horror in the west and middle Marches; they are dignified with the names of "the Persecutors;" and tradition, aggravating their crimes, has endowed them with magical power, and transformed them almost into demons.

Tall and robust, on Nature's ancient plan,
 Her mother-hand here frames her favourite man:
 His form, which Grecian artists might admire,
 She bids awake and glow with native fire;
 For, not to outward form alone confin'd,
 Her gifts impartial settle on his mind.
 Hence springs the lightning of the speaking eye,
 The quick suggestion, and the keen reply,
 The powerful spell, that listening senates binds,
 The sparkling wit of fine elastic minds,
 The milder charms, which feeling hearts engage,
 That glow unrivall'd in her Goldsmith's page.

But kindred vices, to these powers allied,
 With ranker growth their shaded lustre hide.
 As crops, from rank luxuriance of the soil,
 In richest fields defraud the farmer's toil,
 And when, from every grain the sower flings
 In earth's prolific womb, a thousand springs,
 The swelling spikes in matted clusters grow,
 And greener stalks shoot constant from below,
 Debarr'd the fostering sun; till, crude and green,
 The milky ears mid spikes matur'd are seen:
 Thus, rankly shooting in the mental plain,
 The ripening powers no just proportion gain;

The buoyant wit, the rapid glance of mind,
 By taste, by genuine science unrefin'd,
 For solid views the ill-pois'd soul unfit,
 And *bulls* and blunders substitute for wit.
 As, with swift touch, the Indian painter draws
 His ready pencil o'er the trembling gauze,
 While, as it glides, the forms in mimic strife
 Seem to contend which first shall start to life;
 But careless haste presents each shapeless limb,
 Awkwardly clumsy, or absurdly slim:
 So rise the hotbed embryos of the brain,
 Formless and mix'd, a crude abortive train,
 Vigorous of growth, with no proportion grac'd,
 The seeds of genius immatur'd by taste.

Such, sea-girt Erin, are thy sons confest !
 And such, ere order lawless feud redrest,
 Were Teviot's sons; who now, devoid of fear,
 Bind to the rush by night the theftless steer.
 Fled is the banner'd war, and hush'd the drum;
 The shrill-ton'd trumpet's angry voice is dumb;
 Invidious rust corrodes the bloody steel;
 Dark and dismantled lies each ancient peel:
 Afar, at twilight gray, the peasants shun
 The dome accurst where deeds of blood were done.

No more the staghounds, and the huntsman's cheer,
 From their brown coverts rouse the startled deer :
 Their native turbulence resign'd, the swains
 Feed their gay flocks along these heaths and plains ;
 While, as the fiercer passions feel decay,
 Religion's milder mood assumes its sway.

And lo, the peasant lifts his glistening eye,
 When the pale stars are sprinkled o'er the sky !
 In those fair orbs, with friends departed long,
 Again he hopes to hymn the choral song ;
 While on his glowing cheek no more remains
 The trace of former woes, of former pains.
 As o'er his soul the vision rises bright,
 His features sparkle with celestial light ;
 To his transc'd eye, the mighty concave bends
 Its azure arch to earth, and heaven descends.

Cold are the selfish hearts, that would control
 The simple peasant's grateful glow of soul,
 When, raising with his hands his heart on high,
 The sacred tear-drops trembling in his eye,
 With firm untainted zeal, he swears to hold
 The reverend faith his fathers held of old. —
 Hold firm thy faith ! for, on the sacred day,
 No sabbath-bells invite thy steps to pray ;

But, as the peasants seek the churchyard's ground,
 Afar they hear the swelling bugle's sound,
 With shouts and trampling steeds approaching near,
 And oaths and curses murmuring in the rear.
 Quick they disperse, to moors and woodlands fly,
 And fens, that hid in misty vapours lie:
 But, though the pitying sun withdraws his light,
 The lapwing's clamorous whoop attends their flight,
 Pursues their steps, where'er the wanderers go,
 Till the shrill scream betrays them to the foe.

Poor bird! where'er the roaming swain intrudes
 On thy bleak heaths and desart solitudes,
 He curses still thy scream, thy clamorous tongue,
 And crushes with his foot thy moulting young:
 In stern vindictive mood, he still recalls
 The days, when, by the mountain water-falls,
 Beside the streams with ancient willows gray,
 Or narrow dells, where drifted snow-wreaths lay,
 And rocks that shone with fretted ice-work hung,
 The prayer was heard, and sabbath-psalms were sung.

Of those dire days the child, untaught to spell,
 Still learns the tale he hears his father tell;
 How from his sheltering hut the peasant fled,
 And in the marshes dug his cold damp bed;

His rimy locks by blasts of winter tost,
And stiffened garments rattling in the frost.

In vain the feeble mother strove to warm
The shivering child, close cradled on her arm;
The cold, that crept along each freezing vein,
Congeal'd the milk the infant sought to drain.

Still, as the fearful tale of blood goes round,
From lips comprest is heard a muttering sound;
Flush the warm cheeks, the eyes are bright with dew,
And curses fall on the unholy crew;
Spreads the enthusiast glow: — With solemn pause,
An ancient sword the aged peasant draws,
Displays its rusty edge, and weeps to tell,
How he that bore it for religion fell,
And bids his offspring consecrate the day,
To dress the turf that wraps the martyr's clay.

So, when by Erie's lake the Indians red*
Display the dismal banquet of the dead,

* The Indian Feast of Souls is one of those striking solemnities, which cannot fail to produce a powerful impression on minds susceptible of enthusiasm. In the month of November, the different families which compose one of their tribes, assemble, and erect a long hut in a solitary part of the wilderness. Each family collects

While streams descend in foam, and tempests rave,
 They call their fathers from the funeral cave,
 In that green mount, where virgins go, to weep
 Around the lonely tree of tears and sleep.
 Silent they troop, a melancholy throng,
 And bring the ancient fleshless shapes along,
 The painted tomahawks, embrown'd with rust,
 And belts of wampum, from the sacred dust,
 The bow unbent, the tall unfurbish'd spear,
 Mysterious symbols ! from the grave they rear.
 With solemn dance and song the feast they place,
 To greet the mighty fathers of their race :
 Their robes of fur the warrior youths expand,
 And silent sit, the dead on either hand ;

the skeletons of its ancestors, who have not yet been interred in the common tombs of the tribe. The skulls of the dead are painted with vermilion, and the skeletons are adorned with their military accoutrements. They choose a stormy day, and bring their bones to the hut in the desert. Games and funeral solemnities are celebrated, and ancient treaties again ratified in the presence of their fathers. They sit down to the banquet, the living intermingled with the dead. The elders of the tribe relate their mythic fables, and their ancient traditions. They then dig a spacious grave, and, with funeral dirges, carry the bones of their fathers to the tomb. The remains of the respective families are separated by bear-skins and beaver-furs. A mound of earth is raised over the graves, on the top of which a tree is planted, which they term *the Tree of Tears and Sleep*.

Eye with fix'd gaze the ghastly forms, that own
 No earthly name, and live in worlds unknown;
 In each mysterious emblem round them trace
 The feuds and friendships of their ancient race;
 With awful reverence from the dead imbibe
 The rites, the customs, sacred to the tribe,
 The spectre-forms in gloomy silence scan,
 And swear to finish what their sires began.

By fancy rapt, where tombs are crusted gray*,
 I seem by moon-illumin'd graves to stray,
 Where, mid the flat and nettle-skirted stones,
 My steps remove the yellow crumbling bones.
 The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
 Looks sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
 While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
 Rear'd on the confines of the world below.
 Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
 Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
 By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
 The old deserted church of Hazel-dean,
 Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
 Till Teviot's waters roll'd their bones away?

. * A great part of the ancient churchyard of Hazeldean has been swept away by the river Teviot, so that no vestige remains of the burying-place of the author's ancestors.

Their feeble voices from the stream they raise —
“ Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
“ Why didst thou quit the peasant’s simple lot?
“ Why didst thou leave the peasant’s turf-built cot,
“ The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,
“ And Teviot’s stream, that long has murmur’d by?
“ And we — when death so long has clos’d our eyes, —
“ How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
“ And bear our mouldering bones across the main
“ From vales, that knew our lives devoid of stain?
“ Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,
“ And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!”

THE END.

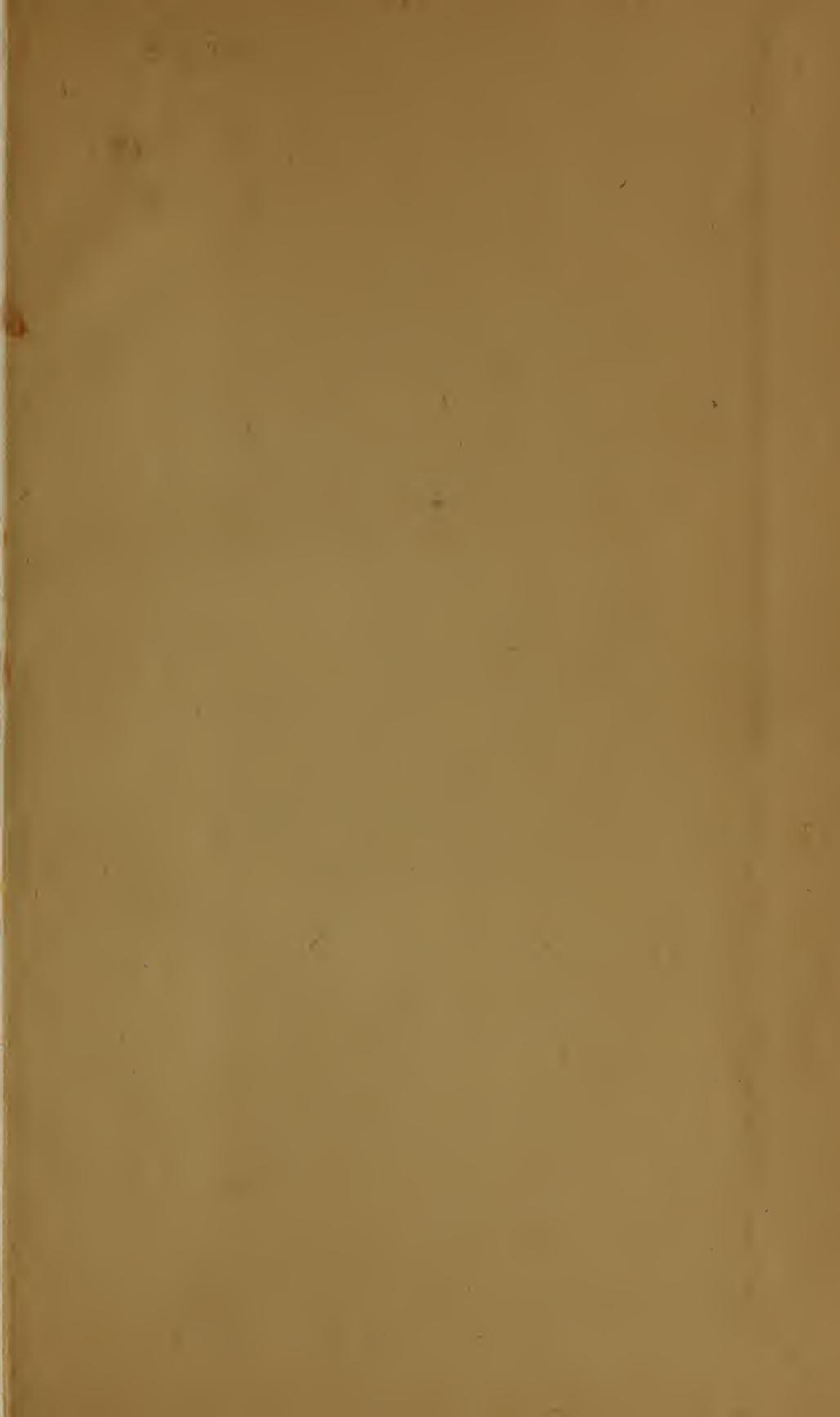
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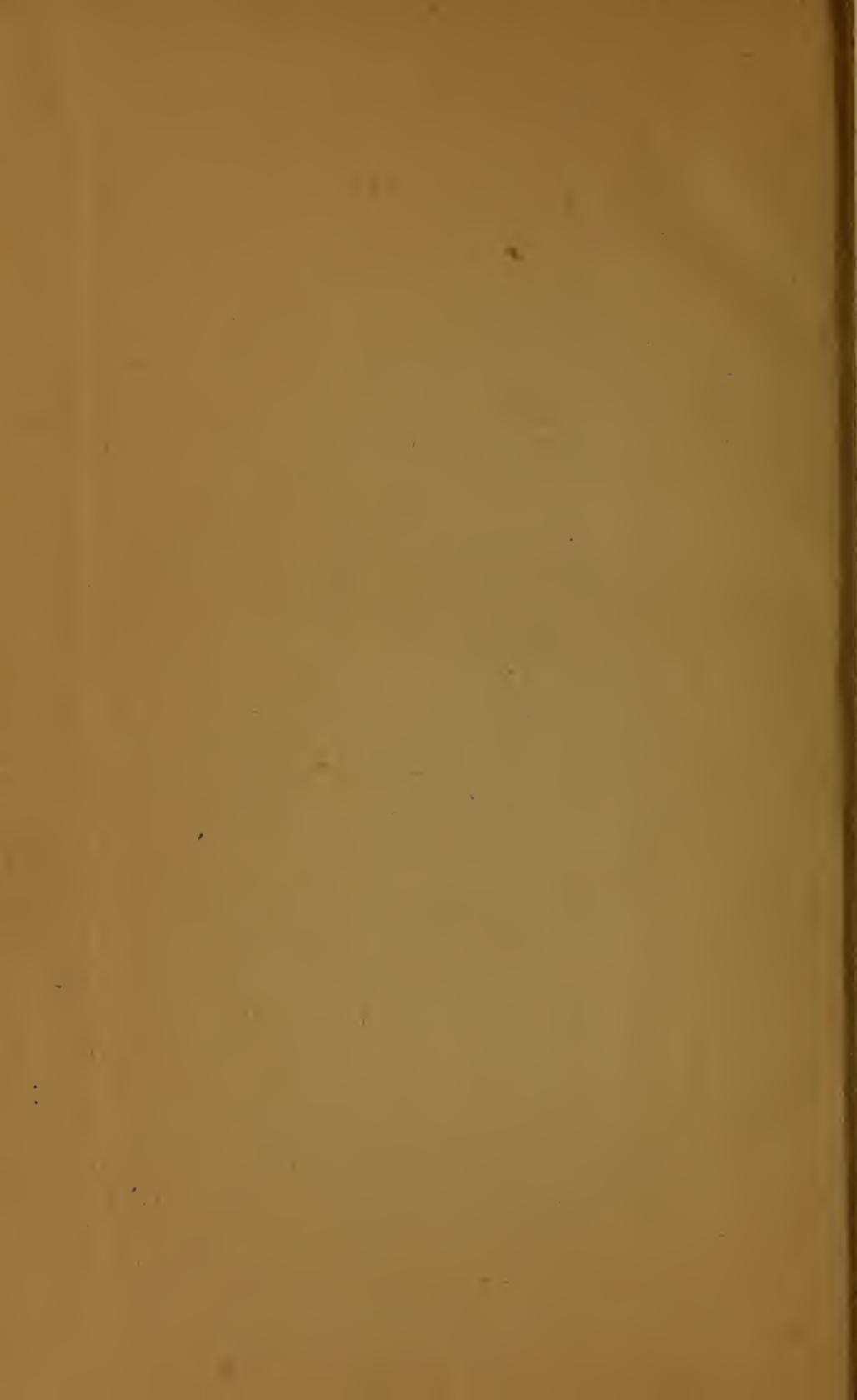
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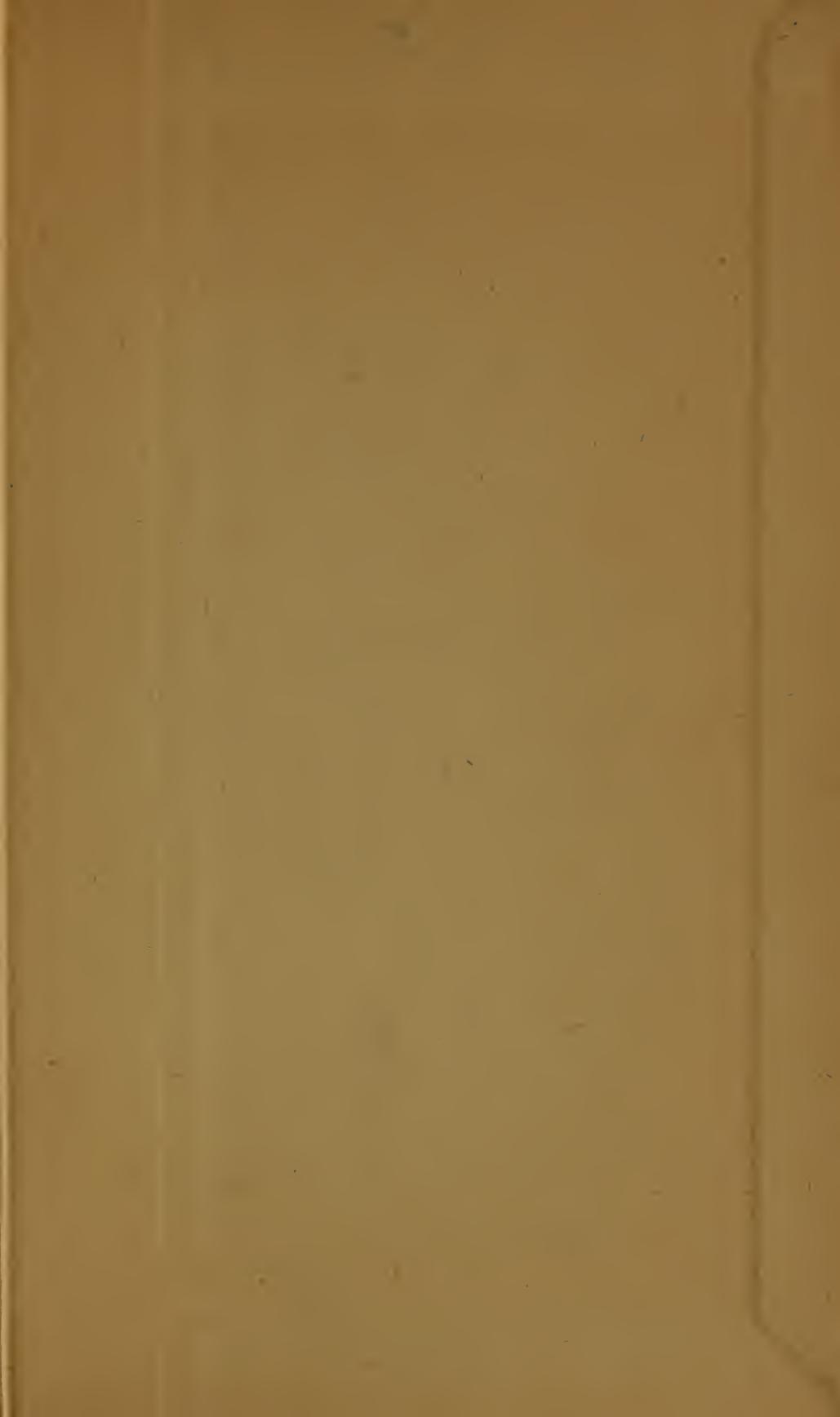
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